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NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

FIRST VOLUME.

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NAPOLEON III.

IN HIS SIXTH YEAR.

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

London, Longmans & Cº

THE LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON III.

DERIVED FROM STATE RECORDS,
FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE,
AND FROM PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

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With FAMILY PORTRAITS in the POSSESSION of the IMPERIAL FAMILY, and FACSIMILES of LETTERS of NAPOLEON I., NAPOLEON III., QUEEN HORTENSE, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1874.

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PREFACE.

No LIFE within the memory of the present generation has more profoundly influenced the march of events than that of NAPOLEON III.; and, next perhaps to his unwavering faith in his own mission, held through extraordinary trials and vicissitudes, the most prominent characteristic of his life was the resolution with which he manifested his friendship for the English people.

His character and the chief events of his life have, nevertheless, been not a little misunderstood by Englishmen; and this fact alone would justify the publication of a work which seeks to set forth impartially the great drama of his career.

The design of such a work has not been lately nor hastily formed. I had begun to collect the materials for it not many years after the esta-

blishment of the Empire. The associates of the Third Napoleon in his younger years were even then gradually disappearing from the scene ; but, fortunately, my task was undertaken at a time which still enabled me to obtain a complete record of the infancy, youth, and early manhood of Prince Louis from his old friends, and the witnesses of all the stirring events of his long exile.

I have had further the benefit of help abundantly bestowed by the Imperial family, and the following chapters will show the extreme value of the family papers to which I have had access, and of the other sources which have supplied me with materials for the most important passages of the history.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

LONDON: *May* 1874.

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BOOK I.

BIRTH, YOUTH, AND EDUCATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSULAR SANS SOUCI.

In the autumn of 1798 Josephine, left alone with her daughter Hortense, while Napoleon was carrying war through Egypt with her son young Eugene de Beauharnais at his side, busied herself with the welcome duty of finding a retreat for the hero when he should return. He had left commands that a place of rest and homely pleasures should be found for him, either in Burgundy, which he loved, or in one of the pleasant and picturesque environs of Paris.

Josephine fixed on Malmaison, near Rueil; and she paid for the modest château and domain chiefly with her dowry. Here, with Hortense, she established herself, personally directing the workmen, and designing all those changes which, in the end, made the place a rare and delightful retreat, of which her lord never tired until the purple drew him to the statelier splendours of Saint Cloud and Fontainebleau. Here she died, brave and cheerful and loving to the end; and hence Napoleon withdrew from the embrace of weeping Hortense to St. Helena.

Malmaison was the nursery of the Empire; its cradle and its grave. Within its peaceful bounds the scattered elements of polite society were first drawn together

BOOK. I.

after the storms and excesses of the Revolution. At Malmaison the first great salon was thrown open; and here, amid the laughing school girls of Madame Campan and her 'vieux généraux de vingt ans,' were formed the manners that prevailed through the Empire.

Amid the flowers and in the groves strolled Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (sympathetic friend of Prince Louis), Arnault, Talma, Legouvé, Joseph Chénier, Volney, Méhul, and many more distinguished guests from the Hôtel Chantereine, waiting impatiently the return of the great captain. The ladies whom the Revolution had frightened into hiding-places, came forth to the gracious invitations of the Vicomte de Beauharnais's widow. The old and the new order of things, to Napoleon's great satisfaction, mingled in his wife's salons. Under the limes and plantains, and in the arbours of Malmaison, Napoleon's youthful heroes found their wives. Here with Hortense de Beauharnais, in the glory of her budding womanhood, were drawn together such women as the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, the Countess d'Houdetot; Mesdames Damas, Caffarelli, Andréossi, Tallien, Régnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély, and Bourdic-Viot, to whose wit Voltaire had bowed. Here for their partners they had such men as Gérard, Hoffmann, Desangiers, Lesnem, Cherubini, Despréaux, and Deschamps,—one and all adding to the splendour of the scene which Madame Bonaparte had prepared for the return of her lord.

It was in this Consular Sans Souci that Napoleon and Josephine, with their children Eugene and Hortense, passed their happiest days. To Malmaison they escaped from the Tuileries, which Napoleon said, in one of his mournful moods, were *triste comme la grandeur*. Indeed, the stories of his Malmaison days are the most charming of his life. In the interval of peace that followed his return from Egypt, he revelled in the pleasures of his

domestic domain.[1] He dropped his grandeur at the gates, and sauntered through the avenues of lime and plantain, away to the apartment in the château, where he would laugh and play, take a part in the arrangement of Hortense's private theatricals, and even draw up the play-bill.

Josephine brought to Napoleon the graces, the influences, the politeness of the world to which she belonged, and for belonging to which she and hers had cruelly suffered; and it was at Malmaison that she made her power most felt. This was her empire, within that of her husband. Her fascinating manners, her tender heart, the thoroughness of her devotion to Napoleon, combined to give her complete power over her friends. Napoleon saw her value as a link between the society of the old régime and that of the new; and he unreservedly acknowledged it. She had shone as Madame de Beauharnais through the terrors of the Revolution; and it

[1] 'The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley leading to the plain of Rueil, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound. He was almost angry with me because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.'—*De Bourrienne.*

Thibaudeau, in his *Mémoires du Consulat*, also recalls an evening at Malmaison, where he was walking with Bonaparte, and the Rueil bells struck upon his ear. He said to Thibaudeau:—

'J'étais ici dimanche dernier, me promenant dans cette solitude, dans ce silence de la nature. Le son de la cloche de Rueil vint tout à coup frapper mon oreille; je fus ému, tant est forte la puissance des premières habitudes et de l'éducation. Quelle impression cela ne doit-il pas faire sur les hommes simples et crédules! Que vos philosophes, que vos idéologues répondent à cela! Il faut une religion au peuple.'

Under that bell lie his 'bonne Joséphine' and her child Hortense!

BOOK I.

was to the widow of the noble of the old régime that the exiles of the noblesse constantly turned for help, for favour, or for place under the new standard of France.

Malmaison was in its fullest glory immediately after Marengo. In the peace which followed this great battle Napoleon spent many domestic days at his Sans Souci, which had grown in beauty and completeness year by year, and was now perfect; full of surprises and contrasts, of laughing gardens and sober park-land, with artfully adjusted streams murmuring where an artist's skill had bid them flow. It was perhaps Nature decked in ribands; Watteau's rusticity; but there was untouched Nature too, and he who chafed amid the formal parterres could wander to the wood beyond.

The special charms that Josephine gave to her little kingdom, her daughter Hortense afterwards imparted to her married home (sad place though it was to her) at Saint Leu. Josephine's gardens and grounds became justly famous for their striking variety, and for the matchless collections of trees, shrubs, and flowers that she got together. Napoleon's representatives abroad, and Napoleon himself, always bore in mind Josephine's passion for flowers, and gladdened her with fresh favourites from every clime.[1] She peopled her little realm with birds. Hers was the first *jardin d'acclimatation* in France. As in her salons she brought the men of the old time and the men of the new time together, so in her grounds she mingled the stiffness of the ruled groves of Le Nôtre with the romantic wildness of Nature, which the French call the English garden.

Everywhere appeared the voluptuous taste of the daughter of Martinique and of Paris, whose dreams were

[1] *Description des nouveaux Jardins de la France et de ses anciens Châteaux.* Paris, 1808.

of the gorgeous nature in which her cradle had been rocked, and who loved her flowers better than her jewels.

Within the château the same glowing spirit reigned. It was approached under a tented portal. Two obelisks in red marble, covered with hieroglyphs from Richelieu's château in Poitou had welcomed the conqueror from Egypt. Napoleon's working-room was tented—as the chambers of unhappy Hortense were at Arenenberg many years afterwards. The dining, drawing, and billiard rooms were all *en suite.* But the private home of Napoleon and Josephine, and their children, was apart; shut off and lying away from the gay company of the château. This was the home within home.

The galleries were furnished with marbles from the antique, bought out of the ruins of Marly; and with busts, that were brought with the obelisks at the entrance. By degrees a fair collection of pictures filled the rooms: Paul. Potter, Teniers, Berghem, Claude Lorrain, Vanloo, Bergeret, Granet, Bonton—and, of course, Gérard and Girodet.

The spoils of war were mingled with the arts of peace along the broad galleries; and between them Hortense and her schoolfellows talked or flirted with the great captains, savants, and artists of the Consulate. Had Hortense been free to choose in those giddy and happy days of girlhood, her hand would have fallen into that of Duroc.

In 1801 Malmaison was full of merry people. Saint Cloud and Fontainebleau had not overshadowed the little property which Napoleon, in his simpler days, had calculated might be made to yield 8,000 francs a year, including the sale of the vegetables. It was the home of a happy family, blessed with hosts of friends, and giving welcome to the best company left in France, in the holiday hours at the end of each week. Then, in the

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grounds, the week's State-work done, Napoleon and Hortense would lead off the game of prisoner's base, with renowned generals and captains in their wake. The graver persons would sit round with Josephine, and give judgment on the fray. An eye-witness of the Sans Souci romps has described Napoleon throwing himself heart and soul into the fun, and rolling upon the ground in a fit of laughter before giving himself up to the enemy; while Hortense, full of audacity and cunning in feints, continued to baffle her pursuers. In the exchange of prisoners two enemies were insisted upon for the conqueror of Marengo, but three for Mademoiselle de Beauharnais.

But there were shadows behind this bright picture. There were heartburns and plots among the company. The quiet, reserved, austere young soldier, who could rarely be persuaded to help in Hortense's theatricals, much less to romp in the park, was chosen by Josephine to be the husband of her light-hearted and brilliant daughter. Napoleon was childless; would he look satisfied upon the offspring of his brother Louis and his step-daughter Hortense, as his successors? It appears pretty certain that this speculation dwelt for a time in Josephine's brain; and that it was the reason why in those Malmaison days she strove to draw the silent and grave Louis towards her daughter. Napoleon approved the project; but Josephine was the soul of it; and it speaks well for the heart of Hortense that she never in after life uttered a reproach against the authors of her unhappy marriage.

We may linger over the few happy years of girlhood which Hortense de Beauharnais spent at Malmaison, because they are the only thoroughly bright passages in her life. We see her here, amid her stepfather's dazzling company, at her best. A simple, bright-witted, accom-

plished girl, just tinged with the tender melancholy cast over her by the misfortunes of her childhood, but full of enthusiasm, and delighted to escape from the monotonous simplicities of Madame Campan's seminary at St. Germain, she bewitched many of the soldiers whose eyes fell upon her, in her plain white frock, as she sat by the side of the stately and gracious Josephine. The loving element in Hortense's nature disarmed every censor who had once passed within its influence. By this element she held sway and mastery over Napoleon at times even when, full of mortification and suspicion, on his return from Egypt, he would not approach Josephine. She was the good angel in the Malmaison house; and when it was broken up it was to her that the scattered members returned again and again in their troubles.

CHAPTER II.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

BOOK. I.

In 1796 Citizen Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, in Paris, received the following letter, dated De la Valette, June 22 :—

'Citizen,—Forgive an excited youth the liberty he has dared to take, moved by a natural simplicity which lies at his heart, and which appears to be your own only guide.

'I have lately established myself at Toulon. I left my country to escape the bitter persecutions of a tyrant, exercised over a family, the individual members of which desire to be independent, and whose influence might have been hurtful to the pernicious designs of this unjust man.[1] But I say no more of this, which is only too sad in itself, but is unfelt by the just and free man, or, to use your expression, by *l'homme paria.*

'This work ("Harmonies de la Nature") deeply affected me : but "Paul and Virginia" cost me many tears, and I have no doubt Paul didn't shed more when he was separated from his sister. If, citizen, I have dared to write to you, it is only to ask you the facts of this work, which has not been the fruit of your imagination. You say there is some truth in it. What is true? What is false? This is my object ; this is what I have wished to learn ; in order that another time, when re-reading it, I may be

[1] These words refer no doubt to the Archidiacre Lucien, who became the guardian of the family on the death of Charles Bonaparte in February 1785.

able to say to myself, to soothe my distressed sensibility, "This is true—this is false."

'Oh, wise and happy man! oh, man of nature, forgive the liberty I take, but respect my motives. Ah! if ever you should have any feeling towards me, remember that I begged your friendship, not for to-day, when I am young in learning as well as age, and am consequently unworthy to converse with you, but for the future, because then, having acquired a little more experience, I shall have the right to pray again for your friendship, or, if I should feel myself unworthy of it, to beg your pardon for the present. I have the honour to be, citizen, with the profoundest esteem for the man and the author, your very humble and very obedient servant and friend, Louis Bonaparte, aged 18 years, of Ajaccio in Corsica.'

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was to address his reply, if he should honour the writer with a few words, to the Citizen Louis Bonaparte, *post restante*, Toulon. The author of 'Paul and Virginia' replied to the sensitive lad in so kindly a manner, that from the above letter a strong friendship was begun, which lasted through the good and evil fortunes—alike in many points, as the actors were alike in many essentials of character—of prince and author.

The boy whose heart was penetrated with the woes of Paul and Virginia became the shy man who kept in the shady walks of Malmaison while the games were going forward, and remained over-charged with sensitiveness to the end of his days.

Louis Bonaparte, who was born at Ajaccio on September 2, 1778, and was consequently nine years younger than Napoleon I., was the brother whom Napoleon took under his especial care, treating him as his son and pupil. Between the master and the pupil there were natural antagonisms, that could never be reconciled, and

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which circumstances constantly tended to embitter. Louis's letter to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre will give an idea of the lad whom Napoleon Bonaparte was impatient to hurry off to school in the camp and the guard-room. This boy, tender-hearted, romantic, averse to show and pomp, hating war, and given to the shady paths and peaceful scenes of a retired country life, was led off in his teens to artillery practice. During one of his visits to Marseilles, where his mother was living, when the siege of Toulon was in progress, Napoleon persuaded her to send Louis to the military school at Châlons. He was but fourteen years of age when he went forth (armed with a passport signed by the representatives of the people) to begin his military studies. His first experience was of the terrors of revolution. He had to make his journey through Lyons—then in the full tide of revolutionary turmoil—to Châlons, encountering many dangers by the road; and when he arrived, he found that the school had been dissolved. He made the best of his way home, only to set forth again with Napoleon to learn war at the cannon's mouth. And so he learned it thoroughly.

In the merry days of Malmaison, when blindman's buff was not too frolicsome a pastime for the host and guests, this young man stood apart: not churlishly, but as one who could find no pleasure in a romp upon the the grass. He was a stout, brave, unambitious soldier. His famous brother knew and loved him well, and had often honoured him with the post of danger in a tough fight.[1]

'In the army,' said the Emperor at St. Helena, 'his courage was brilliant, but by fits; and he remained indifferent to the praises which his valour provoked. He

[1] 'À l'attaque de Saorgio, je le menai, pour la première fois, à la portée du canon. Il s'obstina à se placer devant moi, pour me défendre des boulets des ennemis.'—*Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.*

was a strict disciplinarian, without thinking of his own personal safety. At the passage of the Po he placed himself at the head of the attacking columns; at Pizzighittone he was the first in the breach; at the assault of Pavia he was on horseback at the head of the sappers and grenadiers, who were ordered to destroy the gates with their hatchets. In a shower of bullets, he was on horseback, because he thought it was his duty to be mounted in order to make a better reconnaissance of the city, as soon as the grenadiers should burst into the streets. The sight of the sacking of this city, celebrated for its university, made a deep impression on him, and he became still more taciturn.'

He was a bookish man: not one to have a hand contentedly in the sacking of a seat of learning. His mind remained throughout of a sentimental cast, yet wedded to classic forms. He would rather talk to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, or one of the savants in the Malmaison circle, than gossip with his companions in arms, or even catch a glance of the blue eyes of Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais. He was the antithesis of the mercurial Jerome. Of a manly, upright nature, he possibly regretted the events which had drawn his family from their birthplace. Queen Hortense always charged him with a dislike of women; but his point of disagreement was that they, according to him, loved show. 'Elles cherchent l'éclat,' he would say, 'et le bonheur n'en a point.'

Louis Napoleon was, of all the figures which the historian of the Empire should love to dwell upon, among the worthiest. Standing in the shade, watching the weekly frolics at Malmaison (carefully apart from Josephine, who had ardently pressed him to become her son-in-law), he was then no misanthrope. He had fought in the field with the same patient, quiet sense of duty which, had he been left to follow his own inclinations,

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would have trimmed, in some unregarded place, the lamp of the student. His brother was both father and hero to him.[1] Louis loved Napoleon with an ardour that neither ill-treatment nor separation could abate: with a constancy that was proof against misfortune and death. He served him while honour permitted with thorough forgetfulness of self, and with a power and an intellect equal to his zeal. The Emperor, who was a grudging panegyrist of his brother, wrote to Joseph Bonaparte in 1795,[2] that he was much pleased with Louis: 'He is a good fellow—but one also in my style: zeal, *esprit*, good health, talent, punctual habits, kindness—he unites them all. . . . I feel the loss of him acutely. He was of great use to me. No man would be more active, more skilful, more engaging. He did all he liked in Paris. . . . Since Louis is no longer with me I can set about only leading affairs.'

That Napoleon tried the sensitive qualities of his brother's nature to his great injury is only too certain. At no time of his life had the Consul been a boy: and in no part of his career does he appear to have been swayed by the impulse of his heart. He said to De Bourrienne—so De Bourrienne records—in the heyday of his life that he loved nobody. 'I do not even love my brothers—perhaps Joseph a little—and Duroc, because he is stern. I really believe the fellow never shed a tear.'[3]

---

[1] 'You are the eldest of the family,' said the Archidiacre Lucien on his deathbed to Joseph; 'but there stands its chief (pointing to Napoleon)—never forget that!'

[2] 'Je suis très-content de Louis. Il répond à mon espérance et à l'attente que j'avais conçue de lui. C'est un bon sujet; mais aussi c'est de ma façon: chaleur, esprit, santé, talent, commerce exact, bonté, il réunit tout. . . . Je sens vivement la privation de Louis; il m'était d'un grand secours: pas d'homme plus actif, plus adroit, plus insinuant. Il faisait à Paris tout ce qu'il voulait; s'il eut été ici, l'affaire de la pépinière serait finie, ainsi que celle de Milleli. Depuis que je n'ai plus Louis, je ne peux vaquer qu'aux affaires principales.' — *Correspondance de Napoléon I. à Joseph Buonaparte, le 6 septembre* 1795.

[3] According to other testimonies

The sternness which Napoleon admired in the 'fellow' who had never shed a tear, he himself showed when dealing with his brothers. He made them ample partakers of his glory, but he held them firmly within the lines of his general design. They were so many caryatides to the temple of his fame. Two of them, however, he could not subdue absolutely to his will. Lucien kept proudly apart from him throughout, and refused the crown of Naples, saying he would have no kingdom of which he was not king; but it was only when Louis had ceased to be a boy, and could walk 'with the certain step of man,' that he refused to stand always at attention to the Imperial word of command.

At St. Helena Napoleon expressed his fear that he had done his good brother Louis wrong, and then he forgave him the 'libel' he published in his own justification.[1] He had refused to see that his brother's heart was unlike his own. Napoleon could bend all his being to his own ambition: Louis was stone-deaf to the trump of glory—was blind to the glittering pleasures of a court: and, with reed and book, could have lived the life of a shepherd. Of some such pastoral life he had dreamed, with his first love, Sophie or Émilie, for his shepherdess. Napoleon admitted that he was even a brilliant soldier, always at the post of duty and of danger. He was grave and romantic by nature, but fiery by culture. He would head the fight with ardour: but his phlegm was impenetrable when he was offered the laurel.

Careless of the glories of the field, he was also unfortunate in his home.

---

this son of an aubergist was affable, soft, humane, and generous. It is certain that his companions in arms deeply deplored his loss when he fell at Reichenbach in May 1813.

[1] 'Je pardonne à Louis le libelle qu'il a publié en 1820. Il est plein d'assertions fausses et de pièces falsifiées.'

BOOK. I.

While he was in Paris, just before the Egyptian expedition, his evil star (according to Napoleon) drew him into the company of the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais. The young lady in question was Émilie de Beauharnais, Hortense's cousin and schoolfellow. Louis, it is said, fell in love with this Émilie—*éperdument*, according to Napoleon. In an evil hour he told his love to the intimate friend of the family, Casabianca. This old Republican ally took alarm at the probable consequences of an alliance of a Bonaparte with the daughter of an *émigré*, and disclosed the secret to Napoleon.

'It is certain,' said Napoleon, reviewing his own conduct from the calm and distance of St. Helena, 'that this marriage would have shocked public opinion, and have given rise to the attacks of party men who were already watching me with alarm. I did not think it possible to teach reason on the subject to a young man of twenty; so I thought the better course would be to feign entire ignorance of the matter, and to send him away on a military mission. The next day a post-chaise put the hundred leagues which separate Lyons from Paris between the lovers. But in spite of this precaution, neither absence nor the Egyptian campaign,[1] nor even the marriage of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais with M. de Lavalette during his absence in 1796, could stay the ravages of this first love—which exercised a fatal influence on Louis's future.'

This is the commonly received version of Louis's first attachment, and possibly it is that in which Napoleon believed. In a letter, twenty pages long,[2] Louis wrote the history of his life to his future wife, a few days before their marriage. In this confession he declares

[1] Louis returned from Egypt, invalided, on March 11, 1799. De Bourrienne says that he carried home with him to Madame de Bourrienne the first Cashmere shawl ever seen in France.

[2] In the possession of the Imperial family.

CHAP. II.

that he had passionately loved a young person named Sophie; but he makes no mention of Émilie de Beauharnais. Émilie was in love with Louis, and was sent to Madame Campan's school after her marriage, possibly to be cured of her passion for Louis and her hatred of M. de Lavalette, her husband. Queen Hortense believed that Émilie was mistaken in her idea that Louis continued to love her. And she shows good cause for the suspicion; for when Madame de Lavalette applied to the First Consul to obtain a divorce, in order that she might marry his brother, and he referred to Louis for his pleasure, the latter replied that 'were she free he would not marry her; the small-pox had so altered her!'

Louis Bonaparte was, as a lady who knew him well remarked to me, 'dreadfully sensitive to the tender passion.' But this Sophie appears to have been the passion of his early life; and it undoubtedly saddened his younger years.

His brother found him constant employment.[1] At the beginning of 1800 he was despatched to the Czar as Ambassador; but the tragic end of Paul arrested his journey at Berlin, and he returned to Paris to find himself appointed colonel of the 5th Dragoons. Next he fought at Marengo, and then travelled, to divert himself, in Prussia. On his return to Paris Napoleon renewed, but for the time to no purpose, the request he had before addressed to him, that he would marry his adopted daughter, Hortense. Sophie's lover, and the beloved of Madame de Lavalette, refused. Yet Madame Campan has attested that three years before the marriage, when Louis Bonaparte one day saw Hortense taking her

[1] *Au Chef de Brigade Louis Bonaparte.*

Paris, 29 ventôse, an VIII. (20 mars, 1800).

Vous laisserez le commandement de votre régiment au plus ancien chef-d'escadron, et vous partirez, dans la nuit, pour vous rendre à Brest par Rennes. Vous remettrez la lettre ci-jointe au général Brune, et à Brest les lettres ci-jointes aux

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simple dinner by the side of her governess, he whispered to this severely discreet lady words which led her to believe that he would not be disinclined to take the pretty and sparkling schoolgirl for his wife. The governess probably mistook Hortense for Émilie—*before* she had the small-pox.

Napoleon says that when the young couple came together they loved each other; while King Louis, in his Memoirs, alludes to his marriage day as a most mournful one, that fully foreshadowed all the unhappiness that was to date from it. But, once married, there is evidence to prove that Louis was moved by the charms and the fine character of his wife, as we shall see presently. Louis's heart was a feeling one. He was forced one day, against his remonstrances, to witness the execution of four Chouan leaders at Alençon; and he testified his indignation at the death of the men, whom he had endeavoured in vain to save, by shutting himself up in his apartments for the rest of the day, and commanding his officers to follow his example.

Yet, even in these early days, Louis Bonaparte was a morose, self-contained man. 'In the summer of 1801,' says Napoleon, 'he expressed a desire to be present at the manœuvres which were about to take place at Potsdam. I consented willingly, in the hope that a long journey in the north, and the multitudes of objects which would engage his attention, would get rid of a *marasme moral et physique* that alarmed me.' He started with the idea of travelling about Europe; but events hastened his return to Paris, and prevented his

généraux Bruix, Gauteaume, et à l'ordonnateur Najac.

Vous visiterez tous les vaisseaux qui restent dans l'arsenal de Brest et tous les forts.

De là vous vous rendrez à Lorient, où vous visiterez tous les vaisseaux qui sont dans l'arsenal ou dans le port, et vous reviendrez par Nantes.

BONAPARTE.

visiting Russia, as he had intended. Soon afterwards he set out with his regiment to join the Franco-Spanish army that was to enter Portugal. The Peace of Amiens brought his military expeditions to a close.[1]

Louis had long since heard of Josephine's desire to have him for a son-in-law; and all authorities appear to agree in fixing the responsibility of his unhappy marriage upon Napoleon's wife. She was fond of Louis. It was Louis who accompanied her on her journey to meet the Emperor, when the conqueror was returning from Egypt, full of suspicions against his consort Louis alone, among the Emperor's brothers, treated Josephine loyally; the rest were for ever plotting and acting against her, and had, no doubt, a hand in rousing in Napoleon that anger which made his final separation from his wife an easier task to him. In her letters to her daughter, after the marriage, Josephine has always an affectionate message for Louis. In one (January 24, 1803) she writes: 'Kiss your husband for me, and tell him I am beginning to love him madly; and thank him for his little notes, which are very gracious.' She may have hoped that Napoleon would be content to see his crown pass to the children of Hortense and his young brother, and would therefore put aside those ideas of divorce which had poisoned her life since the day when Bonaparte became First Consul. But the fact remains that it was Jose-

[1] 'La signature du traité d'Amiens le ramena en France, et ce fut alors que son mariage avec Hortense devint l'objet d'une considération sérieuse. Il connaissait depuis longtemps le désir de l'impératrice Joséphine de lui donner le nom de gendre; mais encore sous l'impression de son premier amour, il évitait avec soin toute occasion de se trouver seul avec elle. Un bal à la Malmaison fut l'écueil où sa résolution vint échouer: une attaque aussi vive qu'inattendue lui arracha son consentement, et le 4 janvier 1802 la bénédiction nuptiale fut prononcée sur deux êtres dignes de s'aimer, mais que le destin sépara par des impressions que rien ne put effacer.'—*Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.*

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phine who ardently desired to see her only daughter married to Louis Bonaparte, and that all her powers were exerted to achieve this object. In a worldly sense the marriage was not a brilliant one for Louis. Both yielded to pressure—the wife to that of her mother, the husband to that of his brother. Both had noble qualities; and these appeared afterwards, when they had been long separated, in the courage with which they would act in common for the good of their children.

CHAPTER III.

HORTENSE EUGÉNIE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

CHAP. III.

THE spirited girl, surrounded by Madame Campan's pupils and her schoolfellows, who, as daughter of the hostess, was leader in all the amusements of Malmaison, was full of a soft gaiety. Her sunny curls played over a face remarkable for the sweetness of its expression, for the vivacity and kindliness of the blue eyes, and for the delicacy and refinement of every feature. An admirer has said that Mademoiselle de Beauharnais had the grace of the palm. Her figure was at once round and thin; her complexion was of the dazzling whiteness the Creoles often show. She called to the minds of old men the grace, the lightness, and the abounding goodness which her mother showed when she was young.

Nothing could be more charming, Madame d'Abrantès has recorded, than a ball at Malmaison, composed of the crowd of young girls whom the military family of the First Consul had brought together, and who already composed the court of Madame Bonaparte. Of this society Hortense de Beauharnais was queen—not only because she was the First Consul's adopted daughter, but because she had commanding qualities of head and heart even in her teens.

Hortense was early acquainted with sorrow; and the courage with which she bore her cross through many years, meeting slander (not always unprovoked) with deeds of charity, and treachery with a faith in mankind

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that no bitter experience could shake, has kept her memory green in the heart of her country. There are few things more touching in schoolgirl history than her life-long love for Madame de Broc. Even severe Madame Campan never ceased to praise her. The bedroom in which she died in the arms of her son is hung with portraits of her schoolmistress and the companions of her early life. It was with tears in his eyes that her old servant Fritz spoke to me of his royal mistress, and, pointing out the place upon the lawn where he carried her in her last illness, told me how the country round flocked to her funeral, making the procession reach from the château to Ermatingen, where she lay till the frontiers of France were opened to her remains by the sovereign to whose family she had been a benefactress.

The very earliest impressions of Eugene and Hortense were those of woe and mourning. The Vicomte de Beauharnais, their father, was one of the first French officers to offer his sword to the United States, under General Rochambeau. Elected by the nobility of Blois, he voted with the Tiers État, and held a position in perpetual antagonism to his elder brother, the marquis. He was twice elected President of the Constituent Assembly. But he was a soldier and not a politician, and 1792 found him commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine. In the Reign of Terror he retired to his estates; but he was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee and thrown into prison. In 1779 he had married Marie Joséphine Rose de Taschen de la Pagerie—a lady his equal in birth, who bore him a son (Eugene) in 1781, and a daughter (Hortense) on April 10, 1783. In their earliest infancy the two children were witnesses of the estrangement and separation of their parents; and Hortense was only four years old when she embarked with her mother for Martinique. They were nearly shipwrecked in a

violent tempest. Settled in the midst of Madame de Beauharnais's family, they passed barely two years of tranquillity—for the tide of revolution rolled across the sea, and the negroes rose. But they spared Josephine and her child, whom they had already learned to love, and permitted them to re-embark for France. Josephine landed to find her husband in prison. Although estranged from him she did her utmost to effect his restoration to liberty, but in vain. The valiant commander of the Army of the Rhine was a doomed man. He was but thirty-four years of age when he was guillotined (July 1794). When he suffered his wife was in prison. Hortense, then eleven years old, received letters from father and mother,[1] both being in the hands of the Revolutionary gaolers. The wife had fallen under suspicion through her efforts to obtain her husband's release; and her children were left in the hands of their governess with no means, save her work, for their support. For the Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, their mother's friend, who would have protected them, had been driven away by the Revolutionary Tribunal. But this was not all. It was ordered that the children of nobles should learn a trade. Eugene (who had been left by his father to the care of General Hoche) was therefore apprenticed to a carpenter at Croissy, near Malmaison; while Hortense was articled to her mother's dressmaker. The good governess, the Citoyenne Lanoy, to whom Madame de Beauharnais sent her love from her prison, kept the poor children in sight; but they must have spent many sorrowful days—their father dead, and their mother in daily danger of the scaffold. Children so tried are men and women betimes.

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A few days after the 9 Thermidor Madame de Beau-

[1] *Lettres de Napoléon et de Joséphine.* Paris, 1833.

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harnais was set at liberty through the intervention of Madame de Fontenay, afterwards Madame Tallien. The children were drawn back to their mother's arms; General Hoche took Eugene on his staff; and then the drama was opened which folded the Beauharnais in the glory of Napoleon's purple.

It was some fifteen months after the death of Alexander de Beauharnais that young Eugene, his son, returned to Paris, after the affair of Quiberon, resisted General Bonaparte's order that the inhabitants of Paris should give up all arms to the authorities, and followed the aide-de-camp Lemarois to Bonaparte's presence. Eugene begging for the return of his father's sword is a picture known to every schoolboy. The courage and nobility of character of the boy-soldier Eugene placed a crown upon the head of his mother and his sister, and gave him the vice-royalty of Italy.

Hortense had already become Madame Campan's pupil, and thenceforth her lot was cast in pleasant places for a few years. She saw her mother regain her place in society; she entered the brilliant salons of Madame Tallien and Madame Barras; she went home to find her mother established in her hotel in the Rue Chantereine; and within two years of her father's death she beheld his widow the wife of the great captain who had just been appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy.

The years which intervened between the marriage of Josephine and that of her daughter—they were only six—were the happiest of their lives after they had come within the circle of Napoleon's influence.

The Beauharnais gave themselves up heart and soul to the new and illustrious chief of their family; and Madame Campan reported hopefully of her pupil. Hortense was well gifted by nature. She was a born musi-

cian; and she drew and painted with very much more than the power of an accomplished young lady. There was the soul of the artist in her, and it remained with her to the end of her life. Her palette, her harp, her harpsichord, were her latest consolations in exile. She was drawn by a natural affinity towards gifted people, rather than great people. This was shown at Malmaison, at Saint Leu, and at Arenenberg. The artistic quality in her was developed by her early associations. She never knew what the society of common intelligences meant.

She enjoyed the happy years fully, but not without memories of what had gone before and dreams of what might come. One day, at Malmaison, the First Consul, having taken his place at table, perceived that Hortense had not made her appearance. Her mother hastened to her room to know the reason of this absence. Hortense was working hard upon a sketch. 'One would think you had to earn your bread as an artist,' said Josephine. 'Who shall say in these times,' the child answered, very gravely, 'that I shall not be compelled?' Hortense had not forgotten her apprenticeship to the dressmaker. She said, on another occasion, looking at an engraving of Fortune, 'Yes; we must keep our eyes on the feet as well as the head.' Some years afterwards when her boys were young this thought came upon her; and she asked little Napoleon and Louis what they would do, if suddenly compelled to earn their bread. Napoleon would be a soldier; but Louis said he would sell violets at the gates of the Tuileries, like the lad of whom he bought bunches in the morning.

This shade, that lay about the bright figure of Hortense, heightened its attractive effects. Naturally cheerful and gay, she had depths of earnestness balancing her giddiest flights in the unceremonious Malmaison

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life. When she folded her arms about her young friends Adèle Auguié and Louise Cochelet, she gave them her heart in all seriousness. She was near them both, many years after, when they died, as she had been their constant friend through life.

The correspondence of Josephine, Hortense, and Madame Campan, not only while Hortense was at school, but after the pupil had become queen, shows mother, daughter, and schoolmistress in the most engaging colours. Josephine's maternal love knows no bounds. When she is making her *tournée* of triumph with Bonaparte in Italy, she is longing for her child. 'I cannot accustom myself to these long absences from my dear children; I want to press them to my heart. . . . Pay attention to your drawing: I will bring you back some beautiful examples, and of the most famous masters. I hope Madame Campan is satisfied with you; look upon her as a second mother, and mind all she says. Kiss her for me, my dear child.' Another time Josephine and Bonaparte unite in sending presents.[1]

Madame de Campan was the affectionate friend and counsellor, as well as the schoolmistress, of Hortense; and we find her, at every trying period of her pupil's eventful life, giving her wise motherly counsel; better counsel, indeed, than the indulgent, easy-going Josephine was likely to offer her. 'I know,' writes Madame Campan to Hortense, 'what you desire—a seemly, even a quiet, home life; a competence that shall keep from you debts, and creditors, and privations; the society of refined, loving people who value real talent; and all in that atmosphere of *bon ton* for which your taste is so marked.'

Hortense had many admirers. Her beauty and fine

[1] See Appendix—Extracts from Madame de Vaudey's Journal—for a description of Josephine's maternal solicitude, and her unaffected character.

qualities, as well as her rank as Bonaparte's adopted daughter, drew suitors to her feet. 'I know,' writes Madame Campan, 'that there is an end to M. de ——'s suit. Many people in Paris know all about it, even to the minutest details. You have been blamed for not accepting him; and this is only another reason why you should be circumspect in all things, in order that your choice may be approved by society, be worthy of you and your own family, as well as of the glory of General Bonaparte.' In another letter the young girl, who was then the best match in France, is conjured to watch her heart jealously, and to beware of the least tendency to a preference. 'Read no romances; General Bonaparte does not approve such reading; and he was right when he said, the other day, "All these young heads persuade themselves that they are in love." It is true he knows the human heart well. As for you, my dear child, remember that your mother has attained a position that should raise her hopes without incurring blame for you. Think of the First Consul, who loves you as his daughter. Remember his kindness and his present position. Have the courage to speak to him; tell him that your heart is free, and that you are ready to obey his will as to your establishment in life. Don't cloud your star. . . . I pray that you may always see aright. Unfortunately, we learn to draw, and sing, and play while young; but experience only teaches us to reflect, to know, to judge for the best, and to choose. . . . I admire, my dear child, your good conduct; and I should have the courage to say to the First Consul himself that out of twenty ordinary girls whom he might place in the midst of his staff, composed of young men who share his military duties and his glory, and who are encompassed with all the attractions of the military virtues, the twenty would be touched by the attentions and respectful assiduities of these young men.

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This is how his two sisters made their choice. It seems, according to what your mother tells me, that this is what he feared for you. . . . Promise me to keep your heart free, and in a condition to accept the tie that may be proposed to you, provided you have not an invincible repugnance to it. Think, in making an estimate, not to look to outward form, but to good qualities, to gentleness of disposition. . . . If your heart be free, as you assure me it is, you will be able to weigh for yourself advantages and drawbacks. . . .' And so the correspondence ran on. Hortense, according to her letters, listened to the schoolmistress, and strove to follow her worldly-wise precepts. She remained, at any rate, true to her natural talents. She worked hard at her harp and her easel. The world soon told her that her musical inspirations were genuine melodies. Her songs obtained a wide acceptance while she was yet a very young woman. The 'Beau Dunois,' which was the French national air under the Second Empire, was one of her minor creations.[1] Poetess, artist, musician, delightful in conversation, full of vivacity, Josephine's daughter was a match which only the man who afterwards married her could contemplate with indifference. We are loth to part with the happy girl whom General Bonaparte loved to see bounding through the avenues of his retreat, playing on the grass, or singing her own melodies to him and her mother and Eugene. For these few years of maidenhood at Malmaison comprehend all the happiness it was the lot of Hortense to know. Nor could the motherly letters of Madame Campan persuade her that, in leaving her mother's château as the wife of Louis Bonaparte, she would enter upon a new phase of happiness.

[1] Queen Hortense composed *Conseils à mon Frère, La Sentinelle, Le Chant du Berceau, Le Retour en France, Marchons à la Victoire, L'Hymne à la Paix, Moins connue, moins troublée, Autre ne sers, Les Chevaliers Français, La Marche Impériale*, for six pianos and a military band, &c.

When the First Consul had resolved that Hortense should be his brother Louis's wife, Duroc, according to De Bourrienne,[1] having roughly declined the young lady on Bonaparte's terms, Madame Campan wrote to her pupil: 'You are about to contract a tie which all Europe will applaud with me. I believe I have a pretty deep perception of character and of analogies. I had remarked in both of you tastes that, by their conformity, assure you domestic happiness. You have sufficient resources within yourselves, so that the deepest solitude would not weary you, if necessity forced it upon you. You will be the link between two families which are only one, and which are both dear to France. I predict, therefore, that you will love each other much and always. M. Louis was difficult to marry. The First Consul, who knows how to find a remedy for every evil, has chosen the woman who should make him happy, having the qualities which he admires; and that man is to be commended who admires such qualities in his wife. Soon, dear friend, I shall no longer write advice to you. You will have a guide whom it will suffice to please. Now the governess has nothing more to do than rejoice in her work. A marriage based on equal position, education, tastes, and which has the approval of everybody, ought to be the happiest of unions.'

While Madame Campan was writing this from her schoolroom, De Bourrienne, who was at the very time the confidential secretary, and had been the schoolfellow, of the First Consul, was, according to his own chronicle, an actor in a domestic drama—to express it dramatically—of strong interest.

According to De Bourrienne one fact is certain about this marriage, viz. that there was no love in it on either

[1] De Bourrienne's statement is most suspicious; for he had himself indulged in a passion for Hortense, which, according to her MS. Memoirs, covered him with ridicule, and made him heartily ashamed of himself.

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side. Bourrienne, however, is contradicted by Queen Hortense, in nearly all that relates to her marriage. She admits that Colonel Duroc was anxious to marry her, and that she was not disinclined; that he spoke to Murat, and that Murat encouraged his intentions. Since Bonaparte had at one time thought of Duroc for one of his sisters, it is not improbable that he would have accepted him for his step-daughter. Hortense says that one day she was looking for a book which she had mislaid, when Duroc handed it to her, with a letter between the leaves. On the same day he started on a diplomatic mission to Berlin, leaving a courier behind him who was to receive Hortense's answer through Murat. Hortense, in the confusion of her position, threw the letter unopened into a drawer in her room. When she went to the salon, the First Consul said to her:

'Well, I hear pretty things. You receive love letters unknown to your parents.'

Hortense blushed and stammered. The Emperor was merely joking; but when he saw the confusion he had caused, he perceived that he had stumbled upon a truth. That night Hortense told all to her mother; and the letter was returned to Duroc unopened. Josephine had no liking for Duroc, and said he was neither noble enough nor illustrious enough for her daughter.

De Bourrienne pretends that Hortense and Duroc had a long correspondence, which passed through his hands; but Hortense says, in her Memoirs, that he was charged to tell her of her proposed marriage with Louis; and that this was the only time when he was mixed up with the affairs of the family.

She strove honestly to like, as well as she could, the man whom her mother and Napoleon gave to her in marriage. The purple was glowing on the horizon, and was distinctly discernible to the persons who assisted at that sad marriage in the Rue de la Victoire in January

1802. Not the least melancholy of the assistants at the ceremony was the *bonne* Josephine, who saw Napoleon insist at the same time on the consecration of his sister Caroline's union with Murat, while he left his own unblessed by the Church. Like Murat's, Napoleon's marriage with Josephine was a civil contract only.

If the conduct of Josephine was as bad as it is represented by De Bourrienne—no very high-minded authority—she deserved little sympathy when all her schemes had failed, and when Napoleon had put her away for Marie Louise. According to him Hortense was married three or four days after Duroc had declined to accede to Bonaparte's conditions.[1] But the gossiping secretary is careless with his dates. He states that the First Consul sent his ultimatum to Duroc, through him, on January 4, 1802, the day on which the marriage took place! The imperial almanacks give the 3rd as the date; but M. A. Jal, in his 'Dictionnaire critique de Biographie et d'Histoire,' gives the *acte de mariage* in extenso; and it is dated the 4th. 'Louis,' says De Bourrienne, 'submitted to have forced upon him, as a wife, a woman who hitherto had avoided him as much as possible. She always manifested as much indifference for him as he displayed repugnance for her; and those sentiments are not yet effaced.' We have shown that it was not quite so bad as it is painted by De Bourrienne. Madame Campan's letter bears testimony to less haste and less aversion. Napoleon has left on record that Louis's consent was carried by sudden assault at a Malmaison ball; and his statement that the young couple loved each other is, we are inclined to believe, merely an overstatement. Napoleon says that when Louis and Hortense came together they loved

[1] 'The marriage took place a few days later, to the great regret of Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc.'—*De Bourrienne.*

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each other, while King Louis in his Memoirs speaks of his marriage day as one that fully foreshadowed all the unhappiness of a forced and ill-assorted union.[1] But we may believe that at the time they acquiesced with good grace. Both had been disappointed in love; Hortense had been wounded in her pride by the conduct of Duroc; Louis had suffered the morbid elements of his character to obtain a mastery over him. But they stood in relation to one another at the altar much as most couples stand where the marriage is one made by the families of the young people, as a prudent, worldly settlement in life.

The aversion, with all its bitterness, came afterwards.

[1] 'Jamais cérémonie ne fut si triste; jamais enfin deux époux ne ressentirent plus vivement le pressentiment de toutes les horreurs d'un mariage forcé et mal assorti.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

CHAP. IV.

SAINT LEU had been identified for centuries with the De Montmorencies :[1] it had subsequently fallen into the hands of Philippe Égalité. In the château, built early in the eighteenth century by Jean Joseph de la Borde, director of the Bordeaux mint, Madame de Genlis was the governess of Égalité's children; and here the Duke of Chartres (afterwards King Louis Philippe) and his sister Adelaide took prominent parts in private theatricals. In 1860 there were still old men at Saint Leu who could remember having acted as supernumeraries in the performances of the royal children. The château was sold by Égalité's creditors to the Marquis de Giac. From the De Giacs (relatives of the Beauharnais family) the entire domain, which became Hortense's home on her marriage, including two châteaux, passed into the possession of Louis Bonaparte.

Sad as her marriage had been, Hortense set to work gaily enough to make her house a second Malmaison. The ancient seat of the De Montmorencies was tricked out in splendid holiday attire. Égalité's sombre château became a lady's dainty palace. The gardens soon blazed with flowers, which Hortense loved with all her mother's intensity; a river was led to wind through shady groves;

[1] The church was given, at the beginning of the twelfth century, by Fulchard de Montmorency to the Abbaye Saint-Martin de Pontoise.

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a noble orangery arose; pineapples ripened in a spacious conservatory; sweet surprises of light and shade met the courtiers and senators in their walks; the beautiful Creole—mistress of the fairy land—appeared in her chair in an atmosphere of violets,[1] borne by picturesque Basque carriers, capped with the *beret*, and gay with native colours, to the river-side. The prodigious char-à-banc swept past along the groves, carrying chattering maids of honour and holiday-making statesmen — sometimes Napoleon himself in the midst—on the way to the Château de la Chasse, to Écouen, of which Madame Campan was now directress, or to Montmorency. Saint Leu was a radiant place while Hortense lived there immediately after her marriage. The sombre character of the master of Saint Leu had not yet made itself felt. The dull, heavy, lonely days were to come, when the light-hearted châtelaine would weep in solitude with her children. The first year of marriage was not an unhappy one. Hortense gave birth to her first child on October 10, 1802.[2] And, at the time, she and Louis appear to have been on affectionate, or at any rate friendly, terms; for Madame Campan writes to congratulate her on the grace and sensibility which Louis had shown on the occasion. 'You have been touched by it; your tender heart has been stirred by it; but—I know you well—have you expressed what you felt? I know that simple, pure, and elevated natures disdain demonstrative responses; but qualities estimable in themselves become faults sometimes in private life.' We have some clue, in this letter, to the estrangement which widened afterwards between the

[1] Hortense introduced Parma violets into France. She was never without them. She diffused the odour of them wherever she appeared.

[2] It took place October 10, 1804. The child was christened Napoleon Louis, and was afterwards created Grand Duke of Berg.

young couple. Hortense treated her husband with coldness. His nature, repelling in most of its qualities, was extremely sensitive. Every wound hardened him. He would have learned to love her—indeed, she says at one time he did love her passionately—but her heart was soon closed upon him. She revolted from his sullen humours, his jealousy, his taste for solitude. She was fond of pleasure, and never tired of society, even to the last, while he shunned all that Hortense delighted in. Still the two lived together for some years in tolerable comfort. About 1805 Madame Campan wrote to her pupil, after a visit to Saint Leu: 'I have carried away with me the pleasant remembrance of your way of living at Saint Leu. Dignity without show, propriety without affectation, cheerfulness, kindness—all is perfect, and to the honour of the Prince and my dear pupil.' In this year Prince Louis, having suffered severely in health, went with Hortense to take the waters of Saint Amand, and they returned together. They were a distant couple always; but they had not yet found life in common intolerable, and the probability is that, had not Napoleon sent his brother against his will to reign over the Dutch, they would have remained together to the end of their lives. The frigid relations of Saint Leu became open warfare in Holland.

Josephine's messages to Louis, in her letters to her daughter, all indicate in the early years of the marriage that he was living on friendly terms with his wife. 'Kiss your husband for me,' she wrote, as we have already noted, one year after the marriage. From Rouen (in the same year) she sends kisses to Louis and her grandson, little Napoleon. In 1804 she writes to Louis and to Hortense, engaging them to go to Paris for the Carnival. Louis had promised her, and she relied on his honour. They would not fix the dates of the balls until she arrived. In

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September of the same year Josephine, being at Aix-la-Chapelle, writes a charming motherly letter:—

'The news you give me of Napoleon afford me great pleasure, my dear Hortense, because, in addition to the interest I take in him, I think of the cares from which you are delivered; and you know, my dear child, that your happiness will always be part of mine. The Emperor read your letter; he seemed to me angry that he did not sometimes hear from you. He would not find fault with your heart if he knew it as well as I do; but appearances are against you. Since he may imagine that you neglect him, lose not a moment in repairing the imaginary fault: tell him that it was discretion that prevented you from writing; that your heart indeed suffered by the law which respect alone had dictated; that, since he had always shown you the kindness and tenderness of a father, you would rejoice in offering him the homage of your gratitude. Speak to him also of the hope you cherish to see me back for your accouchement. I cannot bear the idea of being far away from you at that time. Be assured, my dear Hortense, that nothing can prevent me from coming to nurse you; it is for your sake, but more for my own; so speak about it to Bonaparte, who loves you like his child—which adds to my affection for him. Adieu, my dear Hortense; I kiss you and Napoleon from the bottom of my heart. If your husband be back, say a thousand kind things to him for me.

'I am writing to Stéphanie to persuade her to pass the time during my absence with Madame Campan. I recommend you to persuade her that this is a proper course. As you will be too fatigued to accompany her, tell Émilie (Madame de Lavalette) to show me this mark of friendship. It seems that we shall receive a great number of visits at Mayence.

'JOSEPHINE.'

CHAP. IV.

In November 1805 Prince Louis was appointed Governor of Paris, and thither, to his hotel in the Rue Cérutti —now Rue Lafitte (at present occupied by the Turkish Embassy)—he transferred his home, while he performed his onerous duties in the midst of party agitations and with an embarrassed exchequer. In all the important positions in which his brother placed him, he acted with that steady conscientiousness and that quiet sagacity which afterwards obtained for him the lasting esteem of the Dutch. Josephine's letters about this time all bear testimony to the good terms on which Hortense was living with her husband. In one, dated July 20, 1805, Josephine describes her joy at having her daughter's second child, Louis, with her, and her delight at the Emperor's kind idea of having the child brought to her at Saint Cloud as a surprise. 'He felt that I wanted a second *you*—a charming little creature created by yourself. He is in good health, is very lively; he eats only the soup his nurse gives him.' Then Josephine adds that the Emperor caressed him very much. She wants to know about Louis's health, hopes the waters have done him good, begs a thousand remembrances to him. The last letter written by Josephine to her daughter before the latter became Queen of Holland is dated from Munich, January 1806; and it contains the first hint of those painful discords which were to last during the remainder of Hortense's life. 'I am not surprised at the sorrow your husband's letter on this subject [1] has given you; but I can understand that you had not the strength to resist such sharp protests.'

Prince Louis, much against his will, had been sent by his brother to organise an army in the north; and so thoroughly and vigorously did he work that in exactly

[1] Hortense's brother Eugene was about to be married to the Princess Augusta, daughter of the Elector of Bavaria; and King Louis objected to Hortense's presence at the marriage.

BOOK I.

one month after the formation of the army was decreed Louis wrote from Nimègue that his force was in position waiting orders. His promptitude led him to higher and more difficult duties. When peace was declared he hastened to meet Napoleon at Strasburg on his return, and it was there that the Emperor and he first touched upon the throne of Holland. Prince Louis said that he had heard in the north whispers which connected his name with the throne, and that these had hastened his departure, since they were not agreeable to himself or to the free people whom they most concerned. But Napoleon had drawn up his plan. The Continent was then a blank sheet of paper, upon which he could trace empire, kingdom, principality, at his pleasure. The Batavian Republic was troublesome, as openly favouring commercial relations with England, and thereby defeating his policy of a Continental blockade. At his instigation a deputation of Dutchmen went to Paris to offer the throne of Holland to Prince Louis. The Prince declined the honour. He was a sick man—paralysed; his tastes were opposed to the show and anxieties of sovereignty. To his protest that the damps of watery Holland would be fatal to him the Emperor replied that it was better to die a king than live a prince. Resistance was useless, or was beyond the moral power of Prince Louis. The Imperial will was stronger than any arguments or protests which Louis was capable of formulating; and on June 5, 1806, he was proclaimed King of Holland, at Saint Cloud.[1] The new

[1] The Emperor addressed him solemnly in the presence of the representatives of the Batavian people, bidding him protect the liberties, laws, and religion of his new kingdom, but never cease to be a Frenchman. At the same time the address was that of a minister to a prefect. King Louis was told that he held in custody the strong places 'which secure the north of my dominions,' and that these were confided to him for the benefit of France. 'Preserve, Prince,' the Emperor concluded, 'among your troops that spirit which I have seen them display in the field

CHAP. IV.

sovereign, with his wife and children, repaired at once to their house at Saint Leu, and hence they departed, in no cheerful mood, on June 15, *en route* for the Hague.

The calm days at home were ended. Saint Leu had seen its last gaieties, like Malmaison after Josephine's divorce. Hither Hortense came again, but only to weep over her troubles. In after days she sat at Saint Leu in silence, contemplating the misery which a crown had brought to her. In these alleys she smothered her grief, when, after the death of her eldest-born, Napoleon resolved to put away her mother. In this château was she forced to dry her tears, and curtsey to the Austrian princess who had taken Josephine's place. This was her solitude which Napoleon gave her when she had left Holland, and when her husband was at open enmity with her.[1] As Duchess of Saint Leu she held court there while the Emperor was at Elba, finding consolation in the society of her old schoolmistress, Madame Campan (who had been turned out of her Écouen institution by the Prince of Condé), and receiving the visits of those who remained true to the Imperial cause.

King Louis's reign of less than four years in the midst

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of battle. Preserve in your subjects sentiments of union and love for France. Be the terror of the wicked and the father of the good. This is the character of a great king.'

[1] *A Hortense-Napoléon, Reine de Hollande, à Paris.*

Paris, 22 janvier, 1810.

Ma Fille,—J'ai ordonné que l'on vous remît Saint-Leu. Chargez votre homme d'affaires de prendre possession de cette campagne en votre nom et de la mettre en état. Faites y faire les dispositions qu'il vous plaira, et changez les personnes qui ne vous conviennent pas. Vous avez besoin d'une campagne; vous ne pouvez pas en avoir une plus agréable que celle-là.

NAPOLÉON.

On April 26 he writes to her from Compiègne:—

'Ma Fille,—J'ai reçu votre lettre. Je suis bien aise que vous soyez arrivée avec vos enfants en bonne santé. Je pars demain pour Anvers, où je serai le 1er mai; j'aurai là de vos nouvelles. On m'assure que vous êtes contente du Roi et de la Hollande, ce qui me fait grand plaisir.

'NAPOLÉON.'

BOOK I.

of the most disheartening embarrassments, the most galling humiliations inflicted upon him by his brother, and the severest domestic trials, will be remembered long and be cited often as one full of honour to the sovereign.[1] He did his duty conscientiously by his subjects so long as his brother permitted him to do it; and when he found that he could no longer perform an honourable part, he put aside the crown which he had never sought and had never desired, and retired into the solitude from which he emerged only for an instant when Napoleon's misfortunes showed him that the post of peril was his post of honour.

Louis's reign was inaugurated at the Hague with great pomp and elaborate festivities. His Queen excited the admiration of his subjects. She shone in the palace, not by her rank chiefly. A gifted musician, a delightful conversationalist, as we have already seen, she was also a dancer, according to M. Fourmestreaux, of incomparable grace. Her delight in dancing, indeed, was one of the many points of difference between herself and her husband. King Louis's idea of a court was that of a centre to which the gifted should tend, where the wisdom of the kingdom should be found, with surroundings that impressed by their dignity. Hortense had a lighter fancy and a warmer imagination. She loved society; the bright salon with ripples of laughter coursing about it; and such sentiment as may be found in her own songs, with French grace breaking through the feeling. She had a passionate love of military glory, with Napoleon as its sublimest expression;

[1] 'Savage Landor singles out (in his *Imaginary Conversations*) as the best kings of Napoleon's creation Bernadotte and Louis Bonaparte; saying of the latter that 'from the throne he had mounted amid the curses of the people, he descended amid their tears; and of both that they had given no sign, either by violence or rapacity, by insolence or falsehood, that they had been nurtured in the feverish bosom of the French Republic.'—*Forster's Life of Landor.*

and a generous heart alert in good deeds even towards enemies; but she was wilful, provoking, passing swiftly from one whim to another, and, above all, holding dulness in horror. A young woman, and a Frenchwoman, surrounded with flatterers, and among these the heroes whose names had travelled round the world—such was Queen Hortense in 1806, when she appeared as the centre of a magnificent court; but the court was sharply divided into two hostile parties, the French and the Dutch. The King was loyal to his subjects; the Queen headed the French party; and so husband and wife quarrelled until their hostilities became a public scandal.

The new sovereigns had arrived accompanied by a court composed of Frenchmen—Napoleon's nominees. These the King gradually put away, on various pretexts, as he had sent off the French troops when he entered his capital, declaring that he would not have French soldiers fed with Dutch money—a point which Napoleon yielded on Louis's threat of abdication. M. de Broc, the grand marshal of the palace, and husband of Hortense's beloved friend and schoolfellow Adèle Auguié, was despatched as Ambassador to Spain—the wife remaining in Holland, to stand by the Queen to whom the crown of Holland was destined to give, under the sparkle of its jewels, her first days and nights of bitter sorrow as a wife.

In Russell's 'Modern Europe' there is an acrid account of King Louis's assumption of the throne of Holland, in which are many misconceptions and errors. The 'nobleman' addresses his son thus:—'Arrangements were made for this change with little difficulty. If remonstrances were offered, they were not urged with manly freedom; and it was agreed, in conference between Talleyrand and some Dutch Deputies, that the crown of Holland should be presented to Louis Bonaparte; that the *independence* of

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the State should be *guaranteed*;[1] that all its possessions should be preserved, and the liberty of the people maintained. In a ceremonious audience the Deputies requested, as the most signal favour that could be accorded, the transfer of a King to their country, in the person of Louis, who, under the protection of the greatest of monarchs, might elevate Holland to its due rank among nations, and restore its fame and prosperity. The Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck, declaring that his health was unsettled, resigned an appointment which was "no longer beneficial to his countrymen and himself;" the Constable of France (for the favoured personage retained that office) announced himself as King of Holland (June 5) by the grace of God and the constitutional laws of the State. Thus the Dutch were reduced to the most degrading servitude under the professed slave of a despot.'

The falsity of these statements can be proved at this day in Holland, where the memory of King Louis is still revered. It was not at any rate while Napoleon's brother was sovereign of the Batavian State that it was a despicable despotism; nor was Louis ever his brother's slave. He abdicated rather than yield his independence. The 'nobleman' describes the code to his son:—'By the constitutional code which accompanied this usurpation the task of legislation was assigned, in concert with the King, to thirty-eight national representatives; and, to raise the former number to this amount, the existing Deputies were allowed to nominate two persons for each seat or vacancy, and two other candidates were to be proposed by each departmental assembly; out of these four, one was to be selected by his Majesty. The term for which they were chosen was extended to five years.

[1] The meaning annexed by Russell to this phrase was, that its *dependence* upon France should be fully *secured*.

All laws were to originate from the Sovereign; and his power would not be effectually checked by the will of the Deputies. It was ordained that he should enjoy, without restriction, the complete exercise of the government, and of all the powers requisite for the execution of the laws; and the representatives formed his Council of State, rather than a controlling assembly. When the Ministers had governed for some time in his name, amidst general tranquillity, Louis presented himself to his subjects, and commenced his reign with plausible promises of good government. Being less unprincipled and inhuman than some of his brothers, he did not so much excite odium by his own tyranny as by his subserviency to the oppressive mandates of his Imperial patron. He seemed gradually to contract an attachment to the people whom he ruled, and to be desirous of tempering the rigours of stern authority. By this appearance of lenity he displeased his brother, who very rarely unbent the bow of tyranny.'

The 'son' who should adopt this summary of King Louis's reign would have a completely erroneous view of it. A writer so hard-judging should be rigorously correct with his facts. The 'nobleman' is frequently incorrect. To give only one instance: He says that Louis presented himself to his subjects when the Ministers had governed some time—leading the reader to infer that he was afraid to appear until tranquillity had been secured; the fact being, as I have already stated, that the King and Queen, with their two young children, set out for the Hague ten days after the proclamation at Saint Cloud (having spent these at Saint Leu in conferences with the Dutch Deputies), arrived there on the 18th of the same month, and made their solemn entry on the 23rd, without French troops.

The earliest acts of Louis's reign were those of one who had confidence in his subjects; he dismissed his French courtiers, and dispensed with his French troops.

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His liberal course, and his identification of his interests with those of his new countrymen, gave umbrage to his brother before he had been many weeks at the Hague. In July 1806 Napoleon wrote, refusing to receive the Ambassador sent to him by Louis,[1] and desiring him not to demolish fortifications without consulting the Imperial will. This letter is the first of the series of complaints, commands, and reproaches that not only paralysed King Louis's plans for the good of Holland, but estranged him thoroughly from his wife, who took Napoleon's side (as she ever did in all things, and under all circumstances), and deepened that passionate jealousy which amounted almost to monomania—that gloominess of temper, and aversion to society or the pleasures of society, which settled over him in his Swiss retreat, and made him a very miserable old man.

King Louis, albeit a brave soldier, was never a man of war; and when he became sovereign he at once showed his pacific tendencies by endeavouring to reduce the military burdens of Holland. His first effort in the way of economy drew down upon him the anger of his brother, who wrote from Rambouillet (August 21, 1806): 'You are led by petty views; you think you have done everything when you have saved 100,000 francs. By these measures your country will find itself without the means of defence.' On November 6 Louis received a more violent letter from Berlin. His brother told

[1] *Au Roi de Hollande.*

Saint-Cloud, 29 juillet, 1806.

Il n'est pas d'usage à Paris de changer des ambassadeurs sans avoir pressenti si celui qu'on veut envoyer est agréable. Je ne veux point du général que vous m'envoyez; laissez-moi l'ambassadeur actuel. Je suis surpris que vous ayez assez peu de tact pour oublier des égards que la Russie et l'Autriche ont pour moi.

On m'assure que vous voulez raser vos places fortes: j'espère que vous ne ferez rien là-dessus sans me consulter. Déjà vous avez dérangé tous mes plans de campagne. Vous allez comme un étourdi, sans envisager les conséquences des choses.

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him that he was a weak monarch; that he sent him fewer troops than were furnished to him by Würtemberg; that he was not in a position to face even the King of Sweden; that he was led astray by the pretended penury of Holland, which had all the money of Europe; and that all his measures were characterised by an extreme simplicity.[1]

But the most galling of Napoleon's letters to his brother was that dated April 4, 1807, in which he reproached him for his acts as a king and his conduct as a husband. It is a remarkable document, in which Napoleon's grasp and his genius for details shine out brilliantly. It is the emanation of a will and a mind before which poor King Louis could only bow; and he knew and felt it. But he resolved to lose all, save honour, in his efforts to secure his people from subjection.

The Emperor begins:

'*To the King of Holland.*

'Finkenstein, April 4, 1807.

'I have received your letter of March 24. You say that you have 20,000, with the Great Army. You don't believe it yourself; there are not 10,000—and what men! It is not marshals, chevaliers, and counts you should

[1] *Au Roi de Hollande.*

Berlin, 6 novembre, 1806.

Votre royaume ne me rend aucun service, aujourd'hui moins que jamais. Vous devez fournir au moins 20,000 hommes, et vous gouvernez votre royaume avec beaucoup trop de mollesse. Il faut que moi seul je supporte tous les frais de la guerre. Vous ne me fournissez que la moitié des troupes que me fournit le roi de Wurtembourg. Vous n'avez pas seulement organisé votre état militaire de manière à faire front au roi de Suède. Tout cela n'est pas bien administré. Un royaume n'est bien administré que lorsqu'il l'est avec vigueur et énergie. Vous vous en faites accroire par la prétendue pénurie des Hollandais, qui ont tout l'argent de l'Europe. Toutes vos mesures se ressentent de cette extrême bonhomie. . . .

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create, but soldiers. If you hold on in this way, you will make me ridiculous in Holland.

'You govern the nation too much like a Capuchin. A king's kindness should always be majestic, and should not be like that of a monk. Nothing is worse than the frequent journeys to the Hague, unless it be the collection made by your order in your kingdom. A king commands, and asks nothing; he is supposed to be the source of all power, and to hold means that place him above having recourse to other people's purses. You don't perceive all these niceties.

'I hear of notions about the re-establishment of the nobility on which I am anxious to be enlightened. Is your head gone to this extent, and can you have forgotten what you owe to me? In your letters you always speak of respect and obedience. I don't want words, but facts. Respect and obedience consist in not pushing forward so quickly without my advice in such important matters; for Europe will never imagine that you have been so far forgetful as to do certain things without my concurrence. I shall be compelled to disown you. I have asked for the document on the re-establishment of the nobility. Be prepared for a public mark of my excessive disapprobation.

'Undertake no maritime expedition; the season is gone. Raise national guards to defend your country. Pay my troops. Raise a great number of national conscripts. A prince who in the first year of his reign has a reputation for so much kindness, is a prince at whom people laugh in his second year. The love which kings inspire should be a masculine love, mingled with a respectful fear and with a high esteem. When people say of a king that he is a good fellow (*bon homme*), or a good father, if you like, can he support the weight of a throne, suppress opponents, and quell popular passions, or make them take his own direction? The first thing

you should do, and which I advised you, is to establish conscription. What can be done without an army? For can a sweeping of deserters be called an army? How is it you have not felt that, in the actual condition of your army, the creation of marshals was an improper and ridiculous proceeding? The King of Naples has none. I have created none in my kingdom of Italy. Do you think that when forty French ships sail in company with five or six Dutch barques, the Admiral Ver Huell, for instance, as marshal, could be appointed to the command? There are no marshals in little kingdoms; there are none in Bavaria, in Sweden. You cover with honours men who have not deserved them. You move too rapidly, and without advice. I offered you mine; you answer me with fine compliments, and continue to commit absurdities.

'Your quarrels with the Queen are becoming known to the public. Keep in your home that paternal and effeminate character that you show in your Government; and show in public affairs that rigour which you exhibit in your family. You treat a young woman as a regiment should be commanded. Be cautious in regard to the persons who surround you; you are encompassed only by nobles. The opinions of such people are always exactly the opposite of those of the public. Beware: you are beginning to be no longer popular at Rotterdam and at Amsterdam. The Catholics are beginning to fear you. Why don't you give posts to some of them? Are you not bound to protect your religion? All this shows very little strength of character. You pay too much court to one party in your nation; you alienate the rest. What have the chevaliers done to whom you have given decorations? Where are the wounds they have received for their country—the distinguished talents which recommend them? I don't say this of all, but of three-fourths. Many have been advanced in the English party, and they

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are the cause of their country's misfortunes. Should they be ill-treated? No; but conciliate all. I, too, have *émigrés* with me; but I don't allow them to have the upper hand; and when they think they are about to carry a point, they are farther off from it than they were when they were abroad, because I govern on a system, and not by weakness.

'You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you make her unhappy. Let her dance as much as she pleases—it belongs to her age. I have a wife who is forty; from the field of battle I write to her to go to balls; and you wish a wife who is only twenty, who sees her life passing with all its illusions, to live in a cloister, or, like a nurse, to be always washing her child. You are too much yourself in your home, and not enough in your Administration. I should not say all this to you if I were not interested in you. Make the mother of your children happy. There is only one way; show her thorough esteem and confidence. Unfortunately you have a wife who is too virtuous: if she were a coquette she would lead you by the nose. But you have a proud wife, who grieves and revolts at the bare idea that you have a bad opinion of her. You should have had a wife like some I know in Paris. She would have deceived you, and at the same time kept you at her knees. It is not my fault, as I have often told your wife.

'For the rest, you may commit absurdities in your kingdom—well and good; but I shall not allow you to commit them in my dominions. You offer your decorations to everybody—many people have written to me on the subject—who have no title to them. I am sorry you do not see you are wanting in the respect which you owe me. My resolve is that nobody shall wear these decorations *chez moi*, being determined not to wear them myself. If you ask me the reason, I reply that you have

not yet done anything to deserve that men should wear your portrait; that you instituted it without my permission, and that you are too prodigal of it. And what have all the deeds of all the people who surround you, to whom you give it?

'NAPOLEON.'[1]

Through the bitterness of all these quarrels and misunderstandings—the discord at home, the jealousies among his subjects, and the insults put upon him as a sovereign by his imperious brother—a bitterness that may be imagined from the gall-drops that lie thick upon the foregoing letter—Louis remained firm in his loyalty to his people; while Hortense continued to be the head of the French party. The King did his duty even when most goaded to rebel. In the war with Prussia, 1806–7, he commanded a *corps d'armée* of 80,000 men;[2] and after Jena he marched into Westphalia, and occupied successively Münster, Osnabrück, and other towns. During his absence Queen Hortense had resided with the Empress Josephine at Mayence. The pair met on their return to Holland—approaching from hostile coteries and camps.

King Louis had just made himself immensely popular among the Dutch by his courageous and benevolent conduct after the catastrophe at Leyden. Half the town had been shattered by the explosion of two floating powder magazines. The King promptly repaired to the ruins, succoured the wounded and bereaved, and received many of the poor folk in his own palace. He was hero as well as king; and Madame Campan made the incident the

[1] See Appendix.

[2] 'L'Empereur me charge de te dire qu'il vient de donner une armée de 80,000 hommes au roi de Hollande, et que son commandement s'étendra tout près de Mayence. Juge, ma chère Hortense, si c'est là une nouvelle agréable pour une mère qui t'aime aussi tendrement.'—*L'Impératrice à sa Fille, à la Haye*, 1806.

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occasion of one of her letters to her pupil Hortense, in which she sought to draw the wife closer to the husband's heart. Hortense read the letter coldly, and the royal couple remained apart in their palace, or only just held together by their common love for their two little children.

But a heavy blow awaited them. On May 5 of this eventful year (1807) the King's eldest son, Napoleon Louis Charles, Prince Royal of Holland, died of croup, at the Hague, after a few hours' illness. He was, according to his portrait painted by Gérard—where he is represented playing with the great captain's sword—a noble boy. Upon his head had rested for a while the hopes of Napoleon. When the Emperor wrote to Josephine or Hortense he never forgot an affectionate message to little Napoleon. When the child, whom so much love and so many hopes encompassed, died, Hortense and Josephine were beside themselves with grief. The mother's life was for a time despaired of. In her anguish the father of her dead boy found favour in her sight, and the two wept together. But Hortense would not be consoled, and the King at length wrote to her mother, describing the Queen's state and begging her to meet her daughter at Laeken, near Brussels. Mademoiselle Avrillon relates that she was sitting up with the Empress (who was very ill) when the King's letter arrived. She says no words can describe Josephine's grief. She rose at once, forgot her own condition, summoned her people, and betook herself without rest on the road to Laeken, which she reached even before the King and Queen. The meeting of mother and daughter was, according to the witnesses, heartrending. They remained locked in each other's arms, and sobbing as though they would weep their hearts out together, while the King stood by borne down by grief and sickness. When, at night, he took leave of the Empress, being compelled to return at once to Holland,

he was so overpowered with grief and his infirmities that he could hardly walk from the room.

That the death of the little Prince, and the grief of his wife and step-daughter, troubled Napoleon in the midst of war is abundantly proved by his frequent letters to them. He writes to the Empress from Finkenstein (May 14, 1807): 'I understand all the grief that the death of poor Napoleon has caused you, and you can understand mine. I wish I were near you to make you reasonable and good in your affliction. You have been fortunate enough never to lose a child, but it is one of the conditions and sorrows belonging to our human misery. Let me hear that you have been good, and that you are well. Would you add to my grief?'[1] Ten days later he replies to Josephine's letter from Laeken, deploring the condition of Hortense, and declaring that she did not deserve to be loved since she loved only her children. 'For every evil that is without remedy,' said Napoleon, 'consolation must be found,' signing himself 'tout à toi.'

On the 20th he wrote to Hortense herself as 'her affectionate father,' telling her to put rational bounds to her sorrow. 'Don't destroy your health; distract your attention, and learn that life is so thickly strewn with so many rocks, and may be the source of so many misfortunes, that death is not the worst of evils.' On the 26th he declares himself pleased that Hortense has reached Laeken, but is grieved to hear of the stupor in which she continues. 'She must have more courage, and turn upon herself. I cannot imagine why it is desired that she

[1] 'Je conçois tout le chagrin que doit te causer la mort de ce pauvre Napoléon. Tu peux comprendre la peine que j'éprouve. Je voudrais être près de toi, pour que tu fusses modérée et sage dans ta douleur. Tu as eu le bonheur de ne jamais perdre d'enfant, mais c'est une des conditions et des peines attachées à notre misère humaine. Que j'apprenne que tu as été raisonnable et que tu te portes bien. Voudrais-tu accroitre ma peine? Adieu, mon amie.

'NAPOLÉON.'

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should go *aux eaux*; she would be amused much more in Paris, and would find more consolation there.'

On June 2 Napoleon's letter to his wife is addressed from Dantzic to Malmaison. He is angry with Hortense, because she had not written a line to him. 'Everything you say about her grieves me. How was it you were not able to rouse her a little?' He vows that he thinks more of Josephine than she does of her absent one, and begs her to give the enclosed letter to Hortense.

The letter is paternal, reproachful. 'You have not written a line to me in your just and heavy grief. You have forgotten everything, as though you had not to suffer other losses. I am told that you care no longer for anything, that you are indifferent to everything: I perceive the truth of this through your silence. This is not well, Hortense; this is not what you used to promise. Your son was everything to you. Your mother and I, then, are nothing! Had I been at Malmaison I should have shared your distress, but I should also have insisted that you gave yourself back to your best friends.

'Adieu, my child; be cheerful; we must be resigned. Keep your health, that you may fulfil all your duties. My wife is quite grieved at your condition; give her no more sorrow.'

Within a fortnight afterwards Napoleon wrote to Josephine that he had won the victory of Friedland; and on the 16th he dates from Friedland to Hortense, acknowledging the receipt of her letter from Orleans. Hortense was then on her way to take the waters of the Cauterêts:—

'My Child,—I have received your letter, dated from Orleans. Your troubles touch me, but I should like to see you show more courage. To live is to suffer, and the honest man struggles always to remain master of himself. I don't like to see you unjust towards little Napoleon

Louis [her surviving infant] and towards all your friends. Your mother and I hoped that we held a larger place than we appear to hold in your heart.

'I gained a great victory on June 14. I am well, and love you very much.

'Adieu, my child; I embrace you with all my heart.'

On the 22nd he wrote from Tilsit, begging her to be gay and happy, for peace negotiations were opened.

CHAPTER V.

THE BIRTH OF NAPOLEON III.

BOOK I.

In her Memoirs[1] Queen Hortense relates that Napoleon, in speaking of herself and her husband, used to say: 'They are babies: they really must be brought together again: there is not the thickness of a sheet of paper between them.' It was hoped that the death of little Napoleon would heal their differences, and bring about a thorough reconciliation; and, for a short time, the husband and wife lived, at any rate peaceably, together at Cauterêts, in a little house on the Place Saint-Martin. The Empress Josephine, writing almost daily to her daughter, gave her news of the King's journey from Holland to meet her. June 4, 1807: 'The King arrived last night at Saint Leu, and has sent to say that he will come to see me to-day: he is to leave the little one [the surviving child] with me during his absence. You know how I love the child, and what care I shall take of him. I want the King to travel by the same road which you have taken: it will be a consolation for both of you, my dear Hortense, to meet. All the letters I have received from him since your departure are full of his affection for you. You have too sensitive a heart not to be touched by this.' In her next letter the mother consoles her daughter with gossip about the baby. 'He is in robust health; he amuses me vastly, he is so gentle. I see in

[1] MSS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

him all the good qualities of the little one we have lost.' Then again she beseeches Hortense to moderate her grief. 'You are not alone in the world. You have still a husband, an interesting child, and a mother whose affection is known to you. You owe yourself to all who love you, and you are too sensitive to be indifferent and cold to them. Think of us, my dear child.'

On March 9, 1807, Josephine had written from Mayence to her daughter at the Hague, on the return of the latter to her husband: 'If you wish me to be even happier than I am, give me the hope that in nine months I shall have a grand-daughter.' The death of little Napoleon probably changed the wish a little; for Josephine anxiously watched the interest which Napoleon took in Hortense's boys. The only surviving child was now heir to the throne of Holland: a second boy, therefore, would make the Emperor perhaps more satisfied as to the inheritance of his throne. These ideas were cherished by the party at Court who were opposed to the divorce from Josephine, among whom was M. de Talleyrand. The Queen relates that on her accouchement in 1808 M. de Talleyrand, who was, or fancied himself, in disgrace with the Emperor, said to her in his affected off-hand manner: 'It is your Majesty's business to give us princes; we may depend on you.'[1] The Queen understood him to intimate openly by this little speech that he was opposed to Napoleon's divorce from her mother.

Queen Hortense left behind her in the south, where she spent almost her last connubial hours with King Louis, many and pleasant memories, which her son gathered up when he visited the Vallée de Barèges and thereabouts in

[1] Unpublished Memoirs of Queen Hortense, in the possession of the Imperial family.

BOOK I.

the days of his empire. In the valley the peasants reared a little monument, with the inscription *La Vallée de Barèges, A la Reine Hortense*, 1807. Not far off she was caught in a storm, and had to pass the night in a grange; and now the place is called *Grange de la Reine Hortense.* The proprietor of the little house in the *Place Saint-Martin* where the King and Queen lived, put aside the red damask bed-hangings; and these are still carefully preserved in the family.

The Queen left Cauterêts, and returned to St. Cloud, the King being compelled to proceed to Holland. She was enceinte: and through all the period that passed between the separation from her husband and the birth of her child, she was in turmoil and trouble. The differences between her and the King had deepened beyond repair, being greatly increased by the quarrels, which had become bitter, between King Louis and his brother.

Still they corresponded, as the following letter will show. On March 3, 1808, King Louis wrote to Queen Hortense from Utrecht:—

'I have learned from the ladies that you are better, and I hope you will reach your time without accident. I have communicated to the Legislative Body the news that you are enceinte. I shall not be able to go to Paris in May. Although I have got through the winter, I could not bear Paris. I must resign myself to live like an invalid. I am very anxious, however, to have my son at the end of this month. The fine weather is approaching. I have passed so bad a winter that I hope you will consent to be separated from him for a few months. As you have not yet selected a doctor, I send M. Giraud to accompany my son. I have written to Corvisart for a doctor. Be good enough, I beg of you, to choose one. Perhaps it would be well to choose a man young enough to get ac-

customed to him and to give up all his time to him. As for myself, I shall rely on your choice and that of Corvisart. I have heard M. de Mornay is to be married. It will be indispensable for M. de Boubers to come. Adieu, Madame; if you can send me the little one by the end of the month, you will give me great pleasure.'[1]

On March 27, 1808, the Emperor sent a letter to his brother Louis, in which he proposed to make him King of Spain. Charles IV. had just abdicated, and the Prince of Peace was in prison. King Louis answered: 'I am not the governor of a province. For a king there is no promotion but to heaven; all are equal. With what face can I go to demand an oath of fidelity from another people, if I do not remain faithful to that which I took to Holland when I ascended the throne?' It was not that the kingship of Holland was a bed of roses. Harassed by the complaints of his subjects, whom the Continental blockade was ruining, he endeavoured to solace them with Court gaieties. Tired of the Hague, he removed his Court to Utrecht, and afterwards to Amsterdam; but the

[1] 'J'ai appris par ces dames que vous vous portez mieux; j'espère que vous arriverez heureusement à terme. J'ai communiqué au Corps Législatif la nouvelle de votre grossesse. Je ne pourrai pas venir à Paris au mois de mai. Quoique j'aye supporté l'hiver, je sens que je ne saurais supporter le séjour de Paris. Il me faut vivre en malade et me résigner. Je désire cependant beaucoup avoir mon fils à la fin de ce mois. La belle saison approche. J'ai passé un hiver si rude que j'espère que vous consentirez à vous séparer de lui pour quelques mois. Comme vous n'avez pas encore fait choix d'un médecin, j'envoie M. Giraud pour accompagner mon fils. J'ai écrit à Corvisart pour un médecin. Veuillez, je vous prie, faire un choix. Il faudrait peut-être choisir un homme assez jeune pour qu'il pût s'accoutumer à lui et en faire son unique occupation. Quant à moi, je m'en rapporte à votre choix et à celui de Corvisart. J'ai appris que M. de Mornay va se marier. Il sera indispensable que M. de Boubers vienne. Adieu, madame; si vous pouvez m'envoyer le petit pour la fin de ce mois, vous me ferez bien plaisir.

'LOUIS.

'Utrecht, le 3 mars 1808.'

BOOK I.

fêtes and balls fell flat without the Queen to lead them, and every day lessened the hope that she would return. In addition to political differences between the royal couple there were conjugal jealousies on both sides.

It was in all this trouble, and with both the Emperor and Empress far away from Paris, that Queen Hortense gave birth to a son, the future Napoleon III., in the night of April 20, 1808, at her hôtel in the Rue Cérutti, now the hotel of MM. Rothschild, Rue Lafitte.[1] In her unpublished Memoirs the Queen gives the following account of her accouchement:—'In the night of April 20, 1808, I gave birth to a son. I should have preferred a daughter; but the news filled my mother and the Emperor with joy. He had salutes fired all along the Spanish frontier, where he then was. Politically, he considered it fortunate that a second son of his house should be born. To give him the news I despatched my French chamberlain, M. de Villeneuve; and to my husband I sent my Dutch chamberlain, M. le Comte de Bylandt. The King had the event announced to the people assembled under his balcony, and received the customary felicitations.'

He also wrote to his wife:—

'M. de Bylandt has arrived in less than fifty hours, and he brings me the news of your deliverance. I have begged mamma (Madame Mère), and I have requested Madame de Boubers to give exact accounts of your health. I hope they will soon acquaint me with your complete convalescence. When M. de Villeneuve returns, I will beg you to let me know what the Emperor has written to you. I should like the little one to be only christened, so that he

[1] All the biographers of the Emperor have said that he was born in the Tuileries. The room in which he was born, in the house now the property of one of the Rothschilds, was visited by the Emperor and Empress not long after their marriage.

may be solemnly baptised here; but I subordinate my wishes to yours and to that of the Emperor. Adieu, Madame.

'LOUIS.

'Amsterdam, April 24, 1808.'[1]

The Emperor was at Bayonne, and on the 23rd wrote to Josephine:—[2]

'Mon Amie,—Hortense has given birth to a son; it has given me keen joy. I am not surprised that you say nothing about it, since your letter is of the 21st, and that she was brought to bed on the 20th, in the night.' On the same day he wrote to Hortense, in Paris: 'My Child,—I hear that you are happily delivered of a boy. It has caused me the greatest joy. I only now want to be assured that you are going on well. I am astonished that in a letter of the 20th, written to me by the Archchancellor, he doesn't mention it.'

M. de Talleyrand had been commanded by the Emperor to assist at the accouchement of the Queen. On this her Majesty has left a curious note. She was in an

[1] 'M. de Bylandt est arrivé en moins de 50 heures, et il m'a apporté la nouvelle de votre délivrance. J'ai prié maman et j'ai chargé madame de Boubers de me donner exactement de vos nouvelles. J'espère qu'elles m'apprendront bientôt votre entier rétablissement. Quand M. de Villeneuve sera de retour, je vous prie de me faire connaître ce que l'Empereur vous aura écrit. Je désirerais que le petit ne fût qu'ondoyé, afin qu'il puisse être baptisé solennellement ici. Au surplus je subordonne entièrement mon désir au votre et à celui de l'Empereur. Adieu, madame.

'LOUIS.

'Amsterdam, 24 avril 1808.'

[2] *À l'Impératrice, à Bordeaux.*

Bayonne, 23 avril 1808.

Mon Amie,—Hortense est accouchée d'un fils; j'en ai éprouvé une vive joie. Je ne suis pas surpris que tu n'en dises rien, puisque ta lettre est du 21, et qu'elle est accouchée le 20, dans la nuit.

Tu peux partir le 26, aller coucher à Mont-de-Marsau, et arriver ici le 27. Fais partir ton premier service le 25 au soir. Je te fais arranger ici une petite campagne, à côté de celle que j'occupe. Ma santé est bonne.

J'attends le roi Charles IV et sa femme.

Adieu, mon amie.

NAPOLÉON.

BOOK I.

alarming condition of nervous excitement for some days after her delivery. 'The visit of M. de Talleyrand,' she remarks,[1] 'aggravated my nervous state. He was to assist at the birth of my son. He generally wore powder. The scent of it was so strong that when he came near me to congratulate me I was nearly suffocated.' M. de Talleyrand hastened to write a letter of congratulation to his sovereign; and Napoleon replied on the 25th to 'M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Bénévent,' thanking him for his congratulations. On the same day he sent to the Queen's husband at the Hague, demanding that measures should be taken to put down smuggling on his frontiers. But later (on May 3) he wrote: 'I beg to compliment you on the birth of your son. I desire that this prince shall be called Charles Napoleon.' He was accordingly named Charles Louis Napoleon.

The Empress Josephine was delighted at the advent of the little prince; and wrote to her daughter from Bordeaux on April 23:—

'My dear Hortense,[2]—I am in the greatest joy. The

On the same day he wrote to Hortense, in Paris:—

'Ma Fille—J'apprends que vous êtes heureusement accouchée d'un garçon. J'en ai éprouvé la plus grande joie. Il ne me reste plus qu'à être tranquillisé et à savoir que vous vous portez bien. Je suis étonné que dans une lettre du 20, que m'écrit l'archichancelier, il ne m'en dise rien.

'NAPOLÉON.'

D'après l'original comm. par S.M. l'Empereur Napoléon III.

On the 25th the Emperor wrote from Bayonne to M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Bénévent:—'Mon Cousin,—J'ai reçu votre lettre du 21 avril. Je vous remercie de la part que vous prenez à l'heureux accouchement de la reine de Hollande;' and on the same day to the King of Holland at the Hague, demanding that measures should be taken to put down smuggling on the frontiers. But later—that is, on May 3—he wrote:—'Je vous fais mon compliment sur la naissance de votre fils. Je désire que ce prince s'appelle Charles-Napoléon.'

[1] Unpublished Memoirs in the possession of the Imperial family.

[2] *L'Impératrice à sa Fille, à Paris.*

Bordeaux, 23 avril 1808.

Je suis, ma chère Hortense, au comble de la joie. La nouvelle de ton heureux accouchement

news of your happy delivery was brought to me yesterday by M. de Villeneuve. I felt my heart beating when I saw him enter, but I had the hope that he was bringing me news of a happy event; and my presentiment was not a false one. I had just received a second letter from the Archchancellor, assuring me that you and your son are going on well. I am quite sure that Napoleon[1] has consoled himself that it is not a sister, and that he is already very fond of his brother. Kiss both of them for me. I received a letter from the Emperor yesterday; he is in good health. The Prince of the Asturias and Don Carlos had dined with him the day before, and he expected King Charles IV. and the Queen on the morrow. But I dare not write you a long letter, lest I should tire you. Take the greatest care of yourself; don't receive too many people at first. Let me hear news of you every day; I shall wait for them with an impatience equal to my love.

'JOSEPHINE.'

Two days later the Empress sends to her daughter to tell her how overjoyed the Emperor is at her having given birth to a boy, and at the same time she announces with delight that the Emperor has invited her to join him at

m'a été apportée hier par M. de Villeneuve. J'ai senti mon cœur battre en le voyant entrer; mais j'avais l'espérance qu'il n'avait à m'apprendre qu'un heureux événement, et mon pressentiment ne m'a pas trompée. Je viens de recevoir une seconde lettre de l'archichancelier, qui m'assure que tu te portes bien, aussi que ton fils. Je sais que Napoléon se console de n'avoir pas une sœur, et qu'il aime déjà beaucoup son frère. Embrasse-les pour moi tous les deux. J'ai reçu hier une lettre de l'Empereur: sa santé est très-bonne. Le prince des Asturies et don Carlos avaient dîné chez lui la veille. Il attendait, pour le lendemain, le roi Charles IV et la reine. Mais je n'ose t'écrire trop longuement, de crainte de te fatiguer. Ménage-toi avec les plus grands soins; ne reçois pas trop de monde dans ces premiers moments. Fais-moi donner tous les jours de tes nouvelles. Je les attends avec autant d'impatience que je t'aime avec tendresse.

JOSÉPHINE.

Lettres de Napoléon et de Joséphine.

[1] Hortense's second son, so called after the death of his elder brother.

BOOK I.

Bayonne. 'You know, my dear child, that it is a great joy for me not to leave the Emperor; so I shall start to-morrow, very early.'[1]

The happy event had given new hope to Josephine, who was perpetually haunted with fears of divorce—hope which the conjugal tenderness of the Emperor had confirmed. Napoleon was in the noonday of his glory when this prince—the first born in the purple—was given to his house. The world upon which its blue eyes opened, appeared to offer to its childhood the splendours of the most powerful court on which man's gaze had ever rested. It seemed destined to be nursed in pomp and pleasure, and to inherit the sway and mastery of many races of men. A writer has said that one hundred and twenty millions of people celebrated, in twenty different tongues and dialects, the birth of Hortense's child. De Talleyrand, Prince de Bénévent, bent his sagacious eyes respectfully upon the infant, and calmed the mother by his soft and wily words—seeking her help in his disgrace.

Some thirty years later the same eyes fell upon a young man, in Lady Tankerville's drawing-room in London, and knew not, or would not know, the son of Hortense, whose favour he had craved almost at the moment of birth.[2] The heir of the Empire was an exile from his native land; and M. de Talleyrand was serving a new master.

[1] 'Je reçois, ma chère Hortense, une lettre de l'Empereur, qui m'annonce qu'il avait appris que tu étais accouchée d'un garçon, et qu'il en avait éprouvé une très-grande joie. Il paraît qu'il en avait la nouvelle avant l'arrivée de M. de Villeneuve. L'Empereur me mande en même temps de venir le retrouver à Bayonne. Tu juges, ma chère fille, que c'est un grand bonheur pour moi de ne pas quitter l'Empereur; aussi je pars demain de grand matin.'—*Lettres de Napoléon et de Joséphine.*

[2] In a letter to his mother Prince Louis describes a party at Lady Tankerville's, at which he found himself suddenly near M. de Talleyrand. The two talked at the same time to the hostess, each pretending not to know the other.

CHAPTER VI.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAP. VI.

In her MS. Memoirs Hortense observes: 'My son was so weak that I thought I should lose him directly after his birth. He had to be bathed in wine, and to be wrapped in cotton to bring him back to life. I had ceased to think about my own. Sinister ideas presented to me only the certainty of death. I so thoroughly expected it, that I asked my accoucheur coldly if I could live another day.'[1]

Prince Louis, throughout his early childhood, had very weak health, and was a constant source of anxiety to his mother—in the midst of the troubles that came thick upon her and her family immediately after his birth. The Queen travelled from place to place—to Saint Leu, Baden, Compiègne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cauterêts, Malmaison, Navarre, Fontainebleau—now in search of health and now of peace. She was harassed by her disagreements with her husband, by her mother's divorce, and then by the reverses that fell upon Napoleon. Both Napoléon and Josephine turned to her for comfort and help. Josephine, in her letters, perpetually implores her daughter to take courage, and to bear up for the sake of

[1] 'Mon fils était si faible que je pensai le perdre en naissant. Il fallut le baigner dans du vin, l'envelopper dans du coton pour le rappeler à la vie. La mienne ne m'occupait plus. De sinistres idées n'offraient à mes yeux que la certitude de mourir. Je m'y attendait si bien que je demandai froidement à mon accoucheur si je pouvais encore passer un jour.' —*Unpublished Memoirs.*

BOOK I.

her children; and at the same time she makes her the depositary of all her own griefs and fears, and appeals to her to intercede with the Emperor for various indulgences. The children passed much of their time with their grandmother at Malmaison, and were very frequently with the Emperor, while their mother was taking the waters at Aix or Plombières. The period ranging between the birth of Louis and the fall of Napoleon in 1814 was the most tumultuous, the most trying, probably the most unhappy of Hortense's stormy life. It included the frightful death of her devoted friend Madame de Broc;[1] the scenes at Malmaison during and after the divorce; the humiliation of being train-bearer at the nuptials of Marie Louise; the abdication of King Louis, and her final separation from him; a load of calumny cast upon her own shoulders, and her final visit to and flight from Holland. Through all the dark passages of this most miserable epoch Hortense kept an intrepid spirit. The wounds penetrated most sensitive flesh; but the lion-heart that beat in this extraordinary woman never gave way again, as it had yielded when her eldest boy lay dead in her lap.

Yet she was not without error. They who loved her best were constrained to admit her follies; to bow their heads when it was asserted that she wronged her husband, who, with all his aggravating faults, had never ceased to love her; and to own that she clave not to him through the vicissitudes of his reign, nor appreciated that noble rectitude of his mind which was apparent to all the world in his abdication. Napoleon,[2] when the sun of his glory had set, and could survey the whole of Hortense's conduct, made this estimate:—

'Hortense, so good, so generous, so devoted, is not

[1] Madame de Broc, who fell over a precipice into a torrent and was killed under the eyes of Queen Hortense.

[2] *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.*

faultless in regard to her husband; I am bound to concede this, irrespective of all the affection I bear her and the attachment she has for me. However contrary and unbearable Louis was, he loved her; and, in such a case, with such great interests at stake, every woman should be mistress enough to submit, and have the art of loving in return. If she had known how to restrain herself, she would have been spared the sorrow of the recent lawsuits;[1] she would have lived a happier life; she would have followed her husband to Holland; Louis would not have run away from Amsterdam; and I should not have found myself compelled to merge his kingdom in the French Empire, which helped to ruin me in Europe, and many things would have happened differently.'[2]

Napoleon puts too much to the account of Queen Hortense. Had she fully returned her husband's love, and borne his humours, patient as Boccaccio's heroine—she might, in the enthusiasm for Napoleon which filled her soul, have drawn the King to compliance with his brother's command that Holland should seal her ports against the Englishman; but this would only have brought about, by another road, the coalition that crushed the sometime master of Europe. Judging by the life of King Louis, the probability is that not even the love of a brilliant, gifted, and beautiful woman like Hortense

[1] For the restoration of the children to their father.

[2] 'Hortense, si bonne, si généreuse, si dévouée, n'est pas sans avoir eu quelques torts envers son mari. J'en dois convenir en dehors de toute l'affection que je lui porte et du véritable attachement qu'elle a pour moi. Quelque bizarre, quelque insupportable que fût Louis, il l'aimait; et, en pareil cas, avec d'aussi grands intérêts, toute femme doit être maîtresse de se vaincre et avoir l'adresse d'aimer à son tour. Si elle eût su se contraindre, elle se serait épargnée le chagrin de ses derniers procès; elle eût eu une vie plus heureuse; elle eût suivi son mari en Hollande; Louis n'eût point fui Amsterdam; je ne me serais pas vu contraint de réunir son royaume à l'Empire français, ce qui a contribué à me perdre en Europe, et bien des choses se seraient passées différemment.'

BOOK I.

would have drawn him from the line of duty. The bold and candid terms of his act of abdication proclaim an unbending conscience. He declares that the country is unhappy because he will not yield to the demands of his brother; and in abdicating in favour of his son Napoleon Louis, and, in his default, of Charles Louis Napoleon,[1] he prays the Dutch to resign themselves to the will of the Emperor, whose soldiers were actually overrunning the country. After a righteous reign, he left his subjects, as Landor says, amid their tears; while his brother tore his act of abdication in pieces, and addressed a pompous note to young Napoleon Louis (then playing in the Pavillon d'Italie of the park of Saint Cloud with his little brother Charles Louis), telling him that his father's conduct afflicted his heart, and that his illness alone could explain it.

On July 2, 1810, King Louis of Holland departed for Gratz in Styria as Count of Saint Leu, declining all provision for himself and family, and making over to his wife his property in France and Holland.

Louis, hardly more than two years old, lost for ever the guidance of a high-minded, scholarly father; a loss he must have often deplored in after years, for the King would have given him that masculine strength, that sternness, in which his education (until he took it into his own hands) was deficient.

'It wanted granite,' said Madame Cornu, the Prince's playfellow and companion through his childhood, to us, when we were talking about the Emperor's first education. That granite the Count of Saint Leu would have given. But the forsaken husband, and the childless father, was deprived of home when he laid aside his crown; and it was not until he had appealed to the French law courts, while Napoleon was at Elba, that he obtained a legal

[1] Afterwards Napoleon III.

claim to his eldest-born. Louis, the future Emperor, was, from his birth to his manhood, his mother's child.

The jealousy with which the Emperor guarded his two nephews before the King of Rome was born is shown in the only angry letter he ever wrote to Hortense. She had taken her two children with her to Baden, without her stepfather's permission :—

'Ebersdorf: May 28, 1809.

'My Child,—I am very angry that you should have left France without my permission, and above all that you have taken my nephews. Since you are at the Baden waters, remain there ; but, one hour after having received the present letter, send back my nephews to Strasburg, to the Empress ; they should never leave France. This is the first time I have reason to be dissatisfied with you ; but you should not take steps in regard to my nephews without my permission : you ought to understand the bad effect it produces. Since the Baden waters do you good, you may remain there for a few days : but, I repeat, lose not a moment in sending my nephews to Strasburg. If the Empress be going to Plombières,

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1 *À la Reine de Hollande.*

Ebersdorf, 28 mai 1809.

Ma Fille,—Je suis très-mécontent que vous soyez sortie de France sans ma permission, et surtout que vous en ayez fait sortir mes neveux. Puisque vous êtes aux eaux de Bade, restez-y ; mais, une heure après avoir reçu la présente lettre, renvoyez mes deux neveux à Strasbourg, auprès de l'Impératrice. Ils ne doivent jamais sortir de France. C'est la première fois que j'ai lieu d'être mécontent de vous ; mais vous ne deviez pas disposer de mes neveux sans ma permission : vous devez sentir le mauvais effet que cela produit. Puisque les eaux de Bade vous font de bien, vous pouvez y rester quelques jours ; mais, je vous le répète, ne perdez pas un moment pour renvoyer mes neveux à Strasbourg. Si l'Impératrice va aux eaux de Plombières, ils l'accompagneront ; mais ils ne doivent jamais passer le pont de Strasbourg.

Votre affectionné père,

NAPOLÉON.

Correspondence of Napoleon I.

BOOK I.

they will accompany her; but they should never pass the bridge of Strasburg.

'Your affectionate Father,

'NAPOLEON.'

Josephine was thrown into great excitement when she became acquainted with Napoleon's displeasure at Hortense's conduct, and wrote to her daughter, begging her to write to the Emperor to tell him she had anticipated his wishes, for her children were already at Strasburg when his commands reached her, and that they had paid their mother a visit of only a few days, for a little change of air. Afterwards Napoleon issued an express order that the Princes should never leave France.

The love which Josephine lavished on Hortense's children is shown in all her letters. It was manifested specially to Louis, at first because he was a weak and ailing child, but afterwards because his nature was gentle and loving; and his sallies of observation delighted his grandmother, who valued the early promise of brilliant social qualities at a very high rate.[1] These she had had many opportunities of observing, especially in her sad time at Malmaison after her divorce.

Let us now note what Prince Louis himself first observed and remembered of his infancy.

That Napoleon III. intended to leave the world an authentic narrative of his life by his own hand is proved by the fragment which lies before me.[2] It is in his own

[1] When his golden curls were cut off, Hortense had them grouped and framed, as a present for her mother. After Josephine's death they returned to the possession of Hortense. When Arenenberg was sold, during Prince Louis's imprisonment at Ham, the frame, with other personal treasures, was reserved. The Prince gave it to Madame Cornu, and she returned it to him after his marriage, when it passed into the possession of the Empress Eugénie. It was burnt in the Tuileries.

[2] In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

close and careful writing. 'Souvenirs de ma Vie' is the title of these few *disjecta membra* of a large design. They were evidently thrown together as a groundwork, to be put into shape afterwards. They are therefore a mere series of notes couched in phraseology not intended for critical eyes; but this carelessness as to form is of the very essence of their value. It is characteristic of the sympathetic mind of the man, who kept a benignant faith in the goodness and kindness of human nature to the end of a life that was clouded by much calumny and many experiences of ingratitude.

'When,' the Emperor begins, 'having reached a certain age, one looks back to the earliest days of childhood, one sees only isolated scenes that have struck the imagination. They are real pictures that have fixed themselves in your memory, but which it is impossible to connect. My earliest remembrance goes back to my baptism, and I hasten to remark that I was three years old when I was baptised, in 1810, in the chapel at Fontainebleau. The Emperor was my godfather, and the Empress Marie Louise was my godmother.[1]

[1] 'Fontainebleau, le 5 novembre [1810].

'Hier (dimanche) S.A.I. le prince LOUIS-CHARLES-NAPOLÉON et les enfants de S.A.S. le prince de Neuchâtel, de LL.ÉÉ. le duc de Montebello, le duc de Bassano, le duc de Cadore, le comte de Cessac, le duc de Trévise, le duc de Bellune, le duc d'Abrantès, le comte Dejeam; de MM. le comte de Beauharnais, le comte Rampon, le comte Daru, le comte Duchâtel, le comte Cassarelli, le comte de Lauriston, le comte Lemarrois, le comte Defrance, le comte de Turenne, le comte de la Grange, le comte Gros, le baron Curial, le baron Colbert, le baron Gobert et le comte Becker ont été tenus sur les fonts baptismaux par LL.MM. l'Empereur et l'Impératrice, dans la chapelle du palais de Fontainebleau, et baptisés par S.É. Mgr. le cardinal Fesch, grand aumônier.'—*Moniteur.*

This was the short official announcement that their Majesties had become godfather and godmother respectively to Prince Louis Charles Napoleon and twenty-four children of the nobility of the Empire.

The ceremony was one of extraordinary magnificence. Queen Hortense, summoned to Fontainebleau with her two children, was present.

BOOK I.

'Then my memory carries me to Malmaison. I can still see the Empress Josephine in her salon on the ground floor, covering me with her caresses, and even then flattering my vanity by the care with which she retailed my *bons mots*. For my grandmother spoiled me in every sense of the word; whereas my mother, from my tenderest years, tried to correct my faults and develope my good qualities. I remember that once arrived at Malmaison, my brother and I were masters, to do as we pleased. The Empress, who loved flowers and conservatories passionately, allowed us to cut the sugar canes to suck them, and she always told us to ask for everything we wanted.

'One day, on the eve of a fête, when she wanted to know as usual what we should like, my brother, three years older than I, and consequently more sentimental, asked for a watch with the portrait of our mother. But I—when the Empress said: "Louis, ask for anything that will give you the greatest pleasure"—requested to be allowed to go and walk in the gutters with the little street boys. Let not this request be deemed a ridiculous one, since all the time I was in France, where I lived till I was seven years old, my great grief was to be going to town in a carriage with four or six horses. When, in 1815, before our departure, our governor took us one day out on the boulevards, I felt the keenest sensation of happiness that is within my recollection.

'Like all children—but perhaps more than all children—soldiers fixed my attention, and were the subject of all my thoughts. When, at Malmaison, I could make my escape from the salon, I went off quickly to the great entrance, where there were always two grenadiers of the Imperial Guard as sentinels. One day, when I had escaped to the window on the ground floor in the hall, I entered into conversation with one of the old *grognards* who was on duty. The soldier, who knew who I was,

answered me, laughing heartily. I called to him: "I, too, know my drill. I have a little musket." Then the grenadier asked me to command him, and there I was, shouting, "Présentez armes! Portez armes! Armes bas!" the old grenadier obeying, to please me. My delight may be imagined. Wishing to show him my gratitude, I ran off to the place where some biscuits had been laid for us, and fetched one, which I thrust into the grenadier's hand. He laughed as he took it, and I felt confused at the great pleasure I thought I had given him.' Madame Cornu relates that the Emperor, when the merest child, and in very weak health, was fond of playing at soldiers, and that she was always compelled to be his grenadier.

'I often went with my brother, who was three years my senior, to breakfast with the Emperor. They used to conduct us to a room the windows of which open on the Tuileries Gardens. When the Emperor entered he came up to us, took us by the head between his hands, and in this way stood us upon the table. This exceptional way of carrying us frightened my mother very much, Corvisart having told her that it was very dangerous to children.

'In 1815 my mother had obtained permission to remain in Paris. When the first news of the landing of the Emperor came, there was great irritation among the Royalists and the Gardes du Corps against my mother and her children. The rumour ran that we were to be assassinated. One night our governess came with a valet de chambre and took us across the garden of my mother's house, which was No. 8 Rue Cérutti, to a little room on the boulevards where we were to remain hidden. It was the first sign of a reverse of fortune. We were flying for the first time from the paternal roof, but our young years prevented us from

BOOK I.

understanding the meaning of events, and we were delighted with the change.'[1]

[1] *Souvenirs de ma Vie:*—

'Quand, arrivé à un certain âge, on se rappelle les premiers temps de son enfance, on se souvient que de scènes séparées qui ont le plus frappé votre imagination. Ce sont de vrais tableaux qui se sont fixés dans votre mémoire et qu'il vous est impossible de co-ordonner. Le premier de mes souvenirs remonte à mon baptême, et je me hâte de dire que j'ai été baptisé à l'âge de trois ans. Né à Paris le 20 avril 1808, je fus baptisé en 1810 dans la chapelle de Fontainebleau. L'Empereur fut mon parrain et l'Impératrice Marie-Louise fut ma marraine. Mon souvenir me reporte ensuite à la Malmaison. Je vois encore l'Impératrice Joséphine dans son salon au rez-de-chaussée, m'entourant de ses caresses et flattant déjà mon amour-propre par le soin avec lequel elle faisait valoir mes bons mots. Car ma grand'mère me gâtait dans toute la force du mot, tandis qu'au contraire ma mère dès ma plus tendre enfance s'occupait à réprimer mes défauts et à développer mes qualités. Je me souviens qu'arrivés à la Malmaison, mon frère et moi, nous étions les maîtres de tout faire. L'Impératrice, qui aimait passionnément les plantes et les serres-chaudes, nous permettaient de couper les cannes à sucre pour les sucer, et toujours elle nous disait de demander tout ce que nous voudrions. Un jour qu'elle nous faisait cette même demande, la veille d'une fête, mon frère, plus âgé que moi de trois ans, et par conséquent plus sentimental, demanda une montre avec le portrait de notre mère. Mais moi, lorsque l'Impératrice me dit: "Louis, demande tout ce qui te fera le plus de plaisir," je lui demandai d'aller marcher dans la crotte avec les petits polissons. Qu'on ne trouve pas cette demande ridicule: car, tant que je fus en France, où je demeurai jusqu'à sept ans, ce fut toujours un de mes plus vifs chagrins que d'aller dans la ville en voiture à quatre ou six chevaux. Lorsqu'en 1815, avant notre départ, notre gouverneur nous conduisit un jour sur le boulevard, cela me fit éprouver la plus vive sensation de bonheur qu'il me soit possible de me rappeler.

'Comme tous les enfants, mais plus que tous les enfants peut-être, les soldats attiraient mes regards et étaient le sujet de toutes mes pensées. Quand à la Malmaison je pouvais m'échapper du salon, j'allais bien vite du côté du grand perron, où il y avait toujours deux grenadiers de la garde impériale qui montaient la garde. Un jour que je m'étais mis à la fenêtre du rez-de-chaussée, de la première pièce d'entrée, j'entrai en conversation avec l'un des vieux grognards qui montaient la garde. Le factionnaire, qui savait qui j'étais, me répondait en riant et avec cordialité. Je lui disais—je m'en souviens—"Moi aussi, je sais faire l'exercice; j'ai un petit fusil." Et le grenadier de me dire de le commander, et alors me voilà lui disant: "Présentez armes! Portez armes! Armes bas!" Et le grenadier d'exécuter tous les mouvements pour me faire plaisir. On conçoit quel était mon ravissement. Mais voulant lui prouver ma reconnaissance, je cours vers un endroit

This fragment of autobiography is only enough to suggest the interest which the writer could have thrown into a complete story of his infancy—from his baptism in splendour at Fontainebleau to the doleful day, yet a happy one to his childish imagination, when, protected by foreign troops, his mother led him forth to an exile that was to last for thirty-three weary years.

où l'on nous avait donné des biscuits. J'en prends un et je cours le mettre dans la main du grenadier, qui le prit en riant, tandis que moi que j'étais honteux du bonheur, croyant lui en avoir fait un grand.

'Souvent j'allais avec mon frère, qui avait trois ans de plus que moi, déjeuner chez l'Empereur. On nous faisait entrer dans une chambre dont la fenêtre donnait sur le jardin des Tuileries. Dès que l'Empereur entrait, il venait à nous, nous prenait avec ses deux mains par la tête, et nous mettait ainsi debout sur la table. Cette manière toute exceptionnelle de nous porter effrayait beaucoup ma mère, à laquelle Corvisart avait assuré que cette manière de porter un enfant était très-dangereuse.

'En 1815 ma mère avait obtenu la permission de rester à Paris. Lorsqu'on reçut la première nouvelle du débarquement de l'Empereur, une grande irritation se manifesta parmi les royalistes et les gardes du corps contre ma mère et ses enfants. On répandit le bruit que nous devions être assassinés. Un soir notre gouvernante vint nous prendre, et, suivis d'un valet de chambre, nous fit traverser le jardin de la maison de ma mère, qui était rue Cérutti, No 8, et nous conduisit dans une petite chambre sur le boulevard, où nous devions rester cachés. C'était la première marque des revers de la fortune. Nous fuyions pour la première fois le toit paternel, et cependant notre jeune âge nous empêchait de comprendre la portée des événements; nous nous réjouissions de ce changement de situation.'

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE LOUIS'S CHILDHOOD IN FRANCE.

BOOK I.

THE first seven years of Louis's life were spent in France. He was just old enough to remember the glories of the Empire and to be struck with the pageants in which he bore a part; but he was too young to understand the disasters of 1814 and of 1815. As he has himself related, he and his brother were delighted with the change when they were smuggled from Queen Hortense's sumptuous palace in the Rue Cérutti to an attic on the boulevards; and the sorrowful mother has told us how lightly the events which struck her to the heart passed over the heads of her boys.

Flying from Paris in 1814, Mademoiselle Cochelet has described how Hortense never, in the midst of her griefs and dangers, forgot to see her two boys put to bed; and how she was comforted when she watched them placidly sleeping, with treachery and disaster close roundabout them. They played on through those terrible days of doubt and anxiety which heralded Napoleon's exile to Elba; they comforted Josephine and Hortense at Malmaison when the Empress and Queen were constrained to receive visits from the Czar Alexander and the Allied Princes; and they were their mother's only consolation when, after all the tumult, deceptions, and dangers were over, she first sat down in peace in an humble inn at Constance, her fortunes irrevocably wrecked, her

mother dead, her home broken up, and a poor exile's life before her.

Hortense was proud of her children; and she worked hard at their education. She was a strict disciplinarian from the first, as her son Louis records, and as all who, having known her, have written about her, attest. Her constant aim was to cultivate their self-reliance and their self-respect, and to counteract the bad effects of the deference of which they were the objects. 'I want,' the Queen said to Mademoiselle Cochelet, her reader and bosom friend, 'to make them understand that, in spite of the glitter which surrounds them, they are subject to all the vicissitudes of life. They must not repose on the solidity of their greatness; and I teach them to rely only on themselves.' So modestly were the two boys taught, that they were astonished when the Emperor Alexander and the foreign Princes who visited their grandmother after Napoleon's first fall called them Imperial Highness and Monseigneur. All accounts agree in this, that young Napoleon and his brother Louis were bright, high-spirited, affectionate boys, who deserved the love that their mother and grandmother lavished upon them. Louis, however, appears to have been the more remarkable and engaging child of the two. Josephine, in her letters to her daughter, perpetually talks about her little Oui-oui—the nickname she had given Louis, and by which all who approached the gentle, feeble boy loved to call him. 'Kiss my little Oui-oui for me,' Josephine writes, for example, to her daughter from Milan in July 1812. The sweet heart of Josephine speaks in all her letters. A year later she was about to receive the two young Princes at Malmaison. 'They are to come here and pass some time,' she says to their mother; 'I shall give them your rooms; Madame Boucheporn (their under-governess) will be with them, and you may rely on their being the object of all my

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care. I have already laid in a stock of playthings, and I shall give them as many as they please; but as for sweetmeats, be quite sure they shall not have any. As the poor are also your children, I have promised Mademoiselle de Cavanac to write to you in her behalf. I have given her twelve hundred francs; if you can give her the same sum it will be a good work—the better because this aid will help her to marry a man of merit, M. de Caylus.'

Josephine had been spending a few days with her daughter at Saint Leu; and on her return she wrote to assure Hortense that she never looked better in her life. Why? Because she had been happy with those whom she loved. Two years later she was at Malmaison; Hortense was taking the waters at Aix in Savoy, and the boys were with their grandmother. 'Be at ease as to your children,' she wrote to their mother; 'they are in perfect health. Their complexion is white and rosy. I can assure you that since they have been here they have not had the slightest indisposition. I am delighted to have them with me; they are charming. I must tell you an excellent answer by little Oui-oui. The Abbé Bertrand [his first tutor] was making him read a fable where there were allusions to metamorphoses. Having had the word explained to him, he said to the Abbé: "I should like to be able to change myself into a little bird: I would fly away when it was time for my lesson with you; but I would come back when M. Hase [his German master] came."

'"But, Prince," the Abbé said, "what you say is not very kind towards me."

'"Oh," Oui-oui replied, "what I said referred to the lesson, and not to the man."

'Don't you agree with me that this retort was very *spirituel*? It would be impossible to get out of the diffi-

culty with more *finesse* and grace.' Louis was then a little more than five years old. Josephine's next letter is full of grief for the loss of her daughter's friend Madame de Broc, and of sympathy with the condition of Hortense. She tries to console her by describing how charming her children are, and how they are always thinking and talking about her. 'Life is dear,' she ends, 'and one should hold fast to it with such children.' In another letter: 'Your children will compensate you for your troubles. They show an excellent character, and a great love for you. The more I see them, the more I love them. I don't spoil them, however. Be quite easy about them; your directions as to their diet and studies are exactly followed. When they have worked well through the week, I let them breakfast and dine with me on Sunday. The proof that they are well is that everybody finds them grown. Napoleon's eye was swollen yesterday from a sting, but he was as well as usual. To-day it can hardly be seen. I should not have mentioned it if I were not in the habit of telling you everything concerning them. The day of M. de Turpin's arrival I received two little golden fowls which, by means of a spring, lay silver eggs. I gave them to them as a present from you—from Aix.' A week later Josephine continues her account of her young charges:—

'I see, with pleasure, that you have not forgotten the days of your childhood; and you are kind to your mother in remembering them. I had reason to make two such good and sensitive children happy; they have repaid me well since. Your children will do the same to you, my dear Hortense. Their heart is like yours; they will never cease to love you. Their health keeps up wonderfully: they have never been fresher nor better. Little Oui-oui is gallant and kind to me as usual. Two days ago, seeing Madame Tascher leaving to join her husband

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at the waters, he said to Madame de Boucheporn: "She must be very fond of her husband indeed to leave grandmamma." Wasn't it charming? The same day he was going for a walk in the Butard wood. When he reached the grand avenue, he threw his hat into the air and exclaimed: "How I love beautiful nature!"

'Hardly a day passes that one or the other does not amuse me with his kindness. They animate everything around me. Judge whether you have not made me happy in leaving them with me. I could be happier only on the day when I saw yourself.'

Josephine probably embellished Louis's exclamation; but she did not misrepresent his nature, since throughout his life he was a fervent admirer of scenery, of gardens, and of flowers. Quaglia paints him with an armful of wild blossoms. Madame Cornu, dwelling on the poetic side of his character—the weak side it may be, but the delightful side, in which we discover the essence of the charms he exercised over all who came in contact with him—has shown us that it was undimmed even in the gloom of Chislehurst. She believes that it was the foundation of his nature. A fine view, a noble sunset, a rare flower, would throw him into ecstasies. In the thick of his eventful life he treasured his knowledge of the poets, and kept it vivid—with great care. When a boy he was an enthusiastic student of Shakespeare, Schiller, Corneille. When he met his playfellow Madame Cornu in after life, and they fell into a gossip over early times at Arenenberg, in Rome, or on the Swiss mountains, he would pour out long passages from the poets they had read together. 'It was astonishing,' the lady said, 'the quantity of verse he could recite.'

'Two years ago, in September, M. Arèse and I were talking about the poetry of Berchet on the Italian movement of 1831. He (the Emperor) began to recite it

to us—and without a fault. Arèse and I stared at each other, thunderstruck. This after twenty years of Empire, and the years that had preceded and followed it! For the rest, his poetic vein is to be found in his letters; but where are they?'[1]

'We have often known him to laugh,' Madame Émile de Girardin records, in her 'Lettres Parisiennes,' 'at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers; and that his governess, Madame de B——,[2] fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pots filled with warm water. "My poor flowers," said the Prince, "they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me."' Prince Louis was in his sixth year when the sad season of 1813 opened, and the consequences of the Russian campaign were coming home to Paris—in the shape of the mutilated débris of Napoleon's army. Queen Hortense had been ordered by the Emperor to re-open her salons and do her utmost to drive away the gloom cast over the capital by the retreat. Fêtes and balls were to chase the clouds that were settling upon the Imperial fortunes. Hortense obeyed, and tears filled her eyes when she saw her rooms crowded with mutilated heroes. Yet she played her part courageously; and only went away to the quiet of Saint Leu after the Emperor had left again for the war, to win the victory of Lützen. In her home she gave a fête to Marie Louise; spent a few happy weeks with her mother and the boys, and then was sent by her physicians to Aix to recruit her health.

It was now that the strength and real valour of Queen

[1] Letter from Madame Cornu, December 8, 1873.

[2] Boucheporn.

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Hortense's nature appeared. Her unspeaking grief lay well hidden behind the mask she wore, as she reproved the timorous[1] and treated the general treachery with scorn; and to the hour when the enemy were almost at the gates of her hôtel in Paris she kept her faith in the star of her hero. In the love of her children and her mother she found new fortitude day by day. The valour and pure honour of Prince Eugene warmed her sisterly heart. She was even proud of her husband for a moment when he came forth from his retreat in Styria, and offered the brother who had wronged him to fight at his side in the time of his evil fortune.[1] Now, in the strength of her affections for her own kindred, she, who had wept weakly, almost unto death, over the loss of her first-born, discovered arms and armour when Europe shook under the tread of legions fronting France and bearing towards Paris. It was in the thick of the tragic action preceding Napoleon's first banishment that she proved herself the most motherly of mothers.

Her son Louis had suffered the extraction of a tooth, and the operation had been so severe that the hæmorrhage lasted two days. This was hidden from the Queen; but on the second day the child looked so ill that it became absolutely necessary to divulge the cause. She spoke not, but caught her boy in her arms, and would not loose her grasp until at length he had fallen to sleep upon her bosom and the bleeding had stopped. Then she placed him

[1] 'Mon mari est bon Français. Il le prouve en rentrant en France au moment où toute l'Europe se déclare contre elle; c'est un honnête homme; et si nos caractères n'ont pu sympathiser, c'est que nous avions des défauts qui ne pouvaient aller ensemble. Moi, j'ai eu trop d'orgueil; on me gâtait quand j'étais jeune, je croyais trop valoir peut-être; et le moyen, avec de pareilles dispositions, de vivre avec quelqu'un qui est méfiant? Mais nos intérêts sont les mêmes, et il est digne de son caractère de venir se réunir à tous les Français pour aider de ses moyens la défence de son pays. C'est ainsi qu'il faut reconnaître tout ce que le peuple a fait pour notre famille.'—Fourmestreaux, *Memoirs of Queen Hortense.*

upon his bed, and set a trusty nurse by his side to watch. It was very late in the night before she took her own eyes off the sleeper. She went to bed, but she could not sleep; the image of her boy with his blood-stained mouth stood before her. At length she rose, and without rousing her attendants stole to Louis's bedside.

The boy slept: the nurse had fallen asleep also. On examining Louis closely she saw that blood was trickling from his lips as he slept. Without waking the nurse she took her child in her arms, placed her finger firmly upon the bleeding gum, and remained in this position till the morning. The wound was closed—and her son was saved!

When, early in 1814, after Macon had fallen, and after the fights of Nangis, Montmirail, and Champaubert, the enemy was only a few leagues from Paris—when she saw the courtiers and flatterers of the Emperor gliding off to the south while the affrighted peasantry were pouring pell-mell into the capital—and when every hour brought the news of some fresh defection and some new disaster —she preserved a cool courage which her bitterest enemies have admired. Pestered by the importunities of her husband, who was living with Madame Mère; in constant trepidation lest her boys should be taken or stolen from her; confused by a multitude of counsellors, most of whom were wrapped up in a desire to save their own personal interests, but a few of whom had a loving care for her, she repaired to the Tuileries to conjure Marie Louise to remain in Paris with her son, and re-animate the troops who were to defend Paris, until Napoleon could come up with his army to save it. The great dignitaries had met the Imperial family in solemn council, and it had been decided otherwise. Marie Louise and the King of Rome were to leave, and under the guardianship of King Louis! Napoleon had said that he would sooner know his son to be at the bottom of the Seine than in the

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hands of the Allies.[1] Hortense, having cautioned her mother to retire to Navarre, resolved to remain in Paris with her sons. She turned a deaf ear to the parting advice of her husband, maintaining that the Imperial family, for whom France had made such sacrifices, should stand in the breach to the last. Count Régnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, colonel of the National Guard, sought an interview, and described to her the bad effect which the departure of the Empress had had on his troops. She answered: 'Tell the National Guard that if they will undertake to defend Paris, I will undertake to remain.'

But the courage of the Queen was of no avail. The colonel of the National Guard speedily returned to tell the solitary member of Napoleon's family who still faced the storm that in a few hours Paris would be in the hands of the enemy, and that she must fly. 'I will be bound for your safe-conduct,' said the gallant soldier, 'since it was I who advised your Majesty to stay.'

And so, at nine o'clock at night, Queen Hortense ordered her travelling-carriage, and set forth with her sons for Versailles, and then for Glatigny. That night, while the boys lay peacefully sleeping, she heard for the first time in her life the artillery of the enemy.

The next morning, refusing to follow in the wake of Marie Louise, Hortense departed to join her mother at Navarre.[2]

There mother and daughter remained with the children throughout the negotiations which landed Napoleon at Elba.

[1] King Louis was against the departure of Marie Louise, but yielded to the majority.

[2] An estate so called, in the province of the same name, bestowed by Napoleon I. on Josephine at the time of her divorce.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

CHAP. VIII.

'SORROW killed the Empress,' said Mademoiselle Avrillon, her lady of honour. Josephine passed her nights sobbing, or in terrible dreams. She and her daughter heard of the Emperor's abdication and banishment to Elba, in the night, the Empress sitting weeping upon Hortense's bed. Swedish soldiers were quartered in the Queen's house in the Rue Cérutti. Every post brought news of fresh treason, that stung the poor women to the heart. Generous Josephine wanted to join Napoleon in his exile, since Marie Louise had deserted him. Hortense cared nothing for the reverse of fortune. She declined to address the smallest request to the Allied Sovereigns. All her fears were for her children. In a letter to Mademoiselle Cochelet (April 9, 1814), who had remained in Paris, she exclaims: 'Ah! I hope they will not demand my children, for then my courage would fail me. Brought up under my own care, they will be happy in any position. I shall teach them to be worthy in both good and bad fortune, and to place their happiness in self-respect. It is well worth crowns. They are strong; that is my comfort.'

Poor Josephine, broken in health, because well-nigh heart-broken, had been persuaded to return from Navarre to Malmaison, henceforth her Mala Domus,[1] as soon as affairs

[1] 'La Malmaison n'était jadis qu'une grange maudite. Le souvenir des Normands, qu'elle avait abrités dans les premiers jours du XI^e^ siècle,

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had calmed down. Here the Emperor Alexander visited her, and afterwards Hortense, who had followed in order to bid her mother farewell. Alexander behaved towards Josephine and her daughter, in spite of the haughty coldness of the latter, like a chivalrous gentleman, and the King of Prussia and the rest of the foreign Princes paid them marked respect. This conduct on the part of the Allies made its way at length, and both Josephine and Hortense were protected against the severities with which the Bourbons were ready to treat all who had shared in the glories and splendours of the Empire. Josephine retained her property, and Saint Leu was created into a duchy for Hortense. Between Malmaison and Saint Leu Hortense and her boys passed the troublous and eventful period that lay between the banishment to Elba and the opening of the Hundred Days. The young Princes wondered why the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia kissed them; for they knew that they represented the enemy. 'Because,' said their governess, 'the Emperor is a generous enemy, and wishes to be kind to you and mamma.'

While young Napoleon was light and easy-going—he had the Southern *brio*, says Madame Cornu—Louis was quiet, silent, and thoughtful. One day when Alexander was at Malmaison Louis took a ring which his uncle Eugene had given him, and creeping on tip-toe to the Czar, slipped it into his hand, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. His mother called him back, and

propageait dans les esprits ces préventions héréditaires qui s'attachent aux lieux dont les crimes de l'homme et les malheurs des temps ont dramatisé l'histoire. Devenue fameuse par les désastres que ces aventuriers sans frein et sans pitié avaient répandus autour d'elle, la grange des Normands reçut le nom de Mala Domus.'—*Joséphine à la Malmaison.* Par Eugène de Limalle.

asked him what he had done. He hung his head, blushed, and said:

'Uncle Eugene gave it to me; it's the only thing I have, and I wanted to give it to the Emperor Alexander, who is good to mamma.'

The Czar put the ring on his watch-chain, kissed the little fellow, and said he would always wear it.

Alexander desired to see Saint Leu. Prince Eugene had just reached Paris, and he with his mother and sister received him at Saint Leu on May 14. The party drove out in a char-à-bancs, and on their return Josephine complained that she was ill. She was conveyed back to Malmaison. She knew her end was near. Grief had done its work. On the 28th, a fortnight after his visit to Saint Leu, the Czar called; but Josephine was too ill to see him, and Hortense and Eugene did the honours in her stead. The next morning the brother and sister went betimes to the chapel to pray for their mother; and they were returning to her room when the Abbé Bertrand met them. His face spoke the news: *la bonne Joséphine* was no more. Her last utterances were, *Bonaparte, Elba, Marie Louise.* The greatest of her sorrows had now overtaken unhappy Hortense.

The body of Josephine was embalmed, and lay in state for three days. During that time—with the Allies in Paris and the Bourbon on the throne—twenty thousand persons passed through the chamber of death. On June 2 princes, marshals, senators, and thousands of poor people who worshipped Josephine's bountiful hand followed her remains to Rueil, where she lies. But first in the throng were the two boys whom she had so loved and petted—Napoleon and her gallant little Oui-oui—surrounded by the Grand Duke of Baden, their kinsman, the Marquis of Beauharnais, Count Tascher, General Sacken, representing the Emperor of Russia, the King of

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Prussia's adjutant-general, and a host of notabilites of many political complexions.

Hortense, deeply veiled, was sobbing in the church when the young Princes appeared behind the coffin. Her despair before the open vault thrilled through the church. Then she gathered her two boys to her side, and went away to the sad house at Saint Leu, where she found the letters patent conferring upon her the duchy, and shielding her effectually against the mean vengeance of the Bourbons.

With the future of her sons in her care, and crowds of pensioners to look after, the Duchess of Saint Leu mastered her grief, and helped her brother Eugene to put order in their mother's affairs. Malevolent spirits—they went in troops in those days of misfortune—reported that Josephine had died worth twelve millions of francs; the fact being that she had left only Malmaison and Navarre, which fell to the share of Eugene; and that the son and daughter were compelled to borrow money to give to the Empress's dispersed household, and to share the burden of Josephine's pensions.

During Napoleon's reign at Elba Hortense received in her salons at Saint Leu the Ambassadors of the Allies and foreign Princes;[1] but they remained, in tone, Bonapartist—so openly, indeed, that on one occasion Pozzo di Borgo and others were compelled to retire before the imprudent candour of Colonels Labédoyère and Lowœstine. The house in which the grandees of Napoleon's Court had delighted in putting aside their grandeur awhile, and had laughed at the comedies played in the pretty theatre, became the scene of strange and ominous meetings, of dark recriminations, and of open menaces. The play-time was over, indeed, for the hostess. Among the visitors who

[1] Madame Récamier has described a day passed there with Madame de Staël.

intruded themselves frequently after Napoleon's fall, first at Malmaison and then at Saint Leu, was Madame de Staël, that whirlwind in petticoats.[1] She was unwelcome both to Josephine and Hortense; but a lady's hand cannot shut a door against a whirlwind. Several stories of her anti-Bonapartisms in the houses of the Bonapartes are on record. She appears to have delighted in getting hold of the young Princes or their tutor, the Abbé Bertrand, and of opening an examination on the direction of their education. The Prince Louis said, in his quiet way, after one of her visits: 'That lady is very full of questions—is that what is called *esprit*?'

Napoleon reproved the line of conduct observed by Hortense while he was at Elba, but the reproof was not deserved. Her singleness of purpose and her steady will kept her vision clear through the mighty hurly-burly of the year in which she saw the enemy in Paris, her mother laid in her grave, her dead child snatched by the Bourbons out of the aisles of Notre Dame and given to her to bury at Saint Leu, her beloved brother removed from the Vice-Royalty of Italy, and in which she sustained a lawsuit against her husband, who claimed her children. Her relations with the Emperor Alexander are easily explained. He was an intense admirer of Napoleon and a cordial hater of the Bourbons—who on their restoration acted in a blind and savage manner, which revolted not only sensitive minds like his, and Ministers like Nesselrode, but all who were longing for the deliverance, peace, and prosperity of France. It has been suggested that Alexander showed special attentions to Josephine, Hortense, and the young Princes, not only because his heart was drawn to them by their misfortunes and the dignity with which they bore them, but because he dis-

[1] Heine.

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tinctly discerned in the acts of the Bourbons a speedy end to their domination. Alexander was a man of complicated character, by turns beaming and affectionate as a girl and coldly cruel. A tyrant among men, he was a slave before women, and could be the playmate of children. The grace of Josephine and the heroism and beauty of Hortense drew him frequently to their house, while the prematurely developed intelligence of the young Princes, their engaging manners, and the great 'legend' of which they were the inheritors gave them a strong interest in his sight. He was content to forego the gaieties of Paris for a walk with Hortense and her children. In one of these excursions the Emperor narrowly escaped death. They were at the waterworks of Marly. Hortense was leading little Napoleon, and Alexander had the hand of Louis. While an animated conversation was going forward, the Emperor approached so near one of the great wheels that in another instant he, and probably little Louis, would have been caught up and dashed to pieces, had not the Queen, with a loud scream, rushed forward and pushed Alexander aside.

Such an incident as this would make a deep impression on the mind of the illustrious guest of Malmaison. But this apart, his chivalrous nature would be drawn irresistibly towards the unfortunate Empress and Queen, left in the midst of enemies, and of creatures most to be dreaded—false friends. Indeed, Queen Hortense must have been at this time the unhappiest of women. On one side she was accused of showing attentions too marked to Napoleon's enemies (she who worshipped him to the latest hour of her life, even risking her good fame in her devotion); on the other she was represented as a daring plotter for the return of her hero. On the same day she was reproached with treachery to the fallen captain and as a conspirator working, regardless of consequences, in his behalf. The

truth appears to be that the Emperor Alexander made himself welcome to her, not only by the shield he held between her and the Bourbons, but by the conviction he entertained that the restored monarchy was rotten to the core, and could not last. She saw in the Czar a better friend to Napoleon than the narrow-minded and greedy Bourbons were ever likely to be, and through Russia the possible restoration of her family to power. The demonstration made by all the Allies, save the English, at her mother's funeral, was one that had a significance easily read by her; for her penetration was extraordinary, and it steered her through a hundred difficulties in later years, when she had been driven by the Allies into a life-long exile.

While Hortense was at Saint Leu, after her mother's death, the King, her husband, living in retirement in Rome, demanded that his two children, for whom he appears to have felt always a strong affection, should be given up to him to be educated. They and their mother having been excepted from the general proscription of the Bonapartes, and being in France, the father was compelled to resort to the French courts of law. The Duchess of Saint Leu resisted the demand, and relied upon the rights conceded to her by the Allies. In the midst of her other griefs, while she was still in mourning for her mother, the trial came on. The counsel for the Duchess were the well-known Royalists Bellart, Bonnet, Chauveau-Lagarde, and Roux-Laborie; while an active partisan of the distressed mother was the Marquis of Sémonville, who had been Ambassador at Amsterdam during King Louis's reign, and was now serving the Bourbons—being, like Béranger's confectioner,

Partisan de tous les baptêmes.

The lawsuit came to an end in March 1815. It brought anguish to the mother, who had smothered her

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pride after the fall of Napoleon in order to keep her children in France. Her eldest-born was to be carried off to exile by his own father!

But the day on which Hortense heard the decree of the court, the news reached her that Napoleon had disembarked at Cannes. In her drive she met Lord Kinnaird, who was astonished to find that she was ignorant of an event that was already known to hundreds.[1] There could be no doubt about the fact that the Emperor was on his way to Paris. Lord Kinnaird had heard it from the Duke of Orleans, who was making hasty preparations to set off in the wake of the Count of Artois, for exile. At the same time Hortense's friendly informant warned her to be cautious; the Bourbons were quite capable of seizing her children as hostages. On the same day, then, this unfortunate woman heard that the law demanded her eldest-born to be carried off to Rome, and that they were both in danger from the malignity of that house whose benefactress she had been—and was destined to be again in a few weeks.

That night she was to have a numerous reception in the Rue Cérutti; and under cover of this entertainment she managed to send off her children, probably in the charge of Madame Bure, Louis's devoted nurse, to a place of safety, a retreat which the Emperor tells us in his fragment of biography they thoroughly enjoyed. On the following morning she found that she was herself in danger. She applied to people who owed all to her generosity, and they answered that they could not shelter her for more than a night. Then she turned to her friends of lowly condition, who had never refused to run in danger for her. She was soon safe in the chamber of

[1] Madame Récamier in her *Souvenirs* describes how the exiled Queen Hortense, whom she met in Rome, convinced her that she had no part whatever in the Emperor's return from Elba.

her brother Eugene's nurse Mimi, who had come to France with Josephine. It may be justly remarked in this place that while Napoleon and his descendents have suffered more than any illustrious race on record from the treachery of men and women whom their own hands have raised to high places in the world, they have always been safe when they have relied on the chivalry and honour of their humble dependents. It is true that both Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. were encompassed by the heroic devotion of a few friends whose names will live in the history of human friendship. The companions of the First Napoleon at St. Helena, and of the Third in Ham and at Chislehurst, are heroes, whose shields gleam speckless against the broad and black fields where the cowering traitors and deserters are massed. But it is a glory peculiar to both Napoleons that they were heroes to their valets. By the side of Noel Santini we place Charles Thélin.[1] In Mimi's house Queen Hortense was hidden in a lumber room for some days, and was secretly visited by Mademoiselle Cochelet and other trusty allies, till the Emperor was in Paris, and the Bourbon police, some of whom lived in the very house that sheltered her, had themselves gone into hiding.

It was from Mimi's garret that Queen Hortense heard the different notes that sounded the approach of the Emperor: from those of vituperation when he was distant to the sweet accents of praise when he was at hand, and his legions were marching to and fro in the streets of Paris. The poet said that he had come back with the violets; and when it was safe for the loyal and devoted Hortense to go forth from her hiding-place with her boys, she made her way through happy crowds to the Tuileries, up the staircase of which the victor of Austerlitz had been carried in the arms of his soldiers.

[1] Promoted to be Treasurer of the Privy Purse and Officer of the Legion of Honour under the Empire.

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'I have just seen him,' she wrote to her brother Eugene (March 20, 1815). 'He received me very coldly. I think he disapproves my having remained here. He told me that he relied on you, and that he had written to you at Lyons. My God! provided there is no war! It will not proceed, I hope, from the Emperor of Russia: he disapproved of it so much. Ah! speak to him for peace—use your influence with him; humanity demands it. I hope I shall soon see you. I have been obliged to hide myself for twelve days, because all kinds of reports were circulated about me. Adieu; I am dead with fatigue.'[1]

In every movement of Hortense and her brother the Allies saw the step or gesture of a conspirator: every word they spoke was a weapon against the Bourbons. Yet there is no evidence to show that the Queen or her brother gave more than their ardent sympathies to the Bonapartists while Napoleon was in Elba. The foregoing letter was cited at the Congress of Vienna as a proof of guilt; but read at this distance of time, by calm and impartial minds, it is merely the expression of natural and humane feelings. It is easy to understand how ardently the women of Napoleon's epoch longed for peace, and how his step-daughter, who had just emerged from a nurse's garret into the blaze of triumphant Imperialism, feared more than she hoped. She had good reason for her fears. Her part—and that of her boys—in the events of the Hundred Days left them in the end at the

[1] 'Je viens de le voir. Il m'a reçu très-froidement. Je pense qu'il désapprouve mon séjour ici. Il m'a dit qu'il comptait sur toi et qu'il t'avait écrit de Lyon. Mon Dieu! pourvû que nous n'ayons pas la guerre! Elle ne viendra pas, je l'espère, de l'empereur de Russie; il la désapprouvait tellement. Ah! parle-lui pour la paix—use de ton influence près de lui; c'est un besoin pour l'humanité. J'espère que je vais bientôt te revoir. J'ai été obligée de me cacher pendant douze jours, parce qu'on avait fait courir mille bruits sur moi. Adieu; je suis morte de fatigue.'—*Fourmestreaux.*

mercy of the furious Allies. She went through the brief days of pageants: she assisted, with her sons, at the dazzling ceremony of the Champ de Mars; she took them to breakfast with the Emperor, and watched his fondness for them in the absence of his own child; she saw him present them to the enthusiastic troops in the Place de Carrousel; she accompanied him to Malmaison, and to the door of the chamber in which, a few months before, Josephine had expired;[1] and lastly, when all the glory was eclipsed, and the Allies were marching on Paris for the second time, with the Bourbons in their rear, she was the last to say good-bye to the fallen monarch.[2] Until lately an eagle planted in the soil at Malmaison covered the last bit of French ground pressed by Napoleon's feet; but the Prussians swept over the Consular Sans Souci in 1870, and left only the walls of the Mala Domus of the Empire. It is now used as barracks.

While Hortense was completing what she deemed to be her duty towards Napoleon against the advice of her friends, who besought her to remember the peril she was incurring in the future, she confided her two boys to the care of Madame Tessier, her dressmaker on the Boulevard Montmartre; and it was under this woman's roof that Prince Louis received one of those first vivid infantile impressions which lie embedded in the minds of men. For the first time, as I have already recorded, he pressed the pavement of the boulevards, and was able to mix with the crowd. It was probably at this time, when he was away from his mother, that he wrote her the baby-letter

[1] The first words Napoleon spoke to Corvisart on his return from Elba were: 'Corvisart, how came you to let my poor Josephine die?'

[2] 'The Princess Hortense, his daughter-in-law, saw Napoleon as he got into his carriage. He was calm, she reports, and in good spirits at his departure. I saw the Princess this morning (June 30, 1815), and must say she was entirely so.'—Hobhouse, *Letters from Paris.*

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which was found after her death among her most valued treasures.

'Petite maman,' writes little Louis, 'Oui-oui a fait pouf dans le dada. Oui-oui n' a pas bobo—il aime maman beaucoup à cœur.

'OUI-OUI.'

The facsimile will recall to many mothers treasures of a kindred kind jealously locked in safe places at home.

The day before Napoleon left Paris for the campaign that ended with Waterloo, Hortense carried her children from the Rue Cérutti to the Tuileries to take leave of their uncle. The young Prince Louis, who was seven years old, was the first to steal to Napoleon's room, where he found him in consultation with Marshal Soult. The child saw the profound emotion that was expressed in Napoleon's face, and running up to him buried his face in his lap, crying.

'What's the matter, Louis, and why do you run in here?' the Emperor said. But for some moments Louis could answer only with sobs. Presently, when he had been comforted and reassured a little, he said, 'Sire, my governess has just been telling me that you are going to the war. Don't go, don't go.' The child's tears softened the Emperor's manner towards him.

'And why don't you want me to go—it's not the first time I've been to the war—why do you cry? Don't fear; I shall soon be back.'

'Dear uncle, those wicked Allies will kill you. Let me go—let me go with you.'

'The Emperor took the boy upon his knees and pressed him against his heart. Then he called loudly to Hortense.

'There,' he said, 'take my nephew, and severely reprimand his governess for working upon the child's sensi-

Facsimile of a Letter written by Prince Louis, in his infancy, to his Mother, and preserved by her.

Whitman & Bass *Lithrs & Printers*, 256 Holborn London.

bility.' Then he said a few words of consolation, as he handed him to his mother, who passed him to Madame Bure.[1]

Seeing that Marshal Soult, who had been witness of this little scene, was touched by it, Napoleon turned and said to him, 'There, Marshal, kiss him; he will have a good heart and a lofty soul: he is, perhaps, the hope of my race.'[2]

After Waterloo, when Napoleon had expressed his wish to see Malmaison once again, and Hortense had gone thither to receive him, his nephews were secretly conveyed in a coach from their hiding-place at Madame Tessier's, round Paris to the deserted château where they had spent so many happy days with their grandmother. They were to take their final leave of their uncle. The fallen Emperor, so the chroniclers of the time relate, who was a stoic when bidding adieu to his mother, was melted by the artless distress of the two children. It was with visible emotion that Napoleon handed back weeping Louis to the arms of Madame Bure.

And so Napoleon I. parted from Napoleon III.

[1] Madame Bure, a pretty and sprightly brunette, was the favourite of the Queen's household, and was remarkable for her extraordinary attachment to her charge. One day, when she carried Prince Louis to the Emperor, he looked at her and said: 'That young rogue has a very pretty nurse.'

[2] *Histoire du Prince Louis-Napoléon.* Par M. Renault, 1852.

BOOK II.

THE ITALIAN INSURRECTION.

CHAPTER I.

EXILE AT CONSTANCE.

CHAP. I.

PRINCE LOUIS wrote to his mother from Augsburg on Tuesday, July 24, 1821. He had just heard of the death of his uncle at St. Helena:—

'My dear Mother,—The day approaches when I shall see you again; when I shall be able to show you my affections; when I shall endeavour to console you as much as it is possible for this sad event. This death has caused me, as you may imagine, great grief; which is aggravated when I think of the pain it will give all my family. Happily, he is in a better world than ours, where he peacefully enjoys the fruits of his good works. What grieves me very much is not to have seen him once before his death, for in Paris I was so young that it is almost my heart only that holds a remembrance of him. When I do wrong, if I think of *this great man*, I seem to feel his shade within me, telling me to keep myself worthy of the name of *Napoleon*. I pause, however, for if I were to write all I feel towards him my letter would not be finished in time for the post. My dear mother, how sad it is to me to think of the sorrow in which you must be; I hope, however, it will not destroy the good effects the waters have had on you.

'You will imagine the consolation that M. Lebas[1]

[1] The Prince's tutor, after the Abbé Bertrand.

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has never ceased to offer me in these circumstances. During the three days following that on which I heard the fatal news he gave me a holiday: we went out walking, and we dined with Madame Lebas, who is rather unwell just now. Happily I am young, and I appear often to have forgotten this misfortune; but if my habitual gaiety returns sometimes, it does not prevent my heart from being sad, nor my having an eternal hate against the English.

'There is another *Proloco*; I shall myself be the bearer of the result, and I can assure you beforehand that I have not *dégringolé*.

'Adieu, my dear mother. Kind remembrances from me to everybody. I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

'Your respectful Son,

'CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON.

'Augsburg, Tuesday, July 24, 1821.'

Six years had passed since that July night in 1815 when the nephews of the Emperor, with their mother, left Paris at the peremptory bidding of General Müffling, commander of the Allies in the capital; and, accompanied by a few faithful friends and servants, took the road of the exile. The absurdest rumours about plots against the lives of the Allied Sovereigns had been circulated, and Queen Hortense's name had been mixed up with them. Some said that this was only a fresh act of infamy on the part of Fouché. The reasons why the Queen was escorted out of France under a strong guard, and why she was the object of the persecutions of the Allies to the end of her life, belong to a condition of things that happily cannot recur. The Bourbons no doubt demanded the diplomatic rigours with which both the Queen and the

Ma chere Maman. P. 100.

Le jour approche ou je vous reverrai, ou je pourrai vous temoigner mon attachement, ou je tâcherai de vous consoler autant qu'il me sera possible, de ce malheureux evenement. Cette mort m'a fait comme vous pouvez le croire une bien grande peine, et elle est agrandie encore en pensant à la douleur que causera cette triste nouvelle à toute ma famille; heureusement il est dans un monde meilleur que le notre, et ou il jouit paisiblement de ses bonnes actions. Ce qui me fait beaucoup de peine, c'est de ne pas l'avoir pu même une seule fois avant sa mort, car à Paris j'étais si jeune qu'il n'y a presque que mon cœur seul qui m'en fasse souvenir. Quand je suis mal, si je pense à ce grand homme,

Fac simile of Letter on the death of Napoleon I, written by Prince Louis to his Mother, in his fourteenth year.

Whiteman & Bagster Litho to the Queen 256 Holborn London.

il me semble entre en moi son ombre qui me dit de me rendre digne du nom de Napoléon. Cependant je m'arrête, car si j'écrivais tout ce que je sens pour lui ma lettre ne serait pas terminée à l'heure du courrier. Ma chère Maman qu'il est triste pour moi de penser à la tristesse où vous devez être, j'espère pourtant bien qu'elle ne détruira pas le bon effet que les bains ont produit sur vous.

Vous devez bien penser les consolations que Mlle Le Bas m'a prodiguées dans cette circonstance pendant les trois jours qui ont suivi celui où j'ai appris cette sinistre nouvelle; il m'a donné congé, a fait faire une petite promenade, et nous avons été dîner chez Mme Le Bas; qui était un peu malade en ce moment. Heureusement je suis jeune et je pense pouvoir avoir oublié ce malheur, mais cependant ma gaîté habituelle revient quelque fois, elle n'empêche pas que mon cœur soit triste, et que j'aie une haine éternelle contre les Anglais.

Il y a un mois on Polen je serai moi-même le porteur de son mutilat, je puis vous assurer d'avance, que je n'ai pas dégringolé.

Adieu Ma chère Maman bien des choses de ma part à tout le monde je vous aime et vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

votre respectueux fils Charles Louis Napoléon

Augsbourg ce 24 juillet 1821. mardi.

de en ce moment. Heureusement je suis jeune,
je parais souvent avoir oublié ce malheur, mais si
quand ma gaité habituelle revient quelque fois,
je n'empêche pas que mon cœur soit triste, et que
j'ai une haine éternelle contre les Anglois. —

Il y a un mot au Prologue je serai moi-même
juge de son résultat, je puis vous assurer
néanmoins, que je n'ai pas dégringolé.

Adieu Ma chère Maman bien des choses
de ma part à tout le monde je vous aime,
et vous embrasse de tout mon cœur,

j'ai votre respectueux fils Charles Louis Napoléon

Strasbourg ce 24 juillet 1821. mardi.

Princes were encompassed. Mr. Hobhouse wrote from Paris on July 20 (three days after the Queen's departure):—

'The magnanimous Alexander is not so magnanimous as he was last year; he finds the folly of throwing away his favours upon a people insensible of the benefits of being beaten and the advantages of a Cossack conquest. Whether the Bourbons are playing off the Allies against their own Ministry, in order to take the odium of revenge from themselves, or whether they are inclined really to reconcile themselves to their subjects, their future conduct will show; but at present they allow the agents of the liberators of Europe to be the ministers of severity. The Princess Hortense received, a day or two ago, an order from Müffling to quit Paris within the twenty-four hours, and to retire from France with all convenient speed; on the other hand, some measures of the same nature have been undertaken by the Government, and sentences of banishment, signed by M. Talleyrand, have been transmitted to some of his ancient associates and commensals. If this treatment be considered a mitigation of punishment it may be defended, but in any other point of view seems a strange beginning for a constitutional reign.'

Another 'revolution of pocket-handkerchiefs' had just been accomplished—a triumph, according to Mr. Hobhouse, so much more easily displayed because every man carries the flag in his pocket. A close and liberal observer of Paris after Waterloo, this writer, after blaming English Ministers, and Castlereagh in chief, condoles with France. 'Her Government is dissolved by force; her representatives are driven from their seats; the glittering ensigns of her former glory are torn down and displaced by the banner of treason and disgrace, the pale memorial of defeat and slavery. . . . It was reserved for the return

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of the father of his people to inform the inhabitants of Paris that they are put into the hands of a Prussian governor, a General Müffling, who tells them so in a proclamation which is couched in terms of menace, and which appears by the side of the two ordonnances of the restored monarch, denouncing vengeance on the culpable and restoring all the corrupt authorities of his former reign. . . . Now, when I put together the address of the Government, the firmness of the Chambers, the moderation of Lord Wellington, and the opinion of the majority of the people, so decidedly pronounced that, although the town has been surrendered four days, and Louis is at St. Denis, he does not dare to enter the capital, I cannot help indulging some little hope that a better use will be made of our victory than to place on the throne the chief of a dynasty to second whose claims, founded on legitimacy and the acclamations of an interested minority, Europe has for five-and-twenty years been deluged with blood, and to maintain whom she may still be subject to constant convulsions.'

The wholesome indignation of Mr. Hobhouse, expressed from day to day, against the rigours and barbarities of the Bourbons, seconded by the Allies, indicates the direction in which the national and liberal feeling lay in the presence of such bare-faced traitors as De Vitrolles, whose very life had been saved by Hortense, and who was among the first to assail Napoleon and the Bonapartists. None remembered the favours they had asked; not a royal hand was raised to protect the woman who had been the mediator when the Bourbon Princesses begged pensions from Napoleon. Hortense carried away with her letters, not four months old, from Louis Philippe's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, and his aunt the Duchess of Bourbon, thanking her for having obtained pensions for them and the permission to remain

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in France. She had even offered to take care of Louis Philippe's children at Saint Leu as soon as she heard of the return from Elba. Yet she owed her safe-conduct to the frontier to the politeness of the enemy. What indeed had she or hers to expect from royal ladies and their ultra-Royalist ladies of honour, who called Lavalette's daughter a *scélérate* for having helped to save her father, and whose persecution drove her from the school where she was being educated?[1] Madame de Lavalette was a De Beauharnais—the Émilie who once loved Hortense's husband so passionately that she sought a divorce from the man she was destined afterwards to honour and to save from the hands of the Bourbon executioner. This was enough to destroy the Bonapartist Postmaster.

The slanders of Fouché and his creatures, and the odious conduct of the Bourbons, were answered in the

[1] 'Lavalette, whose crime was to have seized and filled the functions of Postmaster during the Hundred Days, had been arrested about the same time. But as a civilian he could not be sent before a court-martial. He was brought before a court of assize on the 20th of November (1815). A jury made part of this court, but as the list was concocted at the prefecture the jury of those days was little better than a Government commission. Lavalette did not deny his having assumed the office of Post-director. He was condemned in consequence. His wife, led by Marmont, flung herself at the King's feet and at those of the Duchess d'Angoulême. She was enceinte. The Duchess had yielded to the entreaties of the Duke de Richelieu to ask Lavalette's pardon of the King, who was prepared to grant it; but the ultra-Royalist coterie interfered, and insisted on the execution. The Countess Lavalette, with great address and courage, contrived to substitute herself in prison for her husband, who escaped in her garments, holding the hand of their little daughter. The Count's subsequent escape from Paris [accompanied by Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce, known afterwards as Lavalette Bruce] is well known. The ultra-Royalist society of Paris, even its great ladies, were mortified at Lavalette having baffled justice. They stigmatised his little daughter as a *scélérate* for having aided to save her father, and she was obliged to quit in consequence the convent where she was being educated.'—*Crowe.*

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case of Queen Hortense and the young Princes by Prince Schwartzenberg in the appointment of his own adjutant, the Count de Woyna, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, to escort the exiles to the frontier, a mission which this gentleman fulfilled with courage and delicacy. The means for the journey were provided by the sale of the Queen's pictures, Talleyrand being one of the purchasers.

'The Royalists,' says Crowe in his admirable 'History of France'—of France that he knew and loved so well, and where he died—'entertained no objections to massacres, if wreaked merely on Protestants and Bonapartists.' Again: 'Death was the least they could accord to the hoisting of Bonapartist colours.' The massacres of the south were the faithful responses to the savage spirit that ruled in the great world of Paris. It was while the reactionists were athirst for blood, it was at the earliest and fiercest moments of their passion, that the exiles travelled through Switzerland, under the guardianship of Schwartzenberg's aide-de-camp. The party were in three carriages, with an old and trusty servant, Vincent Rousseau, as *avant-courier*. Mademoiselle Cochelet and the Abbé Bertrand followed when the Queen and Princes had reached Geneva. The journey to the frontier was full of perils. At Dijon soldiers and a rabble headed by rich ladies of the neighbourhood surrounded her carriage, and shouted, 'Out with the Bonaparte!'[1] Officers of the Royal Guard forced themselves into the Queen's room, and would have borne her off a prisoner had not her escort energetically protected her. At Dôle the people were Bonapartists, and would have rescued her by force from the Austrian soldiers who surrounded her, had she not explained her situation from her carriage

[1] 'Dehors la Bonaparte!'

window and begged her friends to desist. But this appears beyond contradiction, that had the Austrian guard not remained devoted to their charge, the benefactress of the Bourbons would have fallen a victim to the fury of the Royalist ladies of Dijon. However, after many anxieties and dangers the fugitives reached the Hôtel de Sécheron in Geneva, where they hoped to find a little rest and peace. But they were not yet near the end of their troubles. They were ordered to leave Geneva on the morrow; and the Count de Woyna with difficulty obtained permission to remain in the city with his charge for a few days, until he could receive further instructions from Paris. 'I cann't, however, throw myself into the lake,' the Queen said, when she heard of the inhospitality of the Genevese. Having grudgingly yielded to the Austrian count's prayer, the Genevese made the sojourn of their unwelcome guest as unpleasant to her as possible. Her only consolation was the opportunity it gave her of seeing Cardinal Fesch and Madame Mère, who were on their way to Italy under the protection of an Austrian officer. Some officers actually held a banquet in her hotel to celebrate the fall of the Emperor. Let us add that the Swiss behaved nobly afterwards to Hortense and her children. It is not in Geneva that any person even slightly acquainted with Switzerland would seek illustrations of the liberality and nobility of the Swiss character.

The instructions which reached Geneva in due course from Paris enabled the Queen to repair to Aix, in Savoy, where she established herself with her children and faithful followers, in the midst of friends who had often welcomed her and her mother in the days of their greatness. The authorities made no objection to her sojourn; so she hired a small house with a spacious courtyard, in which her boys could play under her own eyes. Here she

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rested, waiting the course of events. The good Abbé Bertrand followed, and his pupils' lessons were resumed; and in the sympathy and help of Mademoiselle Cochelet Hortense herself found a little ease. But it was broken ever and anon by the cruel scraps of news that reached her retreat. The assassination of Marshal Brune at Avignon, the fate of Ney and Labédoyère, the hard destiny allotted to Napoleon,—in short, all the brutalities that followed fast upon the second restoration—came as so many stabs to the overwrought mind of the Queen. Nor was she left long at ease as to her own safety and that of her children. She found that her dwelling was surrounded by Royalist spies. Fellows of evil aspect were continually seen skulking in the vicinity. The Royalist terrorism was so intense, and spread so far, that the Austrian general commanding at Lyons sent an officer to her, warning her to be on her guard. When the officer arrived she was in bed. Her troubles had at length prostrated her, the crowning one having just happened. King Louis, then in Rome, had demanded his eldest son, and the law had given the child to him.

Mademoiselle Cochelet, who received the Austrian officer, nursed the Queen, and conducted the negotiations with the King's people, has described the poignant grief not only of the mother, but of Prince Louis, at the separation from little Prince Napoleon—a noble, beautiful, and gifted boy, according to Madame Cornu. He appears to have had all the qualities and the fine presence of his uncle Eugene.

'I cannot describe,' Mademoiselle Cochelet says in her Memoirs, 'the grief I felt at seeing Prince Napoleon tear himself from the arms of his mother and his young brother, who burst into tears. I did not know how to calm the grief of my dear Prince Louis, or to amuse him when he was left alone, which was so grievous to him

because he had never before left his brother for a second. This amiable child was of a sweet, kind, retiring disposition; he talked little, but his mind, at once sharp, thoughtful, and penetrating, expressed itself in happy *mots*, full of reason and delicacy, that I was fond of repeating. He grieved so much at the departure of his brother that he fell ill of jaundice, which passed away, fortunately, without danger.'

Madame Cornu has described to us vividly, and with enthusiasm, the almost extravagant love which Prince Louis bore to his elder brother. When, after their separation, Napoleon used to pay his mother occasional visits at Arenenberg, Louis became completely absorbed in him. He would hang upon every word he spoke, be the first to find a chair for him or make way for him, or to invent some happy surprise for him. Napoleon was unlike his brother Louis. The former was a stalwart, bold, dashing fellow, full of health and spirits; while the latter was delicate, *frilleux*—to use Madame Cornu's word—sensitive. Louis had the stronger and subtler brain, but Napoleon had the showy qualities of youth that attract.

When young Napoleon was gone the Queen became alarmingly ill. She fainted two or three times daily, she could not walk, and she fell into a stupor from which neither doctor, nor attendants, nor friends could arouse her. She was carried to high ground, that she might breathe freely, and she would sit for hours making faint attempts at sketching. Here they brought her news of Murat's tragic end, and presently it was necessary to acquaint her with the result of a conference of the Ministers of the Allies in Paris. On October 21 their Excellencies agreed to permit her to reside at Constance.

There was no help for it; she must break up her establishment once more, and travel farther away from her

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beloved France. There was one consolation: she would be farther removed from the emissaries of the Bourbon, and there would be less cause for the vigilant guard which her people were compelled to keep around her and the Princes. Still very ill, she set forth in the wintry weather (November 28, 1815) for Constance. On her way she was the victim of the most cruel and unmanly conduct on the part of the Swiss officials. The Genevese, as usual, distinguished themselves by their malignity. In the canton of Fribourg she was surrounded and made prisoner. At Prégny, where she stayed a night, the gendarmes searched her rooms, pretending that King Joseph was with her, disguised as a woman. He was, in fact, on his way to America. Through difficulties raised at every stage of her progress she at length reached Constance, only to find a letter from her relative the Grand Duchess of Baden politely informing her on the part of the Duke that he regretted he was unable to permit her to tarry within his frontiers. But the time comes when the hunted creature turns and stands at bay. Hortense remained, and prepared to establish herself on the borders of the lake. She was compelled on her arrival to put up at a wretched inn, and it was with the greatest difficulty she was conveyed up a narrow staircase to the only habitable room.

Madame Cornu, who was of the party, remembers the dignity, patience, and courage with which Hortense suited herself to her fallen state; and we have heard her describe the serenity with which, at Augsburg, the Queen bore the gloom and unbroken dulness of her life in an old-fashioned inn. A word or two in justice to the Duke and Duchess of Baden. The Duchess was the Stéphanie de Beauharnais of Madame Campan's academy, one of the laughing band who had once made Malmaison gay. The enemies of Napoleon had, after his fall,

pressed the Duke to obtain a divorce, and so rid himself of his Bonapartist connexions; but he happened to love his wife, and resisted even the urgent requests of the great Powers. The appearance of the far-famed cousin of the Duchess in Baden added to his perplexity. When he sent his chamberlain to Hortense's hotel to remonstrate he was moved not by ill-will, but by a very reasonable fear that the Allies would take alarm at the meeting of the two Beauharnais cousins. Hortense represented that she was too ill to journey farther through the rigours of a hard winter, and that she was furnished with passports authorising her sojourn at Constance. Her cousin Stéphanie hereupon wrote tenderly to bid the exile be patient and quiet till the spring, when perhaps affairs would have calmed down, and the cantons would have decided to allow the banished family to live at peace among their mountains.

At the inn where the Queen and her son lodged it was impossible to find room for her household. She had but one sitting-room; she was without piano or books; and her only distraction, when she could go out, was a walk through the sleepy, snow-covered streets of the town. It is hardly possible to imagine a duller winter place than Constance. The famous Consilium-Saal, the ancient town hall, the house of John Huss, and the field in which he suffered at the stake, are all the points of attraction—save the snow-capped mountains beyond the lake. Even now there is hardly a French or an English book to be had—certainly not a newspaper—at the height of its season. It boasts a railway station, and while the navigation is open, steamers ply to and from Schaffhausen and Lindau, and the small towns on the lake and river. But in 1815, in the dead of the winter, we can conceive no more terrible prison than the ruins of its walls encompass—especially to such a sun-loving nature as the Creole Hortense.

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The monotony of the winter life was broken awhile by a hunt for a house in which the Queen might shelter her friends and attendants. A substantial dwelling was found at length just at the point where the lake flows into the bed of the Rhine, under the shadows of an ancient tower, and then under a picturesque old bridge. The Queen's windows commanded the expanse of the lake on one side and the dancing tide of the river on the other. The place was out of repair, and the end of that terrible year 1815 was at hand, when the Queen installed herself among her friends and servants (her most devoted friends), and exclaimed with cheerfulness: 'J'ai enfin *un petit chez moi!*' If it was humble in comparison with the palace at the Hague, the Tuileries, Saint Cloud, Malmaison, and Saint Leu, it represented luxury in contrast to the Swiss inns in which the occupants had been lately lodged.

Hortense found at any rate a little peace. Friends gathered till a little court was formed around her. The Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who had protected her and Eugen when their parents were in prison, came to her and comforted her. Prince Eugene hastened from his happy retreat, where he lived a simple life in the midst of home affections, to his sister's house. The meeting gave fresh life to Hortense, while she talked over her plans with him and tried to see something like a little pleasure even in her future. Queen Victoria in her tour in the Highlands relates how delighted she was when her husband said to her that people live their own lives over again in those of their children. Prince Eugene possibly made remarks akin to this when he strove to reanimate his sister's heart. She had now but one boy, it is true; but the other was in safety with his father, and she might watch and direct the unfolding of their destiny. To the education of Louis the whole power of Hortense's maternal tenderness was given.

According to Madame Cornu, whose mother had held a place in the royal household, who was the Queen's god-daughter, and who was her sons' constant companion from their infancy, Louis repaid this devotion with a passionate affection. As his mother travelled from place to place, and while she was passing through the many troubles which lay between her departure from Paris and her settlement at Arenenberg, with Rome for her winter quarters, her docile, sympathetic, and observant boy was her great comfort. As a student in his early childhood he was slow. He was not fond of study. Although, as Mademoiselle Cochelet relates, and as we have shown, he said sharp things, he chafed against school routine. He used his natural gifts as his feeble health permitted him. His play was as gentle as his study. That which M. von Sybel has related of him is in the main, Madame Cornu testifies, false. He never beat his playmate Hortense because she laughed at his lofty conception of his destiny. In his youth he probably looked forward to nothing more than the life of a country gentleman. She cannot remember that he ever lifted his hand against her. He was always fond of playing at soldiers, and she at times represented his army, but he always behaved gently. The avowed enemy of France, M. von Sybel, has conveyed to his readers an impression of little Prince Louis which his alleged informant emphatically refuses to justify. The Prince has himself related how he was drawn to the old *grognards* of the Imperial Guard at Malmaison, and we shall find in every passage of his career and every aspect of his mind and character a strong military bias. The infant who gave the word of command to the sentinel at his grandmother's gates, blossomed in the artillery captain at Thun and the general in chief at Solferino. It was during his mother's stay at Constance that he was missed, and that Mademoiselle Cochelet found him returning to the house, with the son of the miller his

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neighbour, without jacket and paddling his bare feet through a mixture of mud and snow. He had encountered a poor family. To one he had given his shoes, and he had covered the back of another with his own coat. Mademoiselle Cochelet relates that he was ashamed when his good action was discovered. He had hoped to escape into the house unobserved.

Queen Hortense was a severe as well as a loving mother. She taught her boys that honours were worthless without merit. No title was given to them at home: they were simply Napoleon and Louis. They were told that they must make their own way—be the architects of their own fortune. Hortense, an aristocrat by birth, was, unlike her mother, a democrat by temperament and conviction. She chose her friends for their intellectual worth or their proved courage, not for their honours. A true memorial of Arenenberg would demonstrate this. Her pleasure was in the midst of authors, artists, and politicians. She could hold her own with Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier, Delavigne and Dumas. Her knowledge was superficial, but her penetration was keen. She was just the person to inspire in young minds a love of knowledge and a thirst for distinction. Madame Cornu insists that Prince Louis caught the romantic fever that passed over intellectual Germany after the war while he was studying at Augsburg, and afterwards at Thun. He never shook it off. His mother also helped to fasten it upon him.

The life at Constance was broken, when the spring came, with excursions in the neighbourhood; with a visit to Prince Eugene at Berg, when Prince Louis played with his uncle Eugene's five children; and lastly with the Queen's sojourn at Geiss, whither she had been ordered by her physicians to take the baths, and whither she was followed by an Austrian spy, who remitted daily reports of her doings to his Government. Then, when

the winter came round again, the Queen found occupation in the education of her son and the preparation of her Memoirs, which, in obedience to her desire, are never to see the light of print. It was difficult to find tutors at Constance, and in their absence the Queen was Louis's music, drawing, and dancing mistress, the Abbé Bertrand giving his pupil his more serious lessons. The routine in the house was strict. Each day had its appointed duties. Each Saturday was entirely devoted by the Queen to the repetition before her of all that her son had been learning during the week. His early education was not an easy task to the good Abbé. Prince Louis was an obstinate enquirer. He took nothing for granted. All children of healthy mind are great questioners. But he was exceptionally persistent. He was called the *doux entêté*. He was silent and dreamy, but his mind was never idle. He remained an enquirer from the beginning to the end of his days.

While the Queen and her little court resided at Constance it became apparent that Louis required a tutor of tougher fibre than the amiable Abbé Bertrand. There are two old prints in black frames hanging in Prince Louis's bedroom at Arenenberg. They are of the time of the good Abbé. The first is called 'La Réprimande.' The scholar is in the reverend schoolmaster's room, with downcast eyes and hands folded behind him, receiving an admonition, preparatory to something very much more impressive to the youthful mind. The second is entitled 'L'Espièglerie.' A boy is stealing the rod from the schoolmaster's closet while he is engaged, and his companions' merry faces peep through the door at the fun. When the Emperor visited the château in 1865, he laughed outright at the recollections which these two frames brought to his mind. They carried him back to the mild Abbé, who proved too weak and amiable to curb

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his independent spirit, and whom it was found necessary in 1816 to replace by M. Lebas, the son of the *conventionnel* and director of the conferences of the Normal School of Paris — a simple, scholarly, upright, and resolute teacher. With M. Lebas came a change of scene as well as of discipline. The Queen had been little more than a year at Constance when the Grand Duke and Duchess found themselves not only compelled to abandon any idea of visiting her, but to ask her to leave their territory. The Minister of France in Switzerland represented that there would be danger to the Bourbon cause in the meeting of the cousins. At the same time Maximilian of Bavaria chivalrously invited the Queen, through her brother Eugene, to fix her residence in his kingdom.

Augsburg was the city decided upon, for two reasons. It was near Munich, so that Hortense could see her brother constantly; and it contained a famous college, then conducted by the Hellenist Hage, where Prince Louis might proceed seriously with his education. Madame Cornu has described to us the dull round of life in that very dull city to which the Queen resigned herself —satisfied in the belief that her son was laying the foundation of a solid education. Prince Louis remained at Augsburg more than four years, and during this time, under the direction of M. Lebas, he applied himself chiefly to the living languages and the exact sciences. His classical studies came later. The learned Professor Diezi, who assisted in the Prince's education while he was at Augsburg, often talked of the rare intelligence of his pupil. Albert Mansfield, in his account of Napoleon III. published in 1860, testifies that he has heard the distinguished Professor speak in glowing terms of Prince Louis. At any rate the Queen's son left many warm friends behind him, and none who were not ready to testify to the grace and aptness of his *mots* and the evi-

dences of untiring observation which he betrayed when he broke the silence and reserve that were habitual with him.

While the Prince's education was going on, his mother established herself at the château of Arenenberg, which she bought on February 10, 1817. She had been drawn to this delightful spot not only by the invitation of the brave people of the democratic canton of Thurgau, but by the pleasure of having her brother, who had built a house by the lake of Constance, and the Grand Duchess Stéphanie (who had a summer château at Mannenbach) for neighbours. Thus in spite of the jealous Powers that set spies on every movement of Hortense, she contrived at last a fixed home, in which she could gather about her the precious household gods of Malmaison and the Rue Cérutti, and live in peace under the valiant protection of the Switzers.

She travelled far and wide in the years she had yet to live, and her maternal solicitude led her into many dangers. She spent many agreeable winters in Rome in the midst of her family, and helped to form Louis's tastes and character by giving him the society of the great and gifted; but her roof-tree was planted firmly in the free soil of Switzerland, with the blue lake at its roots and the wine-ripening vine all about it.

CHAPTER II.

AUGSBURG—PRINCE LOUIS'S EDUCATION.

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PRINCE LOUIS was a difficult scholar to manage, being unlike boys generally. The longing which he himself has expressed for contact with the outer world, and which came upon him while a very young boy at Malmaison and in Paris, grew upon him as he became older. Both his mother and grandmother had the same delight in escaping from their grandeur to the high road. They would suddenly depart from Malmaison and trot off on a trip to M. de Bourrienne at his little house at Rueil, and enjoy vastly an hour or two like too good bourgeoises of the town. In the same way Louis delighted at Constance to steal away from the garden bounds and explore the little of the world that was to be seen roundabout. The fishermen of the lake, the market gardeners by the river's shore, the miller and his son, and the sons of the more respectable neighbours became his acquaintances. He had the faculty of attaching people to him; and this was as much through the interest he was able to take in their pursuits and hopes, as through the beaming kindliness of his heart. He was, in short, a boy of romantic temperament. He had the same qualities that made people cling to his mother, strangely mixed up with the reserve and taciturnity of his father. The children of his own age among whom he was thrown at Constance, Augsburg, and Arenenberg were not sharp, quick-witted, sparkling boy-men, like the scholars of the

Mon cher Papa

Malheureusement ce n'est point pour vous annoncer notre départ que je vous écris mais pour vous dire que nous sommes obligés d'attendre encore quinze jours pour avoir nos passeports. Tout étoit emballé nous étions prêts à partir, la Bavière avoit donné des passeports et la permission de l'Autriche étoit venue lorsque il s'est élevé de nouveaux obstacles. Je ne sais par quel motif il faut apprendre (pour la première fois) que la France signe nos passeports, et mais écrit à l'ambassadeur pour faire des embarras, il écrit à Paris pour demander une autorisation qui n'arrivera que dans vingt jours. Bientôt il faudra un congrès pour que nous puissions changer de place.

Nous devions partir le 15 je vois avec bien de la peine que ce ne pourra plus être que le 30 Novembre, je serai bien content quand je pourrai vous embrasser comme je vous aime. Napoléon est-il marié? il y a des siècles que nous n'avons plus de lettres il nous croyait probablement en route. Adieu mon cher Papa croyez au sincère attachement

De votre respectueux et affectionné fils Louis Napoléon

Augbourg ce 20 Novembre 1829

Fac simile of Letter from Prince Louis to his Father the Ex King of Holland.

Whitmore & Fenn, Strand, London

Paris Lyceums, but quiet, simple, rather sentimental Teuton lads, who would respond to his impulsive sensibility, and value at their highest, his shrewd and quaint habit of observation and comment.

First the Abbé Bertrand (who remained at his side long after he had ceased to direct his studies), then M. Lebas,[1] then Professor Diezi and M. Gastard (who taught him physics and chemistry), and finally M. Vieillard (who remained his intimate friend and most trusted adviser to the end of his life) directed his studies. But the most methodical part of his education was pursued in the college at Augsburg, under the eyes of his mother as well as his tutor. He went through the discipline of the college with credit. His professors spoke with esteem as well as with affection of him. Most chroniclers have said that Prince Louis was at Augsburg only four years, but he remained there much longer. When his mother left after the death of Prince Eugene, in 1824, Prince Louis stayed behind with his tutor. Indeed, the Queen was not always with her son while he was at college. She travelled much, and then she naturally preferred the beauty of Arenenberg to the austerity and gloom of Augsburg. As a proof that Prince Louis was still at his college, and as an indication of his progress at the age of seventeen, the following is interesting :—

'My dear Father,—Unfortunately it is not to announce our departure that I write to you, but to tell you that we are obliged to wait fifteen days longer to obtain our passports. All being packed up, we were on the point of starting ; Bavaria had given passports, and Austria's permission had arrived, when fresh obstacles arose. I

[1] Subsequently Greek Professor in the Paris Athenæum.

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cannot tell with what motive, but (for the first time) France must sign our passports; and the Ambassador, to give trouble, has written to Paris to request an authorisation—which can arrive only in eight or ten days. Soon a congress will be necessary before we can move.[1]

'We ought to have started on the 15th; I see with regret that it cannot now be before November 30. I shall be very glad when I shall be able to embrace you, as I love you. Is Napoleon married? We have had no letters for ages. He probably thought we were on the road. Adieu, my dear father. Believe in the sincere attachment of

'Your respectful and affectionate Son,

'LOUIS NAPOLEON.

'Augsburg, this 20th November, 1825.'[2]

The sarcasm 'soon a congress will be necessary before we can move' is in the vein of his infantile pleasantries with Josephine.

During his vacations Louis travelled with his mother over every part of Switzerland, he visited his uncle Eugene, he spent winter months at Rome, he visited his father at Marienbad and Florence. In the course of

[1] In M. de Chateaubriand's pamphlet, published in October 1831, on the proposition presented to the Chamber of Deputies to pass a vote of perpetual banishment on the Bourbons, he says:—

'La France n'a pas agi seule dans le bannissement des membres de la famille impériale; elle n'a fait qu'obéir à la dure nécessité imposée par la force des armes; ce sont les alliés qui ont provoqué ce bannissement: des conventions diplomatiques, des traités formels prononçant l'exil des Bonaparte, leur prescrivent jusqu'aux lieux qu'ils doivent habiter, ne permettent pas à un ministre ou à un ambassadeur des cinq puissances de délivrer *seul* un passe-port aux parents de Napoléon; le visa des *quatre* autres ministres ou ambassadeurs des *quatre* autres puissances contractantes est exigé. Tant ce sang de Napoléon épouvantait les alliés, lors même qu'il ne coulait pas dans ses propres veines!'

[2] In the possession of the Empress Eugénie. See facsimile.

these travels he became acquainted, through the fascination of his mother and her love of society, with many of the leading intelligences of his time. This companionship, and his mother's as well as his father's conversation, helped to develope his mind rapidly, and at the same time to deepen its romantic hue. In illustration of this, it may be mentioned that in his fifteenth year he was on a visit to his relative the Duchess Stéphanie of Baden at Mannheim. During a walk with the Princesses, the conversation turned one day on the decline of chivalry in the rising generation. Louis was nettled at the scoffing observations made by the young ladies. One said that time was when a young man would leap into a torrent for a lady's glove. They were on the bridge over the Neckar. Louis accepted the challenge, and in an instant plunged from the bridge into the river, to the terror of his companions. But he was an expert swimmer, and got easily to the shore.

In her 'Lettres parisiennes' Madame Émile de Girardin observes (1843): 'Louis Bonaparte is full of honour and good sense; it could only be the ennui of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to make war and be Emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captain in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country. . . . He never could speak of France without a tender feeling; and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux.

'We were in Rome when we heard of the news of

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Talma's death; everyone began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he, who was then scarcely sixteen, was listening he stamped his foot with impatience, and said, with tears in his eyes: "To think that I am a Frenchman, and have never seen Talma!" '

I would beg the reader to note the strong affection with which Prince Louis always addressed his mother. His letters have more tenderness in them than we find in hers. He appears to have some difficulty in expressing all the love he bears to a parent who must not only have satisfied his heart, but must have been also a heroine of romance to him. There was profound admiration heightening his natural filial feeling. It was in the autumn preceding the winter in which the accomplished Madame Émile de Girardin met him at Rome that he wrote this boyish letter to his mother from his father's house:—

'My dear Mother,—We came here on Saturday, the 6th of September, and we shall arrive at Augsburg on the 12th or 13th. I shall be very glad to see you again. I shall be also very sorry to leave my father, who is not well. He has been very much distressed by the death of the Pope. We are anxious to hear from you, for it is more than eight days that we have been without news, and to me eight days are a month when I don't have letters from my dear mother. I hope, however, that you are all well, and that I shall find you in good health.

'Adieu, my dear mother; I love and embrace you with all my heart. I embrace Napoleon also, not to suffocation, for I am not strong enough for that, but enough to mark my affection.

'Your respectful Son,

'LOUIS.

Ma chère Maman,

Nous partons d'ici samedi le 6 Septembre et nous arriverons à Augsbourg le 12 ou le 13. Je serai bien content de vous revoir bientôt; je serai aussi bien fâché de quitter Papa, qui ne se porte pas très bien. Il a été très affligé de la mort du Pape. Nous voudrions bien recevoir de vos nouvelles, car voici plus de 8 jours que nous en sommes privées, et 8 jours sont un mois pour moi quand je ne reçois pas des lettres de ma chère Maman. J'espère pourtant que vous vous porterez toujours bien et que je vous reverrai bientôt en bonne santé.

Adieu ma chère Maman je vous aime et vous embrasse de tout mon coeur, j'embrasse aussi Napoléon mon à l'étouffer parceque je ne suis pas assez fort, mais après vous le gourmerai ma tendresse.

Votre respectueux fils Louis

Marienbad ce 4 Septembre 1823.

Mr. Le Bas vous présente ses respects et sera bien heureux de retourner près de vous.

Fac-simile of Letter from Prince Louis to his Mother, written in his sixteenth year.

Walmsley & Son, Publishers to the Queen, 2nd Edition, London.

Ma chère Maman

Papa a reçu aujourd'hui une lettre de Madame où elle dit que vous êtes souffrante j'en suis bien tourmenté, j'espère que vous ne chercherez pas pour être malade le tems où je suis loin de vous et où je ne puis pas vous soigner. Si vous ne m'écrivez pas faites moi donner vos nouvelles par Hortense.

Tout mi va à merveille je fais des réclamations pour moi, et je me porte bien peu de chose bonne grace. Cependant j'vous prie de remercier de ma part les Ministres de Prusse et de Bavière.

Adieu ma chère Maman croyez que je vous attachement

de votre tendre et respectueux fils Louis

Florence le 18 Dec 1830.

Fac simile of Prince Louis's writing as a young man.

Whiteman & Bean, Lithe to the Queen, 256 Holborn London.

'M. Lebas presents his respects to you, and will be very glad to be near you again.

'Marienbad, September 4, 1823.'[1]

Even in 1830, when he was full of enthusiasm for the cause of Italian freedom, when he was a trained and an accomplished soldier, and ready with his brother to throw himself sword in hand into the cause of popular freedom, his heart melted to that of a tender-hearted child as he sat down to write to his mother.

'My dear Mother,—My father has received to-day a letter from Madame in which she says that you are unwell. I am very anxious about this; I hope you will not choose the time when I am away and cannot nurse you to be ill. If you do not write, send me news of your health by Hortense.[2]

'I am not of opinion that a protest should be made in my behalf; I care very little for their good graces. However, I beg you to thank the Ministers of Brazil and Bavaria on my behalf.

'Adieu, my dear mother. Believe in the sincere attachment of

'Your tender and respectful Son,

'LOUIS.

'Florence, December 18, 1830.'[3]

After all the years at Augsburg, and the training under accomplished tutors at Arenenberg, Prince Louis, at nineteen years of age, declared to Madame Cornu, as they were walking over the Splügen, on their way to Rome, that he knew nothing, that his mind had received no bracing discipline. His tutor had just been dismissed,

[1] In the possession of the Empress Eugénie. See facsimile.

[2] Madame Cornu.

[3] In the possession of the Empress Eugénie. See facsimile.

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and when he reached Rome he resolved to set about educating himself. He began courageously, from the beginning. He travelled over all the ground of his previous studies a second time. His mother went much into society, but he would go nowhere. The Queen would enter his study when she was going out, and entreat him in vain to accompany her. He had firmly and finally resolved to go through with the task of self-education, and he accomplished it.

'This,' observed the intelligent companion of his childhood, 'was his real education, completed by himself when, as he frequently said, he hoped to marry, to hunt and shoot, and live the life of a country gentleman.' He would thank Heaven that he was not the chief of the family. After parting from Prince Louis in Switzerland, Madame Cornu saw him next in Fieschi's cell at the *conciergerie*. 'He was calm,' the lady reports, 'and said: "You see I am the chief of the family now: it was my duty to do what I have done. But how much better and happier I should have been if fate had left me to my country life—my horses, my books, and my garden."'

'What sort of a scholar is he?' Mr. Senior asked M. Maury of the Academy of Inscriptions, when this gentleman was helping the Emperor with his 'Life of Cæsar.'

'In Latin,' answered M. Maury, 'far above the average of educated Frenchmen, perhaps on a par with educated Englishmen: he reads without difficulty.'

CHAPTER III.

ARENENBERG.

CHAP. III.

By a deed dated February 10, 1817, Queen Hortense bought the little, old-fashioned château of Arenenberg, and the hill of vines and pines on which it stood, for thirty thousand florins. It was an ancient place, and had belonged to one of the oldest families in the democratic canton of Thurgau. Commanding superb views of lake, and river, and landscape, with little villages clustered in bowers of trees far below it; sheltered roundabout by fine timber, and approached on all sides through vineyards; it was the spot, even to the old drawbridge by which the entrance was reached, to please the romantic imagination of Hortense. Arenenberg has been described as a fine feudal seat which Hortense transformed into a beautiful palace. Looking one day over the matter-of-fact builder's drawing, which is kept in one of the superb Malmaison cabinets given to Josephine by the city of Paris on her marriage with Napoleon, I saw the outlines of a small plain old building with turrets, and surrounded by very rough land. This was the old château which in the picture had a neglected, abandoned look, and bore very little resemblance to the pleasant house—more a grand châlet than a château—which now occupies its site. Not much more than the original shell remains. The Queen let light into the rooms by large windows, built a pretty spiral staircase which leads from the hall to the upper chambers, created a spacious, even garden under the

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windows of her *salons*, and threw out a broad terrace, from which a view of the lake narrowing to the river, the hills, and the shores of Baden fading away to the Black Forest may be obtained, lying stretched far beneath the eye. On the steep, wooded slopes towards the lake, from which the territories of Bavaria and Würtemberg are to be seen, beyond the shallows of the Unter-see, winding paths, shady groves, arbours, and shrubberies, were contrived. The grounds are now rich in varied shrubs and timber. The *chasselas* was brought from Fontainebleau, the Parma violet from Paris. Stables were built. Later a long range of buildings was designed for the convenience of the Princes, when they were growing up, and for visitors. A carriage way from the high road was laid out by Prince Louis, and carried over a bridge which he designed after his engineering studies at Thun, while the roadside was enlivened by a series of shrubberies and parterres.

I was sitting on an autumn day, looking out from a room under Prince Louis's windows, cooling my thirst with a famous bunch of the Fontainebleau grapes that are still tenderly cultivated in the Arenenberg conservatories, when I entered into conversation with Fritz Rickenbach, the servant of Queen Hortense, who remained at Arenenberg from the time of its purchase till after the Queen's death, when he became *valet de place* to Prince Louis, and was discharged only after the Prince was a prisoner at Ham.

'I remember Prince Louis from his early boyhood,' he said. 'He was about my age. After the Queen bought the château I was employed, as a boy, to carry earth in a hod for this plateau (the garden under the *salon* windows). I tilted the earth out of the hod over my shoulders. This used to amuse Prince Louis; and once or twice, when I was about to cast my load, he pushed me so that I rolled over with it. After one heavy tumble

I cried, and this brought the Prince to me at once, with that kindness he always had for us. "*Attends! attends!*" he called to me in a caressing tone, "and I will fetch you a good lump of bread." You may imagine that my tears were soon dried when he came running out of the house with it. Another day—it was years after—I saw him having a talk from his window with some poor man who had strayed in from the high road. Presently, for I watched, I saw him quietly drop a pair of boots out to the man, and afterwards a waistcoat. He was always like that.' Another informant on the spot described to me the Prince returning home one afternoon on horseback in his shirtsleeves; he had given his coat to a man in rags whom he had met on the highway.

But Fritz's gossip as we sat watching the shifting colours of the lake, the white sails upon its bosom, and the little Swiss and German summer packets steaming to and from the tiny ports bowered in vines and wood along the shores, ranged over many years and many fortunes. It was interesting to mark the trusty old servant searching back in his memory for the incidents of his travel with the Queen and Prince. He seemed to implore first the ceiling and then the floor to help him.

'How the place has changed,' he said. 'When the Queen bought it, it was surrounded by walls. It was a fortified position. The Prince lived over here always. His rooms were very plain. One is a *valet de chambre's* bedroom at this moment, and he sleeps in the very bed the Prince had. They were lively, pleasant gentlemen who came here. There was sometimes a great deal of company. I remember M. Casimir Delavigne[1] used to visit us, and M. Visconti. The Count Arèse was nearly

[1] M. Delavigne married Mdlle. de Courtin (who had been one of Madame Campan's pupils), who was in attendance on the Queen at Constance, and was always her intimate friend.

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always here. He and Prince Louis were very intimate; the Prince used to drive him to Constance in his cabriolet. They were perpetually going there, till the Prince was forbidden to enter the town as a *révolutionnaire*: that was in 1838, and then he sometimes went quietly, for everybody was glad to welcome him.

'The Prince was a great student. When he grew up he would be in his room all day, till about four, when the horses were ordered for a ride or a drive. Then they went out, and dinner was always ready at half-past six. He was very fond of shooting. He generally hired his shooting in Baden, and was a capital shot. He went frequently to the *tir cantonal*, and carried off prizes. You can see his banner now in the hall of the château. He was an excellent fencer, but then he was always at it. A fencing-master came regularly every week from Constance.

'The Queen went to Rome in 1824 after the death of Prince Eugene. We went regularly for seven winters, except in 1827, when we passed the winter in Geneva. In Rome the Queen gave receptions—dances—every Saturday; but the last year it was unpleasant. The Prince was a marked man. One Saturday I was putting the lights in the *salon*, when a sergeant of gendarmes, followed by four men, came up the stairs (we occupied the first floor) and requested to speak to the Queen. We had been hearing shots at intervals. However, the ball went on, but the next day the Prince was escorted beyond the frontier. The Queen was in a state of great excitement. She followed and went to Florence. Then we heard that the Princes were in the insurrection. You see they wanted to make Prince Napoleon King of Italy. He was very like Prince Eugene.

'This, you know, was Prince Louis's *pays*. He always

said *tu* and *toi* to me. He was just the same when I saw him at the Tuileries in the year of the Exhibition (1867). He never forgot Fritz, and he sent for me through M. Thélin to see the Exhibition. No wonder he was beloved here. I repeat, this was his *pays*. He was a lieutenant at Thun, and then a captain in the army, and then they made him a Swiss citizen. CHAP. III.

'The Prince when he was at the château always had good horses. We had never less than four carriage horses, three riding-horses, and one for the cabriolet, never. The Prince was reckoned a superb rider.

'A *caisse* of money, with the Imperial eagle upon it, arrived every three months regularly from Prince Louis's father: first for the Queen, and afterwards, I suppose, for the Prince.'

Much more old Fritz told me, as we sat together, and as he warmed his memory with a glass of the wine grown within half a mile of us. He repeopled the silent places, while he pointed to the spots in the grounds to which he and a fellow-servant carried their mistress in the summer before she died. The tears came into his eyes while he talked.

But let us enter the château. It is almost filled with the relics of Malmaison, from the portraits of the Arab chiefs which Napoleon sent to Josephine from Egypt, now hanging in the hall, to the Empress's jewel casket in the little chamber where Hortense died. Some *chefs-d'œuvre* are gone. Bosio's statue of Josephine and Prudhon's full-length painting of her were carried to Paris by the Emperor, and perished, one in the Tuileries and one at St. Cloud. There is a sad souvenir at every turn. It is a house of Napoleonic relics and a gallery of family portraits. On entering the small square, tented hall, the

[1] Marked in the Malmaison picture catalogue (1811) as 'six portraits de Scheck (*sic*) par Rigo.'

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visitor is made aware of the military antecedents of the owners. Under the eyes of the swarthy chiefs whom Napoleon subdued are stands of arms—pikes, halberds, swords, lances, foils and masks, rifles, muskets—and the cantonal banners won by the prowess of Prince Louis. It is recorded on one banner that it is the fifth prize carried by Prince Louis at the Thurgau cantonal *tir*, or shooting-match, on June 21, 1838, or shortly before he finally quitted Switzerland. To the left we pass to the antechamber, still tented (all the lower rooms were so in the time of Hortense), the chief ornament of which is a fine marble bust of Prince Eugene's son, who was to have been King of Portugal, but died almost on the steps of the throne. Beyond is the *salon de réception*, a long, tented chamber looking out upon gay parterres, and commanding the windows of the building in which Prince Louis slept and worked. The furniture here, as indeed it is everywhere save in the private apartments occupied by the Emperor and Empress Eugénie of late years, is of the time of the Consulate and the Empire. The tapestry is of severe classical design; the chairs and tables are pure Empire—all of Hortense's inheritance from her mother. The walls are covered with family portraits. Here is Hortense herself under the deep shadows of a strange Tyrolean hat, with a sad, tender, worn expression. It was painted just two or three years before her death, and after the terrors through which she passed at the close of the Romagna insurrection. The story of suffering is told almost as eloquently by the lined and ashy hands as by the melancholy in the eyes. But opposite, near her son Louis, who is leading his horse up a mountain, she appears in the spring-time of her beauty, her white brows thickly clustered with brown curls. This is Madame Campan's school-girl. By the window we find the same beautiful head—stately, in

white marble, as the young Queen of Holland. Between the windows is one of Gérard's happiest works—the infant Napoleon Charles, Prince Royal of Holland, wearing the great Emperor's jewelled sword in play. This is the boy whose bones the returned Bourbons thrust out of Notre Dame. The Napoleonic head in infancy was never more successfully rendered than in this picture. The Queen must have had strange thoughts while sitting in this room. Every square yard of wall must have reminded her of her sorrows. Here is the superb Beauharnais head of her son Napoleon Louis—Prince Louis's beloved elder brother—who died at Forli; and there is the *bonne* Josephine; and beyond is Napoleon on the bridge of Arcole,[1] the original of which Napoleon III. unfortunately sent to the Tuileries when he visited Arenenberg in 1865. Not the least interesting relic in the room is Hortense's old-fashioned harpsichord. CHAP. III.

Beyond the *salon de réception* is the billiard-room—a handsome chamber hung with yellow Indian cashmere. Cupid's bow in brass—a thoroughly Empire design—holds the lights over the table. Three admirable water-colour drawings by Melling—the chief representing the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander on the Meinen—occupy one wall, and are faced by a noble full-length of the Duke of Reichstadt as Napoleon II.—an addition to the family treasures recently made by the Empress Eugénie.

In the library are Prince Louis's books ranged upon plain shelves, and having the appearance of volumes that have been well thumbed. Some of Marie Antoinette's Sèvres cabinets from the Trianon are here. Upon a table

[1] In a letter dated June 17, 1830, Prince Louis writes to his father that when at Verona he went to see the bridge of Arcole, and that he picked up on the left bank of the river a *boulet de huit*, which he treasured carefully.

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Hortense's drawing and painting materials are lying, the pencils with the colour she left in them. Over the doorway are the brothers Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon as children;[1] and grouped about are the handsome Princess Borghese; the noble, swarthy face of Josephine's first husband, who perished on the scaffold; Prince Eugene's elder children; the shaggy, fierce head of old Murat; and the sombre countenance of Louis, King of Holland. But the commanding painting in the room is a copy of Prudhon's full-length of the Empress Josephine.

The dining-room is a tented chamber, with engravings of the Napoleonic legend round about: Gérard's famous 'Napoleon the Great,' the 'Adieux of Fontainebleau,' the 'Apotheosis.' In the corner is the drab leather arm-chair of Napoleon III., brought hither from Wilhelmshöhe, with the rest of the property he had with him. For in the first moments of his misfortune, his mind turned to his Swiss home, and he sent everything to this little château. The carriage in which he was borne away from Sedan, and the Imperial *fourgon*, are in the stables hard by.

We travel up a well staircase to a little room fronting the lake. It is hung with faded yellow damask. The bed in the alcove is covered with the finest white Indian muslin. Upon the bed are three embroidered cushions, that propped the dying Queen's head; and upon the central one lies an *immortelle*. The two low, square Empire chairs are at the head and foot of the bed—the chairs of the physician and the nurse. In this room Hortense was wont to concentrate her special treasures—her mother's marriage gifts, the Sèvres cabinets, the jewel casket with secret springs and locks of cunning workmanship, a capital characteristic portrait of her schoolmistress, Madame Campan (who in her old age was a guest at Arenenberg),

[1] See engraving.

H. Ailard

THE PRINCES NAPOLEON & LOUIS.

IN THE ARENENBERG COLLECTION

London, Longmans & Co

and portraits of other friends. In the little boudoir is poor Madame de Brock, a miniature of Malibran, one of the Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, La Vallière *au couvent*, Donna Julia, the Apotheosis of the Emperor, and the Empress Josephine seated at a balcony. By his mother's bed of death is placed the Emperor's little iron bedstead on which he slept during the fatal campaign, and at Wilhelmshöhe. CHAP. III.

The Countess of Harrington lately translated from the private diary of a Prussian lady an account of her visit to Arenenberg in June 1838,[1] and of the manner in which Prince Louis did the honours of what he called his *petite maison*. In this description there is the following passage on the death chamber of Hortense:—

'"I will now show you," said the Prince, "my holy of holies—my mother's room, the room in which she died. I never let anyone go there, but you have brought a magic key in my friend's letter. Follow me."

'When we came to the foot of the staircase leading to the upper storey, he turned and nodded to his friends (Colonel Vaudrey and M. Fialin), who remained behind. We ascended, and stopped before a door which was concealed by a sable curtain. The Prince drew it aside and unlocked the door. We entered a handsome room, in which stood a large French bed with crimson curtains and a quilted blue satin counterpane, upon which rested a miniature fastened to a gold chain.

'"That is my portrait," said the Prince in a low voice, "which she always wore next to her heart. In her last days, before I arrived, she used to look at it for hours, and talk to it."

'We could with difficulty suppress our tears, standing before the couch which had been an altar of remembrance

[1] See the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

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for the affectionate son. We felt afraid to look about us in this room; it seemed almost sacred. The Queen's ornaments and nicknacks lay upon the tables, and everything appeared to be scrupulously kept in the same order in which she had left it. The Prince took up a small crystal box, which he opened, and showed us two plain gold rings on a velvet cushion. "These are the wedding rings of the Emperor," he said, "and of the Empress Josephine. They are the standards of the whole Bonaparte family, which we shall always carry before us in the battle of life."

'He looked silently at them for a few minutes, and then said: "You will forgive me, madame, but my reminiscences in this room are always too much for me. In this room I always feel as a child wailing for his mother."'

Beyond the death chamber is the Queen's work-room, whence she could catch glimpses of Prince Louis at his study window. In a plain bookcase in the corner the Prince's school and military books—those he thumbed at Augsburg, and those he used at Thun, and when he was writing his 'Manuel de l'Artillerie'—are preserved. But quantities of his books are stored away, unbound, as he left them. Upon the walls of the work-room are Hortense's copy of Gérard's portrait of her eldest son, and a classic head, also by her hand. Beneath them is a cabinet picture—the subject, two friends reading a letter from Arenenberg. One of the friends is Casimir Delavigne. There are three more rooms on this floor of the château, viz. the little bedroom in which the Emperor slept during his visit with the Empress in 1865, now the Empress Eugénie's *cabinet de travail*, in which Downey's last large photograph of Napoleon III. is hung; the Empress's bedroom, in which is a little picture of the Place Napoléon III. as finished in the reign of the

Emperor; and the Prince Imperial's plain little room next his mother's, garnished with a few Napoleonic engravings.

Above are the rooms of the ladies in attendance; and this is all the splendour of Hortense's château on Lake Constance—even as she left it.

The long range of buildings that skirts the garden on one side, and the upper windows of which command a grand view of lake and landscape, include the bachelors' quarters and the rooms of the domestics. A flight of steps leads to the upper corridor—that of the young Princes. The doors of the corridor and rooms are ornamented with eagles over the locks. The two first rooms are those which Prince Louis inhabited from his Augsburg college days till he left the château in 1838. They are small, low rooms, furnished with Spartan severity—some rough book-shelves, a little plain table, a capacious arm-chair such as may be seen in a comfortable farm kitchen —and that is all. The arm-chair was the gift of a neighbour, who worked upon the back of it (to Prince Louis's infinite amusement) the cocked hat of Napoleon I. in prodigious proportions.

This was Prince Louis's study. It communicated with his bedroom, which was not less severely plain, the only works of art being the two old prints in black frames which I have already described.

As we wandered out to the stables, which are worthy of any English country seat, Fritz abounded in anecdotes of the life at the château before the Queen became a confirmed invalid, and before the Prince entered actively into political life. The life was generally solitary and studious, but occasionally gay with the society of distinguished visitors. There was a little theatre, there was good music, and the visitors were remarkable as a rule for their high culture rather than for their high titles.

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On his travels and in his Swiss home Prince Louis became acquainted with many of the leading minds of his time, and their conversation helped to complete the second education which he began to give himself in the winters when he accompanied his mother to Rome or Geneva. 'None of the gentlemen on a visit,' said Fritz, 'stayed in the château, but in Prince Louis's corridor. The Queen used to call the château "the convent," and when she dismissed the gentlemen for the night they would say that they were going *à genoux*. Among the visitors was the Maréchale Ney, who was always in mourning and always looked sad.'

By the stables there was a stately weeping willow, now shorn of half its noble proportions.

'Yes,' said the intendant, pointing to it; 'half of it was struck away in a storm in the autumn of 1870.'

CHAPTER IV.

AT THUN.

CHAP. IV.

MADAME CORNU says that when she left Arenenberg for France for her education, Prince Louis was a weak, dreamy child. She returned in a few years, and found him a brisk and dashing cavalier and sportsman. He had already travelled much, and had become a thoroughly studious, thoughtful, disciplined man. As soon as he had completed his own education, he chose the arm of the military service by which his uncle had first distinguished himself, and repaired to the camp of Thun, where he placed himself under the orders of the well-known Colonel Dufour, an old officer who had served under Napoleon. He was received in the camp as a volunteer, and at once set about his duties with a will that won the admiration of his colonel. Colonel Fournier of the engineers, also an officer who had served under Napoleon, was among the professors under whom, in the field, in the camp, and on mountain sides, Prince Louis learned his first lessons in the art of war. He was in weak health, but he worked as roughly as the most obscure of his companions. The system of instruction was of the most practical kind. The young officers fared like common soldiers. They marched out, their knapsacks on their backs, carrying their tools and instruments; encamping for the night on the edge of a glacier or in an open field, and eating their black bread like the peasant warriors. The Queen was proud to write from time to time that her son was

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still in the mountains making military reconnaissances, that he sometimes marched from ten to twelve leagues a day, and that his spirit rejoiced in the labour and the hardship.

The mother's admiration of her son's military ardour, and of the sober and earnest power of observation which he manifested wherever he went, goes for little as testimony to his promising qualities at the outset of his career; but his fellow-officers are enthusiastic witnesses also. Colonel Dufour was his warm panegyrist. Even the landlord in whose house he hired a single room was so struck with the fire and energy of the young volunteer that he predicted a brilliant career for him. 'The places the young Prince has inhabited,' he said, 'will be famous as those where one renowned in history has dwelt.'

The Prince described his life at Thun to his mother in the following letter:—

'Thun, July 21, 1830.

'My dear Mother,—I received your little note with great pleasure; I hope that now you have received my last two letters. We have been at work these three days. The exercise we take does me much good; I have double my ordinary appetite. The call is at a quarter to six in the morning; then we march, drums beating, to the Polygon. There we remain till half-past eleven. At twelve we dine, and I sit at table next to Colonel Dufour. At a quarter to three we are ordered to the Polygon again till half-past seven. At eight we sup, and then we go to bed, for we are quite prepared for sleep. We have only, therefore, one hour and a half of the entire day free, and in this time there are notes to copy and drawings to make. Among the pupils there are some young men distinguished by culture as well as by manners; most of them belong to French Switzerland—M. Alexandre Portalès, for instance, who is nineteen and godson of the Empress; M. de Tres; M.

Thomas Moore

Ma chère Maman

Les nouvelles de Strasbourg ont ranimé
et rajeuni l'enthousiasme de tout le monde
s'en réjouit. Nous tenons ici Français
dans notre petit coin d'Helvétie plus
bien ou mal que partout les intérêts les plus
chers. J'espère recevoir aujourd'hui une lettre
de vous. Adieu ma chère Maman,
le dragon très bien plotte actuellement
en France, heureux ceux qui ont pu
les premiers les rendre mon amour et bonté.
Croyez à mon attachement

Votre très tendre et respectueux fils
L. N.

Facsimile of Letter from Prince Louis, dated from the Camp at Thun.

Printed at the Chiswick Press, London.

Vermoulin; M. Evrard, nephew of the one we know. Thorough harmony reigns among us, and I cannot praise Colonel Dufour enough. He shows me the most delicate attentions.'

In August the Prince's letters to his mother betray the deep interest he is taking in the revolutionary movement. He writes: 'Events succeed each other rapidly, and, which is extraordinary, everybody rejoices at them. We are very quiet in our little corner while at a distance people are fighting for the dearest interests. I hope to receive a letter from you to-day. Adieu, my dear mother. The tricolour flag actually floats in France. Happy are they who were able to be the first to restore to it its ancient *éclat.*'[1]

[1] 'Thoune, 21 juillet 1830.

'Ma chère Maman,—J'ai reçu avec grand plaisir votre petit billet. J'espère qu'à présent vous aurez aussi reçu mes deux dernières lettres. Voici trois jours que les travaux ont commencé. L'exercice que nous nous donnons me fait grand bien; j'ai le double d'appétit. Le matin, à six heures moins un quart, est l'appel. On marche ensuite au son du tambour au Polygone. On y reste jusqu'à onze heures et demie. À midi nous dinons; je suis placé à table à côté du colonel Dufour. À trois heures moins un quart il faut me rendre encore au Polygone jusqu'à sept heures et demie. À huit heures on soupe, et après on se couche, car on a bien envi de dormir. Nous n'avons donc de libre dans toute la journée qu'une heure et demie, pendant laquelle il faut encore recopier plusieurs notes et faire plusieurs dessins. Il y a parmi les élèves des jeunes gens très-distingués par leur instruction et par leurs manières. 'La plupart sont de la Suisse française—par exemple,' M. Alexandre Portalès, qui a dix-neuf ans et qui est filleul de l'Impératrice; M. de Tres; M. Vermoulin; M. Evrard, neveu de celui que nous connaissons. La meilleure harmonie règne entre tout le monde, et je ne puis assez me louer du colonel Dufour. Il a pour moi les attentions les plus délicates. . . .'

'Août 1830: Thoune, mercredi.

'Ma chère Maman,—Les nouvelles ses succèdent ici avec rapidité, et ce qu'il y a d'extraordinaire tout le monde s'en réjouit. Nous sommes très-tranquilles dans notre petit coin tandis que plus loin on se bat pour les intérêts les plus chers. J'espère recevoir aujourd'hui une lettre de vous. Adieu, ma chère maman. Le drapeau tricolore flotte actuellement en France. Heureux ceux qui ont pu les premiers lui rendre son ancien éclat.'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

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It was in the midst of his military duties that the events of July 1830 became known to the young Prince, and in this letter to his mother we have the first indication of that political fervour which possessed him. But his intense interest in the momentous events that were happening in his native country did not move him from his duties at Thun. He watched and worked, and probably corresponded with his brother Napoleon, who was happily married to one of King Joseph's daughters, and was settled at Florence in attendance on his invalided father.

'My son Louis,' Hortense wrote a year or two later than the time of which we are treating, 'had exactly the same opinions and the same character as his brother. The Revolution of July found them—the elder in the midst of his industrial inventions, which, for want of better, were his occupation since his marriage; and the younger at the military school of Thun, where he was following the instruction in artillery and engineering. Both seemed to derive a new life from the events in Paris. Although separated, their sentiments were the same—bitter regret at not having fought with the Parisians, enthusiasm for their heroic conduct, and the legitimate hope of serving the France they loved so much.'[1]

Prince Louis remained at his duties till the camp broke up. In the autumn his mother wrote from Arenenberg, in a letter to one of her Paris correspondents: 'My son is still with the cadets at Thun, and

[1] 'Mon fils Louis avait absolument les mêmes sentiments et le même caractère que son frère. La révolution de juillet les trouva, l'aîné au milieu de ses inventions pour l'industrie, qui, faute de mieux, l'occupaient depuis son mariage; et le plus jeune à l'école militaire de Thoune, où il suivait les cours d'artillerie et du génie. Tous deux semblèrent renaître au bruit des événements de Paris. Quoique séparés, leurs impressions furent les mêmes — vifs regrets de n'avoir pas combattu avec les Parisiens, enthousiasme pour leur héroïque conduite et légitime espoir de servir cette France qu'ils chérissaient tant.'

executes reconnaissances in the mountains. These young men march from ten to twelve leagues a day. They have passed the night under tents at the foot of a glacier. I expect him in ten days.'

The complete mastery which Prince Louis obtained of the Swiss military system while a volunteer, is shown in the military parts of his 'Considérations politiques et militaires sur la Suisse,' a work that appeared almost immediately after his 'Rêveries politiques,' which was published in May 1832. His view is coloured strongly by that medium through which from first to last he surveyed the world, viz. the genius of his uncle.

'The actual military system,' he says, 'is vicious, for there is no unity whatever in the elements that compose it. Military affairs are confided to a commission that meets twice a year. It consists of officers who are elected every two or three years, so that they can hardly be masters of the exigencies of the administration; and the president of this commission is the president of the *Vorort* (cantonal council), who is not usually a military man. There is no general law fixing the age at which young men join the contingents, and the length of service varies according to the cantons. There are no acknowledged chiefs. If war were to break out, they would have to be appointed in haste, and they would be strangers to the troops they would have to command. From the majors of battalions to those who do duty as generals of brigade and division all have the title of colonel. The only element of the army is the battalion. It is only in war time that they are formed into brigades and divisions. All the officers to the grade of colonel are nominated by the cantonal authorities, and usually undergo no examination whatever. Education, therefore, is very neglected, and does not increase with the grades. The military regulations of the cantons are deficient in

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uniformity. The contingents meet every four or five years. In the present organisation the superfluous grades, the baggage, wagons, &c., are not properly simplified.

'The regulation forms battalions two deep. It seems to me that, especially for a poorly drilled army, this is not so good as three deep. The thin line offers less resistance, is more wavering, and requires more manœuvres to form square; it is less solid in attacking, and with two lines the advantage of repairing them from a third is lost. A battalion in double line has a broader front than it would have in threes, and is therefore more difficult to manœuvre in an uneven country like Switzerland. The lengthening of the line of battle, very far from being an advantage, may become an embarrassment. Until now (1833) each canton has had its own flag. The new Federal pact recognises only one henceforth. This is a great improvement, for in addition to the advantage of having one common rallying sign, should not the Swiss, if as at Nafels and at Sempach they all covered themselves with one laurel, have one emblem to cover the general victory?'

Swiss military reform was rife when Prince Louis wrote. He observes of the idea of forming a school of instruction for superior officers: 'This is a problem which I cannot solve, for the commission does not mean schools when the theories of the art of war may be profoundly studied. It is possible to watch over the education of the higher grades only by taking care of that of the lower grades. It would be as ridiculous to establish schools for colonels as it would be to have seminaries for bishops, for you must begin by granting that they have reached these functions without having the capacity necessary to fulfil them. Advancement goes by merit, courage, seniority; but it presupposes always an education obtained in the schools or in private. The simplest

way to have educated officers in Switzerland is to lay down the rule that nobody can become an officer without having undergone an examination. I shall return to this subject. As I have, unfortunately, not yet had the happiness of serving my country, I am without the experience which practice gives; but I shall rest my theories upon principles already established in different foreign countries, or on the examples furnished by our immortal campaigns, the reading of which has been the most agreeable of my occupations.

'The organisation which I propose will tend to facilitate the massing of the contingents, to inure the troops to fatigue, to simplify the administration, the military baggage, the useless grades, and the expenses in time of war, and to compel officers to acquire a certain degree of knowledge before receiving their commissions.

'And, in truth, power to endure fatigue, light war material, and skill in the commanders are the first necessities of a Swiss army; for it will be compelled to make up for lack of numbers by rapid marches, for the inferiority of its artillery and cavalry by manœuvres and the happy choice of positions.'

Further on Prince Louis concludes; 'The problem which Switzerland has to solve is, in the first place, to have an imposing force that can muster in the shortest possible time in case of attack; in the second place, to obtain disciplined troops without having permanent *cadres*; and in the third place, to establish a system that, while it will drill the people, will be economical. Therefore it seems to me that nothing could be better for Switzerland than to model her system on that of the Prussian Landwehr, for the Prussians have found the method of having the greatest number of soldiers at the smallest expense. But there will always be this difference: while in Prussia part of the Landwehr is composed

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of soldiers who have served three years in the regular army, the Swiss Landwehr will be army.'

Then the Prince insists on a central authority. There is no army without one will to govern it. A permanent staff should be appointed, to consist of a commander-in-chief, of a chief of the staff, an inspector of infantry, an inspector of cavalry, and an inspector of artillery and engineers. He describes his plan for calling out the army at the command of the landammann, the composition of the cantonal battalions, the appointment of officers by the Federal authorities exclusively, the formation of artillery adapted to the country, including the minutest details, and the division of Switzerland into seven military divisions, with a *corps d'armée* in each. The plan is supported with carefully prepared statistics, and shows, from beginning to end, the fruit of patient study pursued in the Swiss service.

Prince Louis felt where the main difficulty lay. To him it was the corner-stone of the building. He started from a central will—a permanent commander-in-chief; and he returns to its vital importance again and again. It is part of his creed. It is the belief in which he was born, and which his life and study had strengthened in him. He wonders how there can still be Switzers who do not see that their plan of having no army called out without the assent of the cantons is the infamous work of the Holy Alliance, who agree to a Swiss army provided it cannot be got ready in time of war.

'Alas!' Prince Louis exclaims, 'why in a free state does mistrust of one's neighbour always carry the day over fear of the foreigner? How are we to believe that because Switzerland appoints a general in time of peace, who receives no pay, whose influence cannot be great save in war time, is, if he be a genius, to become a danger to the liberty of the State in a time when his authority

depends on the Federal power?' The cantonal and communal jealousies are as rife now as they were forty years ago, when Prince Louis wrote, and the Federalists have only just carried that degree of centralisation necessary to solid power which he advocated when a volunteer of twenty-two in the ranks of their army.

In the closing pages of Prince Louis's pamphlet we see the points of view from which he watched the political convulsion that at length drew him from the peace of Arenenberg and the healthful exercise of Thun, into the vortex of the Italian revolution.

'In 1830,' he says, 'the Revolution of July, awakening national aspirations, awoke also the dread that the great Powers would stifle them. The Swiss like the rest understood all they had to fear from a foreign invasion, and they prepared to defend themselves. Among the patriots who clamoured loudly for energetic measures I shall cite with pleasure Colonel Dufour, an ex-lieutenant-colonel of engineers under the Empire, and a man of superior mark. The Diet called the staff of all the contingent together and gave full powers to the general-in-chief Guiger to intercept the roads leading to the frontiers.' Here follows a description of the defences of the Simplon, the mining of bridges, the planting of artillery, &c. 'In short, the most urgent measures were taken to show Europe that Helvetia was not asleep. In speaking of Switzerland from a military point of view my heart has often throbbed in thinking of the fine campaigns of Massena and Lecourbe. Indeed, what part of Europe can we traverse without finding traces of French glory? Do you pass over a bridge, its name tells you that our troops once carried it at the point of the bayonet. Are you crossing the Alps or the Apennines, the roads that smoothe these mountains have been made in the footsteps of our soldiers, who were the first to point the way. In

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short, the earth we tread under our feet from Moscow to the Pyramids has been the battle-field where the children of the Republic and the Empire have given a new lustre to the French name. And what is perhaps more glorious is, that when we find improvements in their codes, useful public works, enduring monuments, charitable institutions among foreign peoples, we know that it was the young battalions of the Republic who prepared the change by upsetting everything that had been in the way of it, and that it was the old cohorts of the Empire who laid the foundations of a new edifice, which the Revolution of July was destined to complete.

'And what has become of the relics of our great armies since 1815? Let me do them justice. Except some of the dignitaries of the Empire, they have shown themselves always and everywhere ardent in seconding any noble enterprise. In France their blood reddened the scaffolds of the Restoration. In Greece they helped the slave to win back his independence. In Italy they are the chiefs of that unfortunate youth which aspires to liberty. They have filled the prisons with their mutilated bodies. In fine, who in Poland were the chiefs of that heroic people? The soldiers of Napoleon. Everywhere are to be found the soldiers of the great man when the question is one of honour, of liberty, of country. In Switzerland, if Helvetian liberty were menaced, it would be Napoleon's soldiers who would fly the first to defend the frontier.

'I have passed rapidly in review the laws which govern Switzerland and her means of defence. I leave to others the duty of developing a subject that is so full of interest. I will only now congratulate the people who are self-governed, and who tend every day to make themselves worthier of liberty and of that great name of Republic, of which we have seen till now only such im-

perfect models. I will only give the Swiss the advice to remain the allies of France, because their interests as a civilised nation are in this alliance. If they were attacked, I do not doubt that they would know how to defend the country of William Tell. With an army better organised, with the help of their mountains they might maintain a long resistance. Does not the love of country and of liberty often make men invincible? If we succumb in the struggle is not the cypress as noble as the laurel?'

The work from which the foregoing extracts are made, although published only at the beginning of 1833, is the result of Prince Louis's notes of observation taken before the Revolution of July broke out, and when it was his utmost ambition to win his rank in the French army, or, this being denied him, to live, and study, and shoot, and cultivate his land on the shores of Lake Constance. The thoroughness of his review on political Switzerland is remarkable as the production of a young man, while his mastery of the military position of the Republic is evidence of the zeal and earnestness with which he entered upon his duties at Thun.

CHAPTER V.

JULY 1830.

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PRINCE LOUIS entered upon his manhood and began to think seriously for himself, at the most momentous, the most troubled, epoch of the present century. Steam was then just beginning to alter the aspect of the entire industrial world. The working-men looked upon every new engine as upon a fresh enemy. The effects of the first French Revolution had left deep traces still on the face of society—keeping the capitalist and the workman at a distance, and in an angry mood. Trade had never thoroughly revived. In France an immense multitude of small landed proprietors had been created by the scattering of the *noblesse*; but the skilled workmen through the first thirty years of the present century at least, were left to bear the brunt of the industrial changes which the introduction of steam and the rapid spread of labour-economising machinery brought about. Beneficial as these changes have undoubtedly been to the human race, it can no more be denied that they were accomplished at the expense of wide-spread suffering in the ranks of the army of industry, than that scores of ruined road-side inns still tell the tales of individual sorrow that were spread along every new line of railway.

The relations of masters and workmen in England were of the most unfriendly kind. We had riots and machine-breaking; we had, in short, evidence of that natural repugnance to a new power which for a time

lessened the value of a man's skill and muscle, and which to the short-sighted appeared likely to bring permanent misery upon the millions who lived by labour. The anger of the British wage classes found vent in political demonstrations that were met by prudent concessions. That which cost Charles X. his throne, cost our borough-mongers and aristocracy the Reform Bill. Later, when the feud between capital and labour became fiercer as the area of the distress widened, English capital and land found a safety valve in the repeal of the Corn Laws, while Louis Philippe could find no more recondite support than a cotton umbrella.

The French Government met the mighty difficulty which the change in the entire predicament of industrial production produced, by putting the remnants of the *noblesse*, the clergy, and the *bourgeoisie* at their backs. They stood at bay. After the peace of 1815 foreigners flocked to Paris, and the great shop-keepers throve apace. All who minister to the convenience, whims, and necessities of the rich were content under Charles X. From among the great bankers and merchants Ministers were picked. In short, a compact, rich, and thriving phalanx met the hungering artisan multitude, and in spite of all that the priests could preach from village pulpits to the peasant proprietors, and of the doughty front of the burgess National Guard, this glittering host, with the music of money accompanying every movement it made, was routed in a day.

It gathered again, with treachery in every fold of its banner, under Louis Philippe, and the Citizen King became only a middle-class sovereign, with a whole middle-class divided into two parties—the expectant and the ungrateful. The evil apparent under Charles X. assumed monstrous proportions under the Orleans Prince. Louis Philippe was the creature of a vain, greedy, and insolent

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middle-class, whom 130,000 civil offices would not satisfy, who monopolised nearly every office of State, and who at length restricted the entire electoral power of the country within their own circle.[1] And while they were pursuing this selfish policy the working population were suffering more bitterly than they had suffered in the worst years under the deposed sovereign. The King was worthy of his régime.

When Charles X. left Paris, the head of the House of Napoleon was an Austrian Prince under strict surveillance, sick unto death; and there was no Bonaparte at hand to give cohesion to the party. King Joseph's protest from across the Atlantic came too late. The Duke of Orleans, trembling the while, was made King by M. Lafitte, because he was the only possible compromise of a dangerous position, the only safeguard, in M. Thiers's own words, against 'a republic and its inevitable tempests.' He was a professing Liberal; he was ready to snatch the crown from the hands of his benefactors; in short, he was the thing whom writers like Thiers, Mignet, and Laréguy could dress up in constitutional clothes, and he could present a fair picture as a *bon père de famille*.[2] Even Béranger offered him his lute. The only use to which Louis Philippe would have put the strings was to tie the mouths of his money-bags. Alison, quoting Louis Blanc, says: 'He would gladly have declined the crown if he had been sure of retaining his estates. The most powerful argument for accepting it was, that only by doing so could he save his property.'

Yet Hortense and her sons watched the first movements of this revolutionary epoch with enthusiasm. Writing from Arenenberg (September 2, 1830) to a friend, Hortense says: 'You are anxious to hear news

[1] By 1834 the number of electors had been reduced to 200,000.

[2] When Louis Philippe was reproached as a Bourbon, M. Thiers replied that he was not a Bourbon; he was a Valois!

from me. Like you, I rejoice in the happiness of France. You must have seen that it was impossible to restrain the enthusiasm of my children, in spite of my desire that they should not appear at all. But they have been brought up to appreciate what is noble and grand: they are proud of their country, and would have been happy in serving her, and they are from twenty to twenty-five years of age.

'You know also how often this has been repeated to them, that the most elevated positions do not confer happiness, but that their country, friendships, and personal distinction should be the objects of their ambition. I think, then, with you that they might serve France, now that she is free, without offending any of their antecedents. It was not for us not to recognise the right of a people to choose their own sovereign. But I have just read a law that astonishes as much as it grieves me. What! at this time of enthusiasm and liberty should not France open her arms to all her children? to those who, for fifteen years, shared her degradation and sufferings? Instead of which, an act of proscription is renewed against a single family. What are their crimes? was it not the foreigner who drove them forth? Had they not served France? To fear this family is to confer upon them an honour which they reject. Their chief lives no longer. If he has conferred grandeur and glory which are definitively accepted, is all that belonged to him to be repulsed, and this instead of paying a sacred debt, by executing the treaty made with him on behalf of his family? No members of this family thought of returning yet to France. There are proprieties which the position forces them to respect, and without an invitation from the country they could not present themselves. But here they are, with their misfortunes, without protection, and the victims of all the vexations which the Governments are pleased to heap upon them.

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What can I say to my children—I who seek only to moderate their youth, and to keep alive in them the love of country and justice? I can only teach them that men are ingrates and egotists, but that they must still be loved, and that it is always sweeter to have to forgive them than to make them suffer. Adieu. You asked for news. You see that my feelings just now are painful. I was not thinking of going to Paris; far from it; I was preparing for my journey to Italy. But the sight of that law which banishes us for ever from France that we love so much, and where one hoped to die, has renewed all my sorrows. This proscription, decreed in unfortunate times, was no doubt sad; but it was the act of enemies. Renewed by those we held to be our friends, it strikes straight to the heart.

'HORTENSE.'

The members of Napoleon's family were not long in finding that the advent of Louis Philippe meant no alleviation of their exile, and that the ban which made the Duke of Reichstadt an exile would never be relaxed. Hortense was told through the Duchess of Baden, on the part of Louis Philippe, that she might return without her children. It is easy to conceive the scorn with which she met such a concession.

When Lafayette embraced the Duke of Orleans before the people in the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, 'the part of the people was played out, and the reign of the bourgeoisie had begun.'[1] And the people felt that it was played out. They had obtained only a few vague phrases; and before the provincial towns were settled into their normal dulness, and the workmen had returned to their workshops at the fraternal suggestion of their new governors, they

[1] Louis Blanc.

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saw that Louis Philippe had not brought with him a revival of trade. He was busy sending assurances of his Conservatism to foreign Courts. His brother sovereigns soon perceived that it was not he who would help Poland, or use his influence for the independence of Italy—and not later than August the Czar Nicholas had expressed himself content and at rest. Austria merely required of France respect for existing treaties, the maintenance of engagements, 'and especially (according to Capefigue) the suppression of that strange spirit of propagandism which the Revolutionary faction may spread over Europe by the hands of M. de Lafayette.' England asked, like the rest, only the faithful observance of the treaties of 1815. The workings of diplomacy appear only after, sometimes long after, the mischief they bring about has been consummated. Prince Louis at Thun, and Prince Napoleon, his brother, at Florence, caught echoes of the shouts of the exulting people. They saluted the tricolour flag as the emblem of the Revolution and of French glory, and imagined that all the romantic dreams of liberty which the renowned band of young journalists then in the ascendant described in glowing language, were coming to pass speedily. We have seen that Hortense found it difficult to restrain the ardour of her boys, and, at the same time, that she was not quite proof against it herself.

But as the autumn advanced, when the news of continued riots in the streets, of the trial of Charles X.'s Ministers, of the retreat of Guizot and the doctrinaires, of Odillon Barrot's attack on the Government as merely a continuance of the Restoration, and of the Belgian insurrection, travelled to Switzerland and Italy; many doubts and misgivings must have arisen in the minds of the watchful Princes. Still the action of the French Government towards the Belgians, who had separated themselves from Holland, and the support given to Belgian independence

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by England as soon as the Whigs entered office, were reassuring to the patriots who were busy in Italy—with the sympathising assistance of Hortense's sons. Later, when the movement party in France endeavoured to force the Government to forbid Russia to send her troops into Poland to quell the insurrection, the Italian patriots took heart; and the young Princes no doubt felt assured that the principles of non-intervention would be resolutely maintained by the Citizen King. They heard of the vigorous and daring action of the Republican party in Paris at the close of the year, and were convinced that Louis Philippe and his Ministers would be kept by the force of public opinion true to the spirit as well as to the letter of the charter, for the French Republicans knew that they had been duped in July; the working classes had reaped only misery, and Barrot had said openly that the monarchy of July should be based exclusively on the support of the middle—that is, of the trading classes. But the fall of Lafayette, and his refusal to serve a Government the policy of which abroad and at home he declared to be too Conservative, put an end to all rational hope in the loyalty of Louis Philippe to the people. The reactionary course was opened, and it went steadily forward year after year, amid conspiracies, and attempts upon the King's life, with nepotism and dishonesty in almost every department of the public service, until the people rose again, and showed Louis Philippe the road which Charles X. had travelled.

France under the monarchy of July was the political study that lay before Prince Louis when he first entered the world. He looked upon it hopefully, as promising a new and free national life to his country, and deliverance to Italy and to Poland. It was in this faith that he left Thun for Arenenberg in the autumn of 1830, to join his mother on her journey to Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ITALIAN INSURRECTION.

In October 1830 Queen Hortense, accompanied by Prince Louis, set out from Arenenberg, as was their wont, to pass the winter in Rome. The Queen, full of doubts and fears at the effervescence which the Revolution of July had produced in the youth of Italy, and especially of its effect upon her sons, determined to give no cause for suspicion that she or they formed part of any political combination, purposely avoided Milan, and travelled by the Tyrol to Venice, whence she passed through Bologna to Florence, to see her elder boy. Here she passed a happy fortnight with her two children, their father being for the moment in Rome. She found that young Napoleon had received communications from Paris pressing him, in the absence of the Duke of Reichstadt, to raise the standard of the Napoleons, and that he had refused from motives which did him honour. 'The people have chosen their sovereign,' he answered; 'shall I carry civil war into my country, when I would serve her at the cost of every drop of my blood?' His ardent temperament and his passionate love of liberty had been already severely tried, for—a stripling—he had been on the point of starting for the Grecian camp to help the patriots among whom Byron died. He was restrained only by the entreaties of his mother, who told him, in the first place, that his name might do harm to the cause by bringing the great Powers down upon it, and in the second place that it was his

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duty to remain in attendance on his sick father. Macaulay, dwelling on the death of Byron, observes: 'Our age has indeed been fruitful of warnings to the eminent and of consolations to the obscure. Two men have died within our recollection who, at a time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood, the other at Missolonghi.' Had the young Frenchman had his way, Byron might have died in the arms of a Napoleon!

Having set her mind at rest as to the intentions of her elder son, Hortense started for Rome with Prince Louis on November 15. Many writers have asserted that at this time the Bonaparte family, which was scattered over Italy, was in a common plot to thrust out the Austrian, depose the existing forms of government (undoubtedly bad and rotten in every respect), and raise an Italian empire or commonwealth, of which they would be the chiefs. We are told that there were secret meetings in Rome; that vast sums of money were drawn from the fabulous treasuries of the family; that Napoleon's brothers covertly fomented the ardour of their children, and stirred the embers of insurrection that were warming on all sides. But I confess that I have not been able to trace any substantial ground for the accusation. Both the sons of Queen Hortense were professed Republicans; both were young men of uncommon attainments and of tried courage, and the younger had already more than a subaltern's knowledge of the art of war.

Both were eager to distinguish themselves. Both profoundly venerated the name which they bore, and subordinated every movement of their minds to the government of the Napoleonic idea. But there is no evidence—at least I have not been able to obtain any—that they had

vast resources at their disposal at any time for the accomplishment of a political design. Prince Louis was no active plotter in Italian affairs when the Revolution of July broke out, since, as I have shown, he was at Thun, whence he wrote to his mother that they received the great news from day to day, and remained very tranquil in their little corner. But both deeply sympathised with the popular movement, and were the friends of the patriots. They helped the cause as lovers of freedom; but there is no evidence that they desired to erect a Bonapartist throne on the banks of the Tiber.

Count F. Arèse, now senator of the free kingdom of Italy and friend and adviser of Victor Emmanuel, and from 1831 till the Emperor Napoleon's death his intimate and beloved friend, who travelled with him in Switzerland, England, and America, gives this testimony from Rome, December 21, 1873:—

'I had indeed the honour of being often with him (the Emperor), when after the affairs of 1831, I was forced to leave my country and take refuge, first, in Switzerland. Before that time I know that the Prince, when sojourning in central Italy, worked with his brother at the same task that I, on my side, was pursuing in Lombardy; but not having been in communication with him then, I can give you only superficial information on that epoch. Many pamphlets have been written since on all those Italian insurrections, which unhappily failed, but which had the inestimable effect of preparing Italy for a better fate, and of keeping alive in her that confidence in ultimate success which made her worthy to succeed and capable of succeeding. If Napoleon III. had not effected so much for our deliverance, assuredly a grateful page should be written in our annals for all that the Prince had already done for us. It cannot be said that at this first period he was

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a Carbonaro; for the Prince always appeared to me strongly opposed to sects of all descriptions, even when their object was a generous one. But it may be said that he was one in his young days—for all were Carbonari who laboured to drive the Austrians and their representatives out of Italy. . . . The Prince never faltered in his sympathy towards this country, which he loved then, as he loved it on the throne, in spite of the difficulties with which it was surrounded. During all the time that our relations existed, I never saw him change his line of conduct, nor waver on the road that his heart and judgment told him to follow. Young and gallant, he refused none of the pleasures that are natural to youth and to a high social position; but, young and old, pleasure never drew him from the severe studies that he loved, nor from State affairs. In Switzerland, when enrolled among the Federal troops, he was one of General Dufour's best pupils in mathematics and artillery; while the different works he has published show that his studies were neither superficial nor circumscribed. . . . His temperament, and that singular confidence which he cherished in spite of all his disappointments that he would be called upon one day to play an important part, contributed not a little to make the Prince a studious, reflective, and taciturn man, as he was known in his youth as well as in his later years. His faith in his great uncle pointed out to him the path to follow; and, in spite of the misfortunes with which he was overwhelmed, it would be puerile and unjust to deny that after the miracles of the First Empire it is only under Napoleon III. that France recovered her force and her wealth, and order with liberty.

'Here, sir, are the recollections I can send you. I have drawn my appreciation of the Prince's character from my personal relations with him, and from an uninterrupted correspondence. . . . I hope these few words

will serve to give you an idea of the judgment I have formed of the personage who always honoured me with his confidence.'[1]

The life-long friendship which this ardent and illustrious Italian patriot bore towards Prince Louis, and the devotion with which he followed him through the trials of his days of exile, are irrefutable testimony of the belief in the purity of motive with which the nephews of Napoleon threw themselves into the struggle for Italian independence. But, we repeat, there is no evidence that the entire family was in a plot, in the winter which followed the Revolution of July, to play the part of the hero of Austerlitz over again in the Italian peninsula. Neither Louis nor his elder brother was the chief of the house, and both looked towards the sick young man at Vienna with reverential respect. They never ceased to hope that the day would come when he would be delivered out of his bondage, and they would be able to do homage to him as their sovereign. The romantic nature of Prince Louis led him to regard the King of Rome with an affection that yearned to show itself in acts. Among his papers is the following letter to the Duke of Reichstadt, written about 1830—probably before the Prince's departure from Arenenberg in the autumn of that year:—

'My dear Cousin,—We have been very anxious for some time past about your illness. I enquire in every quarter for news of your health, and the doubt in which I am left by indirect reports causes me the greatest anxiety.

'If you knew all the attachment we have for you, and the extent of our devotion to you, you would understand our grief in not having direct intercourse with one

[1] Letter addressed to the author.

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whom we have been taught to cherish as a kinsman and to honour as the son of the Emperor Napoleon.

'Ah! if the presence of one of your father's nephews could do you any good—if the care of a friend who bears your name could mitigate your sufferings a little—I should be too happy in having been able in some degree to be useful to one who is the object of my entire affection.

'I hope that the persons in whose hands my letter will fall before it reaches you will be compassionate enough to let the expression of an attachment to which you cannot be indifferent be communicated to you.'[1]

Another letter, addressed to the Baron de —— (probably the Austrian Minister in Switzerland), is attached to the foregoing. In it Prince Louis begs the Baron to forward his note to the Duke.

Arrived in Rome, Queen Hortense prepared to spend her winter in her customary fashion. But it was not to be. This winter was to prove the unhappiest of the poor Queen's life.

Rome was in a disturbed state. The death of Pius

[1] '(*Sans date.*)

'Mon cher Cousin,—Nous sommes bien tourmentés depuis quelque temps de votre maladie. Je m'adresse à tout le monde pour avoir des nouvelles de votre santé, et l'incertitude où me laissent des rapports indirects me cause la plus grande anxiété.

'Si vous connaissiez tout l'attachement que nous vous portons et jusqu'où va notre dévouement pour vous, vous concevriez notre douleur de ne pas avoir de relations directes avec celui que nous avons été élevés à chérir comme parent et à honorer comme fils de l'Empereur Napoléon.

'Ah! si la présence d'un neveu de votre père pouvait vous faire quelque bien, si les soins d'un ami qui porte le même nom que vous pouvaient soulager un peu vos souffrances, je serais trop heureux d'avoir pu en quelque chose être utile à celui qui est l'objet de toute mon affection.

'J'espère que les personnes auxquelles parviendra ma lettre avant vous seront assez compâtissantes pour vous faire parvenir l'expression d'un attachement qui ne peut pas vous être indifférent.'

In the possession of the Imperial family.

VIII. added to the effervescence among the Italian youth. Although Italian freedom had never any reason to expect anything from the House of Orleans, the Revolution in July and the installation of a constitutional King in Paris had fixed an idea in the heads of the patriots that the moment had come to strike. The arrival of Prince Louis in Rome gave umbrage to the authorities, particularly when it was made known to them that he had been seen riding about the city with tricolour adornments on his saddle. The governor of the city called upon Cardinal Fesch, and expressed the wish of the Government that his nephew should leave. The Cardinal angrily demanded reasons for such a request, and ended the interview by saying that since the Prince had done nothing with which he could be justly reproached, he should not leave the city. Hereupon King Jerome went off to Queen Hortense with the news, and then Hortense hastened to the Cardinal, saying her son should go, since the authorities had taken umbrage at his presence. Besides, his father was anxious that he should visit him at Florence. But the Cardinal was firm. The Prince had done no wrong, and he should remain. Hortense was thrown into a feverish anxiety. She felt convinced that there was a plot stirring in Rome, and that the conspirators looked to her son for help. 'How,' she exclaims, 'was I to protect him? This young man, repulsed like a peasant from European society on account of the too great power of his redoubtable name, what will he do in the midst of the advances that will be made to him and the dangers that lie thick about him?

'I was absorbed in these reflexions,' Hortense continues, 'when I passed the Pantheon. I stopped the carriage. Mademoiselle Masuyer, a young lady recently attached to my service, was with me, and she had never seen this temple. I wished to show it to her. I loved to

contemplate this fine monument, always the same for so many ages, although they had made a church of it. After having examined it in silence, I paused before a statue of the Virgin. All those ex-votos which surrounded it were ever to me a moving sight. Sorrow, fear, or gratitude first imagined these feeble offerings. They recall our miseries and our consolations. I went on my knees before the statue and all these emblems of hope and gratitude. I have only one prayer. I so much want it to be heard that I fear to desire more: "Let my children have health, oh, my God! and let me die before them." I had just finished my prayer when a woman who was praying near me rose and said to me plaintively: "Ah, madame, save my son!" I rose much moved. What! she was offering the same prayer, and I could be useful to her! I questioned her. Her son, eighteen years of age, was dying of fever. "I have no means to help him;—save my child!" The earnest way in which she repeated this seemed to make me responsible for her boy. I gave the help that was urgently required, and ordered her address to be taken.

'On my return home I sent for my son. We were talking, when the colonel of the Pope's guard was announced. Fifty men surrounded the palace; they had orders to conduct my son immediately to the frontiers. Nothing could be less civil; at the same time nothing could be more reassuring to my mind. I wanted to see him far away from the dangers which surrounded him. I could not be compromised by the roughness of the proceeding; I felt myself above any kind of rudeness. I was rather inclined to excuse old men beside themselves with terror who forgot what was due to an illustrious misfortune like ours. I made no opposition. All I wanted was to hear that he was safe with his father.

'As I was embracing him he asked to say a word to

me in private; and then he told me that a man with whom he used to fence formerly, pursued by the police, had thrown himself that very morning under his protection. He had shut him up in a room near his own. I promised to take care of him, and he departed.'[1]

This fugitive was an old officer of the army of Italy, and Fritz and the other faithful servants of the Queen carried his food to him and kept his secret most faithfully. Fritz still tells his stories of the excitement of the time; how, for instance, he was putting lights in the salon when an officer, followed by four gendarmes, came upstairs and demanded to speak with the Queen. It was then Prince Louis was taken away; but the Queen decided to have her weekly reception that evening just as though nothing had happened.

The sick child of the poor woman whom Hortense had met at the shrine of the Virgin turned out to be the son of an old soldier of the Empire, whom his father had christened Louis Napoleon. He recovered, and the Queen sent the mother and son to their family at Naples. 'They went away quite happy,' she notes, 'while I remained behind trembling.'

The condition of Italy was becoming day by day more alarming. Queen Hortense was frightened by the frantic cries of the patriots, 'Long live Louis Philippe, the representative of the independence of the nations!' They believed that the new King was ready for a crusade against the oppressed; that he would deliver Poland out of bondage, and drive the Austrian from Italian soil. But he and his banker Ministers had more than enough on hand at home, and they were by no means weeping over the wrongs of the oppressed abroad. Nor was Eng-

[1] *La Reine Hortense en Italie, en France et en Angleterre pendant l'Année* 1831: *fragments de ses Mémoires inédits, écrits par elle-même.* 1833.

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land enthusiastic on the subject. Lord Granville was instructed by Lord Palmerston to say that it would be well to give the Revolutionists in the Romagna 'a little share of constitutional liberty,' but not the least risk was to be incurred, nor would it be prudent for France to incur the danger of a break with Austria.[1]

In the presence of the excitement which Hortense saw growing around her, the fever of which she feared her sons would catch, she wrote to them her opinions and her advice :—

'The Italians may no doubt in a moment of excitement shake off a burden that oppresses them, but I don't believe they have the means of contending alone and for long against the efforts which are directed against them. They did not know the good that was done to them when they were regenerated under the Emperor. The enlightened class understand it now and regret it; but if it is the enlightened class that directs a movement, it is the people alone who support it. In Lombardy the people feel themselves perhaps humiliated, but they are not miserable; in Rome they are proud and headstrong, but after a movement that had drawn down the foreigner they might give up their chiefs and fall back under the influence of the priests. The Austrians hold themselves ready to repress any movement in Italy; they have already considerable forces on both banks of the Po.

[1] 'Foreign Office, March 1, 1831.

'My dear Granville,—Cowley's * statement that Austria does not mean to meddle with the Pope's territory is satisfactory and relieving. We are all too busy with Reform to make it possible to give you any instructions about Italy, and I have not yet taken the opinion of the Cabinet; but I should myself say to France that it would not be worth her while to risk involving all Europe in war for the sake of protecting the Revolutionists in Romagna. If we could by negotiation obtain for them a little share of constitutional liberty, so much the better; but we are all interested in maintaining peace, and no one more than Louis Philippe. . . .' —Bulwer's *Life of Lord Palmerston.*

* Ambassador at Vienna.

Ferrara has a strong garrison. Piedmont, which holds to France, and which might be the first to rise, since it might hope for immediate support and a refuge—Piedmont is divided; the army, led by young nobles, desires the legitimate monarchy in the Prince of Carignan. Naples is hoping for something at the hands of her new sovereign, and this hope will make her undetermined to attempt anything just now. In the hope of non-intervention, Romagna alone is preparing to raise the standard of revolt; and is it common sense to think that so small a part of an empire can withstand superior forces? It is a chimera!

'The young men who are being tempted to head such an enterprise have only one course to adopt, and that is to calm the excitement by all possible means. Short-sighted people can neither foresee nor judge. You must beware of their alluring suggestions. They have nothing to lose, nothing to mind, and they see with their imagination. The man who allows himself to be carried away by the argument of the first-comer, who does not use his own judgment, will be mediocre all his life. There are magical names that may exercise a great influence over the events which are in preparation: these should appear in revolutions only to re-establish order, by giving security to nations and counterbalancing the exclusive power of kings. Their part, then, is to wait with patience. If they foment troubles, they will experience the fate of adventurers who have been used, and who are deserted or given up after the first accident.'

This advice, despatched to the Princes at Florence on January 8, 1831, is not the language of one in a conspiracy to make Italy a Bonapartist empire, but rather that of a prudent and timid parent. 'Italy,' Hortense continues, 'can do nothing without France, and she must wait patiently until France has put her own affairs in

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order. The least imprudence will be harmful to both causes, for a resort to arms that remains without result destroys for a long time the strength and the leading spirits of a party, to raise others at its expense. He who fails is despised.'

To this counsel the Princes answered that they had read their mother's letter with the greatest attention, and that they approved it. This tranquillised her mind, and she remained at ease about her boys when she heard that the Romagna, Modena, and Piacenza had risen. But her tranquillity was of short duration.

Menotti, one of the chiefs of the insurrectionary movement, went to Florence, when all was ripe for action, and sought out the two young Princes. He laid before them the cruel state of down-trodden Italy—how hopeless it was to expect better days from her present rulers—and at the same time he assured them that the time had come to strike a mighty blow for freedom. His practised tongue and his genuine enthusiasm captivated their judgment through their imagination. When he appealed to the glorious name they bore, and added that it would be the rallying-point of the patriots from one end of Italy to the other, they were won.[1]

Meanwhile Queen Hortense remained at Rome, agitated by the political storm, but thankful that her children were not in it. She says, in spite of the fear caused by the rising and the progress which the revolt was making, they were dancing every day in Rome. The Pope[2] had been elected. He was a brave, pious, in-

[1] Menotti, originally in the service of the Duke of Modena, engaged in the patriotic cause at first with the sanction of his master, who was ready to head it; but the patriots mistrusted an Austrian prince, and with reason. He feigned to support that he might betray them. Menotti saved his life; but when he re-entered his states at the head of the Austrian troops he ordered Menotti to be executed.

[1] Gregory XVI.

dulgent man, but a stranger to the passions that agitate the world: and he was about to find himself at war with them. The fêtes of his installation took place as usual, and the strangers joined with the Romans in the pleasures of the carnival. Queen Hortense enjoyed the carnival also. Her palace windows, looking on the Corso, were tricked out with lively colours, and were full of company. In the midst of the gaiety, and while she was at table with her friends, the insurrection broke out, and all the French in Rome rushed to her hotel. She had still the refugee whom her son Prince Louis had left her hidden in her rooms. Her lady's maid implored her to save another young man who had been severely wounded and who was the son of an old French soldier; and she consented. Next a young Belgian savant came to her with a project for a new Roman Constitution, that was to put an end to the insurrection in the Romagna, now daily approaching Rome, to the abject terror of the cardinals. He was turned out of the Eternal City for his trouble. Next came letters from the Princes imploring their mother to leave Rome, and announcing that they should at once start to meet her. She left at night, with Prince Louis's friend on the coach-box, and under all kinds of romantic circumstances, not unaccompanied with serious dangers. After a hazardous journey she reached Florence. Her sons had not ridden forward, as usual, to meet her on the road. Where could they be?

On her arrival at her hotel, a servant of Prince Louis was in waiting to present her the following letter:—

'Your affection will understand us. We have accepted engagements, and we cannot depart from them. The name we bear obliges us to help a suffering people that calls upon us. Arrange so that I may seem, in the eyes of my sister-in-law, to have carried off her husband, who suffers at the idea that he has hidden one action of his

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life from her.' Poor wife and poor mother; they had seen the last of young Napoleon. And Louis had gone, leaving behind him a generous thought of self-sacrifice to shield his brother. The Queen sat up through the night writing letters to the Princes, which the officer who was to join them and her devoted attendant M. de Bressieux, were to carry to them. She implored them to return, if they could, with honour. On the following morning King Louis, in great trepidation, paid his wife a visit. He could not understand how his sons, who were usually so docile and so absolutely obedient to his wishes, had been lured away from their filial duty. It was incomprehensible to him that they should take any step whatever without his permission. He sent courier after courier in pursuit of them. Then he despatched a professor, who was an intimate friend, to reason with them. But he only returned to tell the distressed parents that their sons had resolved upon action; that they were organising a line of defence from Foligno to Civita Castellana; that all the youth of the country recognised them as their chiefs; and that, although poorly armed, they were preparing to take Civita Castellana, and to deliver the prisoners who had been lying there in dungeons for eight years. Between Civita Castellana and Rome there were no obstacles.

King Louis was stupefied with grief. He implored his wife to go and snatch their children from the midst of the insurgents; he went to the Austrian Ambassador and requested him to send to the outposts and demand the return of the Princes. Hortense did not lose her reason in her grief. In order to quiet her husband she agreed to travel to the frontiers of Tuscany, and thence to write to her sons to meet her. Her discretion was no doubt the ultimate salvation of Prince Louis. Had she gone in direct pursuit of them she would have been ac-

cused, as he said, of carrying 'millions' to them, and would therefore have been powerless when the time for intercession came after the catastrophe—which she foresaw. Even her consent to repair to the frontier was of no avail; for when she requested her passports, Prince Corsini, brother of the Tuscan Minister, waited upon her to point out the inconveniences her journey might occasion. When she explained that she was obeying her husband's desire to have back her children, the wily Tuscan entered so ardently into her views that he suggested she should pretend to fall ill. Her danger would certainly bring her sons to her side, and then a troop of Tuscan cavalry would be at hand to surround them and bring them back by force. It is needless to say that Hortense declined to play this unworthy part, and preferred to await the result of events in Florence.

Here, in anguish, she watched the progress of the fight. King Louis tormented her daily with impracticable propositions. General Armandi, one of the insurgent chiefs, had been governor to her son Napoleon, and she wrote to him imploring him to make the rash young men desist. King Louis refused to send his sons either horses or money. From Rome Cardinal Fesch and King Jerome commanded them to leave the Revolutionary army. Letters were sent to the Provisional Government of Bologna to say that the presence of the Bonaparte Princes was doing injury to the cause. In short, from all sides attempts were made to induce them to abandon the insurrection; but in vain.

Within the circle of the Revolutionary forces there was the utmost enthusiasm, but there was treason also. There was nothing to impede their march on Rome; and M. de Stoelting was sent out from the city to parley with young Prince Napoleon, and ask him to set forth the pretensions of the insurgents. The Pope saw that in a few days he might be a prisoner in the Vatican; but he had only to

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gain time, and the Austrians would be up. The Revolutionary Committee of Terni, in compliance with M. de Stoelting's crafty request, drew up a memorandum of the desires of the people and the wants of the country; at the same time M. de Stoelting was charged by the unsuspecting Princes to represent to the Pope that all their efforts were directed to the settlement of matters on a conciliatory basis. M. de Stoelting was impressed, he said, by the noble and disinterested attitude of the Princes, and he took an opportunity of conveying his impression to their parents.

In truth, they had worked hard, and with circumspection. Prince Louis had been of the most valuable service; for he was a practical soldier, and he had studied the art of war beyond his age. It was he who planned and carried out the *coup de main* on Civita Castellana; and it is recorded that an old Papal officer, who had once given the Prince lessons in military tactics, said to his suite, watching operations from a distance: 'Do you see with what skill the young man takes his measures? He has the ease of an old captain.' But the steps which had been taken on all sides against them, the treachery which encompassed them, and the advance of the Austrians at length compelled them to yield their places as chiefs. They had been persuaded that their position as leaders was a hindrance to the national cause, and might be a fresh danger to the patriots in the case of failure. Foiled by intrigue as commanders, they insisted upon fighting as simple volunteers.

On March 3 General Armandi wrote to Queen Hortense that the Princes were with him, in good health, at Monsanvito. 'They have made a painful sacrifice,' said the General, 'which demanded mature reason and moral courage. It is that they may not harm the interests of this unhappy Italy, that they must not serve her openly. . . . Be prouder, madame, than you already were to have

such children. All their behaviour in this business has been a chain of noble and generous sentiments worthy of their name, and history will not forget it. The day will come when virtue will be called virtue, and not all the diplomacy in the world will be able to change it. They leave to-day for Bologna. I follow to-morrow. They propose to stay there some time; but if umbrage should be taken at this, they will retire to their cousin's at Ravenna.'

But here began their trials. As soon as it was known that the Bonaparte Princes had left the Revolutionary army, they were no longer feared, and the Governments became severe towards them. The Tuscan authorities informed King Louis that the Princes would not be permitted to enter Tuscany. The Austrian Minister intimated that they would not be allowed to dwell in Switzerland. Both King Jerome and Cardinal Fesch wrote from Rome that if they were taken by the Austrians they would be lost. In this dilemma the distracted Hortense resolved to carry them off to Turkey by way of Ancona and Corfu. But even this flight was cut off. An Austrian flotilla appeared in the Adriatic.

It was then that this intrepid woman resolved to take the route which none would suspect that she or they would dare to take—through Paris to England. An English gentleman whom she had known for some years obtained a British passport for an English lady travelling with her two sons through Paris to England, on the condition that his step should be made known to his Government on her arrival.

With this passport Hortense set out on March 10, first to find her sons, and then to save them from the Austrians. She was accompanied by one female companion, the faithful Fritz, and two valets; and it was not without much art and the favour of darkness, and the bustle of a departing diligence at the gate of the city, that she escaped the vigilant eyes of the police at the gate.

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT FROM FLORENCE TO PARIS.

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QUEEN HORTENSE had laid down her plan with all the care of a prudent general. The Austrians had entered the Papal territory on the day of her departure from Florence. She chose Foligno as being at the branching of the Forli and Ancona roads, where she would be certain to obtain news of the direction in which the Italians were retreating.

When she entered the territory of the insurgents, she was surprised to find the population making holiday. The peasantry, decorated with tricolour cockades and ribands, were rejoicing in the beautiful spring weather. At Perugia the town was in festival attire. Here the Count Pepoli and other notable patriots came to see her. The Count was in search of ammunition for General Sercognani's little army. They were all confident of triumph, putting their faith in the non-intervention which the French papers did not cease to promise, but for which Louis Philippe would not have risked an acre of his broad lands. The General Sercognani joined the group presently, and described the ardour of his young troops, and at the same time the utter absence of war material.

Hortense saw in all this retreat and disaster, and begged them to fall back towards the Mediterranean, where French vessels might enable them to effect their escape, if France would not assist. The patriots appear

to have been struck with the strategy laid down by the Queen, and this amused her even in her distress. She was able to communicate with her children; but they could not get to her, although they were condemned by the course of political events to inactivity. Their name would destroy the chances of non-intervention. So the traitors said—when the Austrian was actually marching.

Hortense remained for some days at an inn—in the room which her sons had lately occupied—receiving frequent intelligence from General Sercognani, and listening to the patriots who guarded the gates of the city. One day Count Campello de Spoleto paid her a visit, to tell her that her sons were lodged with him. He gave her a long and enthusiastic detail of their deeds, which she has proudly recorded. Napoleon had routed a troop of Papal soldiers and robbers who had been sent to retake the towns of Terni and Spoleto, and had returned to Terni in triumph with his prisoners. Louis had disposed everything for the assault of Civita Castellana, and was confident of success. The General added that when orders came from Bologna for him to take the command he was pleased, for he was sorry to see two young lives so rashly exposed.

Seven days after the departure of Hortense from Florence she was pacing her smoke-begrimed room in the inn at Perugia, dreaming of the great events that had happened to the Bonaparte family in March, among these being the return from Elba and the birth of the King of Rome. And she was there, desolate and miserable! Suddenly, she relates, she took a pencil from her pocket, and among the many names and inscriptions upon the soiled wall of her chamber she wrote: 'Who could have told me, twenty years ago, that I should be here to-day?—and in such a position!' She added the date of the hour. She

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exclaims: 'What a date! and what an hour! At that instant I lost a son.'

Messengers who had seen her sons had told her that they were well; only Napoleon coughed frequently. She heard also that measles were rife in their neighbourhood. Uneasy at this, she pushed forward to Ancona. On the road she met a calèche, that stopped at her approach. Fritz in his own way describes the scene of which he was an eye-witness.

A gentleman alighted hastily from the calèche; and the Queen, instinctively feeling that something had befallen the Princes, rushed towards him. He was on his way to tell her that Prince Napoleon was ill. She guessed that it was the measles. The messenger looked very grave: admitted that the Prince was very ill indeed and desired to see her. The poor Queen rushed back to her carriage, and gave orders that all haste should be made. But the shock was too much for her, and she became delirious, and only from time to time, as the carriage approached Pesaro, did she recover consciousness. The peasants at the places where the carriage stopped shook their heads and said: 'Napoleon is dead.' Once she heard this, but would not believe it.

At last she was carried insensible into her nephew's palace at Pesaro, and laid upon a bed. Hither Prince Louis came, and threw himself upon her bosom, and told her that his brother had died in his arms. He was himself very ill. Accompanied by the whole population of Forli, he had followed his brother to the grave, on the eve of the occupation of the town by the Austrians.

Queen Hortense gathered strength out of the very depth of her misfortunes. The prefect of Pesaro had waited upon her to tell her that the Austrians were advancing, and that sails—probably of troop-ships—had been seen in the Adriatic. Her retreat might be cut off, and

Prince Louis might fall into the hands of the enemy. There was not a moment to lose. Hortense ordered her servants to carry her to her carriage, and with her sick son she set out at once for Ancona. The palace of Hortense's nephew, where they alighted, was on the sea; the waves danced against its walls. From the windows the fugitives could survey the little fleet of wretched boats that might offer their only hope of escape, for the town had made no preparation for defence. The Austrians were advancing rapidly from point to point, and if they arrived at Foligno before Hortense and her son their retreat would be cut off. To add to the terrors of the predicament, it was made known that Prince Louis, General Zucchi (who had served under Prince Eugene), and the Modenese, were excepted from the general amnesty proclaimed by the Austrians on entering the Papal territory. Foreigners who had taken part in the insurrection were to be captured and left to the course of the law. Hortense, although so ill that she could not walk a step, was roused thoroughly by the imminence of the danger. It will be remembered that her English passport was for a lady travelling with her two sons. One was lying in his grave at Forli: she must find a substitute for him to avoid suspicion on the road, where she expected rigorous treatment from the authorities. Fortunately for both parties the Marquis Zappi was at hand, bearer of despatches from the Revolutionary Government of Bologna to Paris. Queen Hortense offered him the place of her lost son, if he would submit to her without questions, for she kept her plans in her own bosom.

All the arrangements, even to the English liveries, were made. A bed had been contrived in the calèche for the sick Queen, who could not stand, when the condition of Prince Louis became suddenly alarming. He had borne up, had refused to be considered ill, had hidden every

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symptom, in order to support and help his mother; but from the time of his arrival at Pesaro he had been dangerously ill. He was now ordered to bed by the doctor, who promised that twenty-four hours' rest might enable him to risk the journey. He was in a high fever. On the morrow it was clear that he had the disease which had been fatal to his brother. In this dilemma Hortense proved the fertility of her resources.

She had servants—Fritz at the head of them—on whom she could count, and wherever she went she appeared to inspire devotion in those to whom she appealed. So true is it that in no danger was she or her son ever betrayed. Having obtained a passport for Prince Louis, signed by all the authorities, she had his place engaged in a packet about to start, and went through all the preparations for his departure. Her servants moved incessantly to and from the boat, bearing luggage and making minute enquiries. Meantime the Prince was hidden in a cabinet beyond his mother's room, in the delirium of fever. In the evening of the day on which Prince Louis's malady kept him to his bed the packet sailed, and everybody in Ancona believed that he left in it for Corfu.

The anxious and perilous time spent by the Queen at her son's bedside, when she had strength to sit there, was broken by a series of incidents that appeared to increase the danger. King Louis sent messengers for news, and she was compelled to answer that Louis was safe at Corfu. General Armandi sought her out and told her that France had betrayed the Italian patriots, and had permitted the armed intervention of the Austrians. It only remained now to save the valiant young men who, relying on the Citizen King, had compromised themselves, and in their first successes had restored thousands of people to liberty. It was difficult to make them put down their arms. They valiantly resisted

the invader at Rimini. But superior numbers, discipline, ammunition—all that was wanting in the patriot camp—dispersed the little army at length; and the débris fell back in confusion upon Ancona. At the gates they were met by the intimation that the city had been given back to the Papal authorities. This news aggravated the condition of Prince Louis. He wanted to be with the battalions that still rashly talked of resistance, but he could not move. His distress was a new source of anxiety to the Queen; but the trouble was appeased when they knew that the city had let crowds of the fugitives pass through its gates to the port, to sail beyond the reach of the Austrians.

Ancona, having returned to the Papal allegiance, entreated the Austrians not to advance. But they came as conquerors, and on the eve of their appearance there was still a crowd of fugitives in the port. They were on the point of falling into the enemies' hands. Only two small ships remained in the harbour, and the owners of these had so raised the fares that the poor fellows could not pay their passage. Hortense, hearing this, helped them on their way with some money which her nephew's steward happened to have received as the produce of the sale of some of her property, and in the same way assisted others to escape by the mountains.

When all were fairly out of danger Hortense sat quietly at Prince Louis's bedside, and heard that the vanguard of the Austrian army had entered the city. Presently she was informed that the palace in which she was had been chosen as the residence of their commander-in-chief and his staff. All the reception rooms were at once abandoned, and Hortense restricted herself to two or three little rooms. The Austrian officer demanded her chamber, but when the steward's wife told the chief of the staff the name of the sick lady who was in those

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which had not been given up, he bowed and gave up the point. He happened to be the officer who had protected Hortense against the fury of the populace at Dijon. Surrounded by Austrians, who, persuaded that Prince Louis had long ago reached Corfu, showed every kind of attention to the Queen, she lived in the greatest trepidation. Only a double door separated Prince Louis's room from that of the Austrian commander-in-chief. Every time the invalid coughed or spoke his nurse trembled lest the officers should recognise a man's voice. So extensive and minute were the Queen's precautions that she made her son write to his father at Florence that he had arrived at Corfu and was on his way to England.

Eight days were passed in this manner, during which various plans were formed for getting the invalid out of the palace. Queen Hortense received the commander-in-chief, and spoke to him of her approaching departure, and her intention of embarking at Leghorn, to join her son at Malta and travel with him to England. The general was courteous. He gave the Queen a pass through the Austrian lines; and she announced that she would leave at seven o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, in order to hear Mass at Loreto by the way.

At four in the morning Prince Louis dressed himself in the livery of one of Hortense's lacqueys, who was to feign illness and remain behind; while the young Zappi, who had lain in hiding with a friend, was to put on another livery. At the dawn of day the party passed out of the palace through ranks of sleeping Austrians. The guard quietly watched their departure. Prince Louis sat on the box of his mother's calèche, and Zappi in the middle of the second vehicle. In this order they passed through the gates of the city, after their passports had been examined, without awakening the least suspicion. But their dangers were only beginning. They were

known all over the country they had to traverse, and they had to fear the indiscretion of friends as well as the malignity of enemies. At Macerata a person recognised the Prince, but remained silent. At Tolentino an Italian pointed out the Prince to the commander of the Austrian troops, who replied that the lady's passports were in perfect order, and he was not there to arrest people. At last the advanced posts of the Austrians were passed, and the party halted for a few hours in a miserable village. Then they passed through Foligno and Perugia, and halted at a village near the frontiers of Tuscany. All this time, it should be observed, two of the servants, one of whom was Fritz (who describes graphically the awkwardness of the situation), were in the dress and position of the Queen Hortense's sons. Tuscany was the most dangerous of the Italian territories, for the Princes were known there universally. So they crossed the frontier at two o'clock in the morning. But their ruse nearly brought disaster upon them. The commissioner of police was in bed a league away, and had left orders that nobody should pass the barrier in his absence. This threw the party into a state of extreme trepidation, for the Prince had been recognised at the last post. At length Hortense determined to send her courier to the commissioner, who granted his signature after having been solemnly assured that Prince Louis was not of the party. But the peril was not at an end, for at Camoscia the party were to leave the high road and go by short stages along by-roads to Sienna. But at Camoscia there were no post-horses, and it was pretty clear that when the commissioner who admitted them within the frontier should arrive at his post in the morning he would learn that Prince Louis was of the party, and would do his utmost to capture him. They were afraid to enter the inn, for it was full of refugees on their way to Corsica, and these might be indiscreet enough to

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recognise the Prince. The Queen waited in her carriage. This rest was not, however, open to Prince Louis, although he was suffering acute pain. He was still in the disguise of one of his mother's servants, and must act the part. So he lay down upon a stone bench in the open street, and slept through sheer exhaustion. At last, after time had been given to the horses which had conveyed the party to Camoscia to rest, they pushed forward to a village where it was expected the peasants would be able to furnish relays.

By nightfall the fugitives reached a quiet little town in the valley of Chiana, where they ventured to take a night's rest. 'Without that night's sleep,' says the Queen, 'I should have died.' They were now in comparative safety. They had frequently changed drivers, and were now among people who had not the least idea of their name or consequence. But the incognito could not be maintained. Queen Hortense was known at Sienna, and she adopted the bold course of passing through the city openly in the day-time; but the same course was not prudent for Prince Louis. He left the party just as the gates of the town were reached, and while the passports were being examined, agreeing to rejoin the party at a certain safe point. This was fortunate, for the passport and posting offices were besieged with travelling English, many of whom knew the Queen. There was a delay again for want of horses, and it was only by dint of persuasion and plentiful bribery that the postillions were induced to travel another post, on condition that their horses should have a two hours' rest. But rest in Sienna was out of the question; so they repaired to a road-side inn outside the town, having picked up Prince Louis, after an exciting search for him, by the way. Every possible accident befell the travellers. While they were waiting outside the inn at Sienna, Hortense, who was

recommending M. Zappi to keep his face hidden from the passers-by, saw that it was covered with a rash. He had the measles and was in a high fever. It was dangerous for him to proceed, but he could not be persuaded to stay. The only alternative was to cover him up in blankets and put him in the carriage with the servants.

At five o'clock on the following morning the Queen and Prince were safe at Pisa. By this time Prince Louis and M. Zappi had changed their clothes, and, as Fritz expressed it, 'the servants had ceased to be masters.' The English passport was adopted. Queen Hortense was from this point an English lady travelling with her two sons. Even in these assumed characters troubles were thick on their paths. At Lucca the landlord of the hotel recognised the courier, whom he had seen at Rome in the service of the Queen; moreover, he had danced at a ball with the lady's maid. In short, it was impossible to stop at Lucca, and while M. Zappi remained behind to sleep for a few hours, Queen Hortense and Prince Louis pushed forward to the next station, agreeing to wait for him there. At this station they obtained a little rest and quiet. They heard the good people lamenting the fate of Prince Napoleon, for he had been very active hereabouts. He had built a paper-mill and worked marble quarries, and from these delightful regions Hortense remembered he had written to her some of his happiest letters. The mother and brother lingered on the scene, and could hardly be torn from it. Here for the first time they talked about their loss.

Queen Hortense has described the scene:—'Supported by my son, I walked to the sweet valley of Sevarezza, for it was full of tender recollections. The noble trees, the mountains of marble, the torrents, the sea in the distance, and the sky overhead and the soft air, made it a soothing

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place to people stricken with grief. Wishing to get as far as the town of Seravezza, I had walked on without complaining of fatigue, when I suddenly felt that I could go no farther, nor had I the strength to return to our inn. I sat against a tree, and my son hastened to a peasant's house, and returned with a *calessina* (a kind of one-horse cart), driven by a young man. We found that we were so near Seravezza that I yielded to my son's desire to visit the paper-mill built by his brother. We were shown over it and over the foundations of the house he was building, our guide telling us in undertones that the proprietor was dead, that he was deeply regretted, that he was so good to the poor. Fearing to do harm to him even then, he never said that he had been with the insurgents, but strove to put aside the rumours that had been current on the subject and to rehabilitate him in our eyes. He was far from guessing the reason of the emotion his story raised in us.

'Night was approaching: it was time to return. When we approached the house where we had hired the little cart, a young woman, who was enceinte and carrying a child in her arms, stopped us and implored us to give up her *calessina*. My son refused, but gave her some more money, and we continued on our way. The woman looked after us with such a distressful face that I asked our driver why she was so anxious to have her vehicle back. He told us that her husband gave her no money to clothe her children, and that when he was away at work she took the opportunity of letting the *calessina*; but now she was expecting him home, and if he found the vehicle out he would beat her. The husband would return by the road we were following. We could not possibly risk being the cause of the woman's ill-treatment; so we alighted, and I managed, although fainting from fatigue, to finish our little journey on foot.'

They found their attendants and M. Zappi waiting for them in the greatest anxiety. The jeweller of the Court of Florence had just put up at the little inn, and he would recognise them at once if he saw them. They hurried by, and let the carriages overtake them. Then they proceeded rapidly through a dependency of the Duchy of Modena, where they had to fear the Duke's vigilant police. But their English passport protected them, although Prince Louis was the only member of the party who could speak English, and he spoke it then with a French accent. They remembered that the time had been when a French passport gave ample protection and consideration to the traveller in every part of Europe.

They traversed Massa at the moment the Duke was expected, and arrived at Genoa, where the British Consul gave his visa to their passports without any trouble. At length, after having been recognised fifty times, but never betrayed, the fugitives entered France by way of Antibes. They had reached territory from which they were proscribed on pain of death; but they were in their native country once again, after fifteen years of exile, and they slept happily that night at Cannes.

Queen Hortense has declared that in her passage through France on her way to London she and her son Louis did all in their power to avoid even their best-known friends; and that they were anxious not to permit rash partisans to risk manifestations that could end only in disaster. Their resolution was to travel straight to Paris, to make known their presence to the King, and then to ask him to enable them to return home to Arenenberg. Queen Hortense had every right to expect generous conduct from Louis Philippe. During the Empire she had obtained pensions for his mother and his aunt, with permission to reside in France. The letters of thanks, addressed by the Duchess of Orleans and the

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Duchess of Bourbon, to the Queen exist. Louis Philippe had charged the Grand Duchess of Baden to say that Queen Hortense might always rely on his good offices. The travellers, therefore, advanced confidently towards Paris. They had heard that the King venerated the genius of Napoleon, and was raising the statue of the Petit Caporal to the summit of the Vendôme Column. He could not be harsh towards his unfortunate family.

Hortense in her Memoirs relates how joyfully she noticed that Prince Louis, as he travelled through France, appeared to throw off the silent melancholy that had fallen upon him since his brother's death. 'When we stopped anywhere,' she writes, 'he would go for a walk in the streets, enter the cafés, gossip with the people whom he met, and then returned and related all that had happened to him. In some places, finding that he had come from Italy, he was asked about the death of young Napoleon, the questioners little imagining whom they were addressing. But it was when we passed through a garrison town that he hastened to examine the soldiers and equipments most minutely.

'One morning he came to me and showed me a letter he had written to the King of the French. I read it. It was good, but I did not approve the step. My children, treated without respect, humiliated constantly by all Governments—even by those which owed everything to them—still gave France all their affection. Their eyes constantly fixed upon her, occupied incessantly in studying the institutions that could make her happy and free, they knew that the people only were their friends. The hatred of the great had taught them this. It was a duty, then, to resign themselves to the choice of the French people; but to devote themselves to France was a passion. My son, electrified by the sight of the country he loved so much, had only one desire—to remain in it, to serve it even

as a simple soldier. This was the object of his letter. The letter ran thus, after the excision of some strong expressions about Austria, by the advice of M. Casimir Périer :—

'*To King Louis Philippe.*

'Sire,—I venture to address myself to your Majesty, as the representative of the Great Nation, to ask you a favour, which is the sole object of my ambition. I pray you, Sire, to open the gates of France to me, and to allow me to serve as a simple soldier. I could console myself for absence from my country when, in an unfortunate land, liberty called me under her standards; but now that courage has been compelled to yield to numbers, I have found myself obliged to fly from Italy. Nearly all the States of Europe are closed upon me. France is the only one where it would not be reproached to me as a crime that I had embraced the sacred cause of a people's independence; but a cruel law banishes me. Separated from my family, inconsolable for the loss of my brother, who died in Romagna after having given so many proofs of his love of liberty, life would be insupportable to me if I did not continue to hope that your Majesty will permit me to return as simple citizen to the French ranks—happy if one day I may die fighting for my country. France and your Majesty might rely on my oaths and on my gratitude.'[1]

[1] *Au Roi Louis-Philippe.*

Sire,—J'ose m'adresser à votre Majesté, comme représentant de la Grande Nation, pour lui demander une grâce, qui est le seul but de mon ambition. Je viens vous prier de m'ouvrir les portes de la France, et de me permettre de la servir comme simple soldat. Je pouvais me consoler de ne pas être dans ma patrie lorsque, dans un pays malheureux, la liberté m'appelait sous ses drapeaux, mais actuellement que le courage a dû céder au nombre, je me suis vu obligé de fuir de l'Italie. Puisque tous les états de l'Europe me sont fermés, la France est le seul où l'on ne me ferait pas un crime d'avoir embrassé la sainte cause de l'indépendance d'un peuple; mais une loi cruelle m'en bannit. Séparé de ma famille, inconsolable

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When Prince Louis wrote this letter he was far from imagining that the French Government was about to abandon the popular cause in Italy and Poland. Queen Hortense declares that she attempted in vain to persuade him that he was too sanguine. She pointed out to him how the Government were putting down all the popular associations in which he was deeply interested, and begged him to think only of a peaceful life at Arenenberg. He answered:

'The only thing that holds me to life is the hope of serving France.'

The manner in which these words were uttered frightened Hortense. She saw the depth of the sorrow that lay upon her solitary son's heart, and she withdrew her opposition, only begging him to wait till they had reached Paris.

At Fontainebleau Queen Hortense, deeply veiled, showed her son over the Palace, every room of which was full of old associations for her. Here she had lived in splendour after the peace of Tilsit; here she had met the Pope, and here in the courtyard the Emperor had taken leave of his guard. The Prince questioned the attendants as they passed through the rooms, and at every turn his mother heard her name pronounced. When they reached the chapel she drew him aside and showed him the baptismal font over which he had been held, encompassed by all the pomp of his uncle's Court.

The English garden, which was new when Hortense last saw it, was now in superb beauty. Its growth told the Queen the number of the years of her exile.

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de la perte de mon frère, mort en Romagne après avoir donné tant de preuves de son amour pour la liberté, la vie me serait insupportable si je n'osais espérer que votre Majesté me permette de rentrer comme simple citoyen dans les rangs français—heureux si je puis mourir un jour en combattant pour ma patrie. La France et votre Majesté pourraient compter sur mes serments et sur ma reconnaissance."

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS IN 1831.

CHAP. VIII.

ANXIOUS to show her son the bright side of Paris, of which he had only the vaguest infantile recollection, the Queen ordered her postillions to take the principal boulevards to the Rue de la Paix, and then to draw up at the first hotel. They alighted at the Hôtel de Hollande, from the window of which they could see the Vendôme Column and the boulevards. While Hortense dictated a letter to Mdlle. Mastuyer for M. Franz d'Houdetot, the King's aide-de-camp, in which the young lady begged an interview to deliver a message from the Queen, Prince Louis went off delightedly with M. Zappi in search of an old servant, to whom they had directed letters from Italy to be addressed. The faithful servant, with tears in his eyes, asked particulars about the death of Prince Napoleon and news of his brother Louis, not recognising of course in the bronzed young officer who accompanied M. Zappi the surviving child of his mistress.

M. d'Houdetot replied that he was on duty, and could not call before the following evening. The Queen knew him. His cousin, Mrs. Lindsay, was her neighbour at Arenenberg; his sister had been Hortense's guest. M. d'Houdetot was a devoted Orleanist, and on terms of intimate friendship with the King. On these grounds she selected him to be the medium of her communications with Louis Philippe.

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M. Guizot, in his Memoirs, describes the arrival of Queen Hortense and her son, and her reception by the King :—

In April 1831, a few weeks after M. Casimir Périer had reached power, and while the mob rolled and growled along the streets, like thunder in a long storm, Queen Hortense suddenly arrived in Paris with her son, the Prince Louis Bonaparte. She was flying from Italy, where she had just lost the elder of her sons, and from which she had rescued the second, still ill, with great difficulty. On her arrival she addressed herself to the Count d'Houdetot, the King's aide-de-camp, whom she had long known, begging him to inform the King of her position, and of the circumstances which had led her to Paris. The King received her secretly at the Palais Royal, in the little room which the Count d'Houdetot occupied ; where the Queen and Madame Adélaïde, bidden successively by order of the King, came also to see her. The interview was long, although not very convenient. In the room were only a bed, a table, and two chairs. The Queen and Queen Hortense were seated upon the bed, the King and Madame Adélaïde upon the two chairs, while the Count d'Houdetot leaned against the door to prevent any indiscreet intrusion. The King and Queen showed the kindest interest in the condition of Queen Hortense. She wished to be authorised to return to France, at any rate to go to the waters of Vichy.

'Vichy, yes,' said the King, 'for your health ; it will be considered quite natural. And then you can prolong your stay, or you can return. They accustom themselves soon to anything in this country, and they soon forget anything.'

She desired also to press some pecuniary claims upon the Government. The King promised her all the help in his power. 'But I am a constitutional King ; I must in-

form my Minister of your arrival and of your wishes.' He spoke to M. Casimir Périer, and to him only among the Ministers; and then sent him to the Queen, who did not receive him without misgivings.

'I know, monsieur,' she said as he entered, 'that I have violated a law. You have the right to arrest me: it would be justice.'

'Legal, madame, yes; just, no,' answered M. Périer; and after having conversed with her for several minutes, he offered her any help she might require, which she refused.

However, riots broke out and approached the Rue de la Paix, where the fugitive Queen lodged. On May 5 the column in the Place Vendôme became the centre of the disturbances. Cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' resounded. The rumour that the Prince Louis had been seen on the place was spread. M. Casimir Périer called and told the Queen she could not prolong her stay. She left for England with her son, unknown to the public and always protected by the King whom her friends were trying to overthrow.

Later she received, through the offices of M. de Talleyrand, passports to traverse France on her way to Switzerland, where she wished to establish herself.

This is M. Guizot's account of Prince Louis's passage through France with his mother, but it is contradicted in many important particulars by Queen Hortense herself. According to her the King was at first very angry at her arrival, and sent back M. d'Houdetot with a refusal to see her. Meantime Louis Philippe made the Queen's presence known to the President of his Council, M Casimir Périer, who was the first person to visit her at her hotel. His manner was hard and dry, and it was only when he heard that Prince Louis and his mother merely wished to pass through France to England, and that their final

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destination was Arenenberg, that he softened a little. On the day following this interview M. d'Houdetot repaired to the Hôtel de Hollande to accompany the Queen to the Palais Royal.

The King was polite, even gracious. He was afraid M. Périer, who was a business man, had been too dry and formal. He said: 'I know all the pain of exile, and it is not my fault that yours has not ceased already.' Hortense replied that she understood the difficulties of his position; that she had not come to beg to remain, and that he must be the judge of the period when the country should be open to all its sons. At the same time the Queen observed that the law which had renewed the banishment of her family was as impolitic as it was unjust. The King replied that the time was not distant when there should be no exiles from France; for he was resolved not to have any under his reign.

'I told him,' the Queen observes in her Memoirs, 'that my son was with me. He had suspected it, and begged me to keep our arrival quite secret, for he had himself hidden it from his Ministers. I gave him my word, and I kept it. Then he expressed the pleasure it would be to him to be of service to me, if I would suggest how he could be useful. He said he knew I had just demands to make, and that I had submitted them in vain to all previous Ministries. "Write me a note," he said, "of what is due to you, and send it to me alone. I understand business, and I offer myself as your business man." These were his exact words.' Louis Philippe went further, declaring that he would see justice done to every member of the Bonaparte family. And all he said was uttered so heartily; he remembered the Queen's father, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, he praised the Grand Duchess of Baden, and was so full of *bonhomie*, that Hortense left him in good spirits, saying he reminded her of her true friend

the old King of Bavaria, who had been so good to Prince Eugene.

Then he fetched his wife and sister—and retired. To these two amiable Princesses Hortense recounted the perils and troubles through which she had passed in carrying through the escape of the only son now left to her. Her listeners were so sympathetic that she said she felt as though she was in the bosom of her own family.

The King returned while she was describing the vivid impression everything in France had made on Prince Louis, and referring to the letter he had prepared to send to the King.

'Send it to me,' said Louis Philippe: 'but after all why should you not stay? What are you going to do in London?'

Queen Hortense replied that she was going because she had promised to go, that she should remain there only a short time, and that she begged only for a passport to return through France to Switzerland. Once in Switzerland, she wished to live there as a French subject; and she added that since her son had taken part in the Italian insurrection he could hope for the protection of no country except his own. The King promised everything, and according to Hortense appeared inclined to yield more than she asked.

When Hortense returned from the Palais Royal to the Hôtel de Hollande, she found Prince Louis laid upon his bed with a violent fever. The proprietor of the hotel, believing his lodgers to be an English family, had at first insisted on sending for an English doctor. But Fritz and the other servants got through the difficulty by saying that Madame was French by birth, and always had recourse to French doctors. So a French physician was called in, who declared that the patient was not in a condition to be moved.

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A second time the feeble health of Prince Louis delayed the progress to England. Queen Hortense took up her old position at her son's bedside, and waited in the greatest anxiety. Her chief visitor was M. Casimir Périer. He appeared to be most amiably disposed; and, encouraged by his bearing, Hortense handed him her son's letter to the King. He undertook to deliver it, having recommended, as we have already noted, the erasure of certain strong expressions about Austria.

'The Chamber,' said M. Périer, 'will soon assemble. It is not to be doubted that it will take into consideration the law which affects the Emperor's family, and certainly it will be well disposed. It will not be our fault if this law be not revoked. It is possible that in the course of the discussion your son's letter may be printed.'

Queen Hortense relied entirely on M. Périer's good faith, for he said constantly that he was entirely at her disposal, and observed that, as he lived close to her hotel, she could easily send for him at any moment. He entered upon the subject of the Queen's property of Saint Leu, and discussed the possibility of having it returned to her, since its possession had been guaranteed to her by the great Powers. The King and his Ministers were anxious not only to oblige Hortense, but to be civil to the other members of the Emperor's family. She pointed to the case of King Jerome, who had fought at Waterloo and been wounded, and who would have no means of support if the Emperor of Russia and the King of Würtemberg did not allow a pension to his wife. M. Périer was all good-will. Was not the King about to raise the statue of the Emperor on the Vendôme Column?

It was agreed at last with the King and M. Périer that Queen Hortense and her son Prince Louis should go to London; and that when there she should write a letter

to the King which he could show to his Ministers, in which she would request permission to repair to the waters of Vichy, instead of those of Plombières, which she would have preferred as on the road to Switzerland. M. Périer objected to Plombières as too Bonapartist, and therefore dangerous. The Queen and her son, on her return through Paris, were to be at liberty to see some of their friends, and she was to have an interview with the King and Queen. Madame Adélaïde sent a message through M. d'Houdetot that if her château of Randon had been in a habitable condition she should have been delighted to place it at Hortense's disposal.

'By degrees,' said the affable Minister, 'people will become accustomed to see you and your son in France. As for you personally, a general consent would be given instantly to your return ; but your son's name would be an obstacle in his case. If, at a later time, he should accept service in the French army, he would have to drop his name. We are compelled to be careful in our foreign affairs. Parties are so split up in France that a war would destroy us.'

This condition embittered all the condescensions and concessions.

When Prince Louis heard that he would be expected to give up his name, if he aspired to enter the French army, he flew into a vehement passion. 'What!' he exclaimed to his mother, 'give up my name? Who dares to make such a proposition to me? Let us think no more of all this, but return to our retreat. You were right, mother!'

While Prince Louis was lying ill in bed the mob growled, as M. Guizot expressed it, 'like thunder in a long storm' about the streets. It rolled under the hotel windows; it broke forth round the Vendôme Column on the 5th of May. The Royal Family were in a state of deep anxiety,

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and impatient to learn that the Bonapartes had quitted the centre of Paris and were fairly on their way to England. M. d'Houdetot called daily to see the invalid. Madame Adélaïde hoped the Prince would not appear in the streets, lest some English travellers should see him and spread the news of his presence. In the midst of this agitation and impatience Mademoiselle Masuyer fell ill, and the doctor said that the Queen was as sick as the patients on whom she was attending. At last he declared it was absolutely necessary she should at least take a short walk every day. Prince Louis also insisted on it. It was agreed that she should go out for half an hour after dusk with M. Zappi. Twice in the morning, deeply veiled, she took a drive—once to see the house in which her children were born. She went also to Mass, and sat one day next to M. de Lamartine. Then, when Mademoiselle Masuyer had recovered, she went for a short walk for the first time by daylight. The excitement of it—especially when she saw portraits of all the Imperial family in the windows—almost overcame her. It rained; and Fritz, who was following his mistress, advised the ladies to enter the Neorama while he fetched a coach. When the coach came the travellers, encouraged by their safety in this dark exhibition, agreed to be driven to a picture of the Emperor's tomb at St. Helena, which was then a popular exhibition. Here they were not so fortunate. While Hortense was gazing on the resting-place of her hero she was recognised by an officer whom she had known in Rome; but he placed his fingers upon his lips, in token of secresy.

Queen Hortense was, however, greatly perplexed. She had given her word to the King that nobody should know of her presence. She had even risked the loss of the value of a diamond necklace which she had sent from Rome to a Paris jeweller for sale. She knew that she

was in difficulties, and yet she would not apply to him for her money while she was in France.

The Queen and her son had been eleven days in Paris, and still his fever continued. His throat remained severely inflamed. On May 4 the doctor resolved to apply leeches; and it was while the application was going on that M. d'Houdetot arrived in great haste to tell the Queen that her sojourn in Paris could not be prolonged. He had explained the Prince's condition, but M. Périer could not risk any delay. The Queen showed the Prince covered with blood to the King's aide-de-camp, and he went away.

On the following day, the 5th, a great crowd pressed along the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme, and Queen Hortense watched the people loading the eagles and the railings of the Column with crowns of flowers, from her hotel window. Whilst she was contemplating the spectacle M. d'Houdetot was announced. He had come to say that unless Prince Louis's life was absolutely in danger she and her son must leave Paris instantly.

Both the Queen Hortense and the Prince now saw how far they could rely on the good offices of the King and M. Casimir Périer. Their words were as empty as they were fair.

The travellers had kept their word scrupulously; not a single friend knew that they had been twelve days in Paris; the Prince had been a prisoner in his room nearly all the time. The character of M. Périer's concessions was disclosed afterwards in the speech which he delivered in the Chamber on the Queen's passage through Paris. It was coarse and ungenerous. He said that pecuniary help was offered, but he refrained from noticing the delicacy of Hortense, who not only refused the money, but abstained from pressing her just claim while she was in Paris, because she thought it would be ungenerous

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to force the hand of the King. She knew that he would have been glad to purchase her absence and that of her son at almost any price; but she asked nothing, and received nothing. M. Périer boasted among his intimates that he rendered her a very great service; with reference to this Hortense remarked that the only service she remembered was that he did not arrest herself and the Prince.

On May 6 the travellers, at great risk to Prince Louis, set out for England, taking four days to reach Calais. They crossed in a storm; and at length arrived in London, where they alighted at Fenton's Hotel. Prince Louis was very ill, and on the morrow had a severe attack of jaundice.

But the safety, the freedom, and the novelty of London soon worked a good change in the spirits and health of mother and son. They took up their residence in Holles Street, and assuming their own name and dignity, soon found themselves the centre of a brilliant circle of sympathising friends. Fritz, who was still in attendance, says that crowds of people called on his mistress and Prince Louis. Their pleasure, however, was to walk together unattended about the streets of the great city, and see, as Hortense records in her Memoirs, that in England at least the liberty for which so many were sighing was not a vain word.

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE LOUIS'S FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

CHAP. IX.

ALTHOUGH Queen Hortense and Prince Louis were safe under the protection of Holland House and other great houses, and all England would have resented any attempt on the part of the Allied Powers to disturb their peaceful peregrinations about London, they were molested by the French Ambassador—by the man who had assisted at Prince Louis's birth in the Rue Cérutti at the command of the Emperor Napoleon. Talleyrand sent a friend to enquire what was the object of the Queen's journey, and what her intentions were in England. Hortense replied that she was on her way to Switzerland, and should probably return viâ Belgium. This answer threw the diplomatic world for a time into a strange commotion. It was reported in the papers that the ex-Queen of Holland had arrived in London, to endeavour to obtain the crown of Belgium for her son. But then no rumour was too extravagant to be tackled to Hortense's name. The Prince Leopold, an old acquaintance, was not of the party of suspicion, for he paid the exiles a visit in Holles Street, and joked them on the rumour, saying: 'You'll not pocket my kingdom as you go home, will you?' There is a touching passage in the Queen's journal on the extravagant stories and outrageous calumnies that were heaped upon her after the Restoration :—'It was so ridiculous to see myself asking a crown of the Holy

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Alliance that I laughed at the absurdity. In spite of my wish to let the matter drop, my son insisted on answering it. His heart revolted to see actions and ambition attributed to me that were so foreign to my tastes and character. I had become used to it. I had been a little distressed at the beginning of the reign of the Bourbons to find myself the subject of incessant calumnies, but now I was resigned. But I was annoyed to be represented as playing false, since my words, and conduct, and proceedings were thoroughly loyal. . . . I might have borne malice against my countrymen for having accumulated so many falsehoods on my head, but when there is in the heart a sentiment of love for humanity indulgence becomes a necessity. We must be always ready to excuse those whom we wish to love always. I only want to remember that young time in France when the general affection and consideration surrounded me. I forget all the rest.'

The Belgian trouble passed over, and the friendship of the people who surrounded the refugees tempted them to stay in England, and to go a little into the world.

Prince Louis kept up a regular correspondence with his father. In a letter dated May 26, 1831, he writes:—

'I don't speak to you of past events (the Italian insurrection)—the mere remembrance of them is agony to me—for the matter of that, you have heard everything; but as to the suspicion you express to me in one of your letters that they hastened the death of my unfortunate brother, believe that if so atrocious a crime had been committed I should have known how to discover the author of it, and to have had signal vengeance. . . . Ah, my dear father, how cruel is this world! one lives only to suffer, and see others suffer. I don't really know how I have managed to survive my brother, the only friend I

had in this world, the only being with whom I could have consoled myself for any possible misfortune.'[1]

This melancholy was dissipated by the hope which Lord Holland gave Queen Hortense that the exile of the Bonapartes would soon have an end. He assured her that the Ministry would not oppose their return to their country.

'I saw also Lady Grey,' Hortense observes in her Memoirs, 'who pleased me exceedingly. She seems to be gentle, sensible, and gracious. Given up to the care of her family, she trembles when her husband's enemies attack him. She seems to aspire to less power and more tranquillity. As for him, strong in his good conscience and his talents, he has great firmness, and the calm of the man who is striving to do good. I had the pleasure of seeing General Wilson and Mr. Bruce, who so nobly helped M. Lavalette. They introduced me to their interesting families. The Countess of Glengall, whom I had met at the Peace of Amiens, wanted to do the honours of her country for me. She showed a real interest in me. But I should have to cite the names of nearly all the high society of London, and its most distinguished personages, if I were to go through the list of all who gave me a welcome. I was touched by it. As for the family of the

[1] 'Je ne vous parle pas des événements passés (insurrection des Romagnes). Leur souvenir seul est un supplice pour moi, d'ailleurs vous avez tout appris. Mais quant au soupçon que vous me témoignez dans une de vos lettres qu'on ait accéléré les jours de mon malheureux frère, croyez bien que si un crime aussi atroce eût été commis, j'aurais bien su en trouver l'auteur et en tirer une vengeance éclatante. . . . Ah, mon cher papa, que ce monde est cruel! on n'y vit que pour souffrir et pour voir souffrir les autres. Je ne sais vraiment pas comment j'ai pu survivre à mon frère, le seul ami que j'eusse dans ce monde, le seul être avec lequel j'aurais pu me consoler de tous les malheurs possibles.'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

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Englishman who had been so useful to me at Florence,[1] it is easy to imagine the emotion with which I met his mother, and recounted the service her son had performed for me.

'The Duchess of Bedford, with whom I had been very friendly at the time of the Peace of Amiens, came to see me as soon as she arrived in town. She placed herself at my disposal. I should have been at a fête every day if I had accepted all our invitations. I was entirely occupied in refusing them, for I did not leave home. Buried in sorrow, I could find distraction only in the care I had to give to my son's health. The pleasures of the world would have jarred upon me. I found Murat's son in London. He had just arrived from America with his young wife. He is a man of mark; for by his character and courage he has conquered his bad fortune, and created an independence for himself. First lawyer, then a farmer, he lived entirely by his own exertions, for he had no fortune. His opinions are altogether republican, but I could have wished that he had been brought up to remember a little more that he was a Frenchman, and that he had become a Prince of Naples only through France and the Emperor.'

With the Duchess de Frioul and her husband, Queen Hortense and Prince Louis went the round of the London sights—to the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, Richmond, Woolwich Dockyard, Hampton Court. And then they prepared to return home; for Hortense was worn out with the rumours and suspicions that Louis Philippe's Government and the King's Ambassador in London were never tired of circulating. When the Duchess of Berry arrived in England the agitation in diplomatic circles became greater than ever. Madame de Flahaut wrote to Lady Grey from Paris to say that it was generally be-

[1] The gentleman who had procured English passports for her flight.

lieved Queen Hortense had recrossed the Channel, was hidden in Paris, and was at the bottom of an *émeute* that had recently taken place. This rumour was of Legitimist origin, and was intended to divert attention from the Bourbon Duchess who was actually preparing to appear among her partisans in France. Hortense protested that such an adventure would be ridiculous in a Napoleon, who relied on the national will. 'Such ideas enter the heads only of princesses who have been brought up to believe that a nation is private property, and that it is the duty of a mother to regain by force a country which belongs to her son.'

In order to dissipate the Legitimist rumour thoroughly, Queen Hortense and Prince Louis appeared at a breakfast given by the Duchess of Bedford, and were enchanted by the beauty of the English ladies. The Duchess showed the most marked attention to the exiles, and persuaded them to pass a day at Woburn Abbey. She even travelled all night after a ball, to be there to meet them, and do the honours of her princely domain. But there was no need for haste. On their return to London the French Ambassador informed Hortense that he had received orders not to grant passports.

The Queen had been anxious to leave London not only because she longed to escape from the turmoil of diplomatic and dynastic intrigues, but also because she saw that various suspicious emissaries were endeavouring to work upon the imagination of her son. Prince Louis had been watching the course of events in France with indignation; and every day had shown him more plainly that the Government of Louis Philippe was one under which he could not serve, even if permission were granted to him. The traces of the popular origin of the Citizen King were disappearing rapidly, and with them the hope of the exile. Violently excited by this spectacle,

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Prince Louis was in a frame of mind at this time, according to his mother, which made her fear that he might be caught by false emissaries, who, pretending to be Bonapartist, were in reality servants of the Bourbon. They besought him to show himself in France and make a revolution in favour of his cousin the Duke of Reichstadt. They assured him that Louis Philippe was tottering to his fall; that the Bourbons had only a slender following; and that the Republicans, having no hold either on the people or the army, would welcome a Napoleon who would give them democratic institutions. The same appeals, it is said, reached the Duke of Reichstadt, and both the Bonaparte Princes, although far apart and cut off from all communication, returned the same answer. They were ready when the nation called them.

Queen Hortense knew the answer Prince Louis had given, but he was so surrounded and pestered that she was glad to take him away with her to the country.

On the eve of their departure for Tunbridge Wells the Queen heard that the Ambassador had at length received orders from Paris to deliver passports to herself, her son, and her attendants; at the same time she was privately requested to prolong her stay in England over July, so that the national fêtes might not be troubled by the presence of Bonapartes. The passports, which M. de Talleyrand sent with a polite note, were dated August 1, and the interim was passed at the Wells. On their return to London, the Queen found that M. d'Houdetot had sent no reply to her letter requesting to know whether the King would receive her, as he had promised, on her way back to Switzerland. It was clear that the prudent course was to avoid Paris, especially, Hortense observes, in the excited condition of her son's mind. Revolution looked imminent at home; the French troops were advancing on

Belgium; on every side the political atmosphere was agitated.

In the course of a conversation Prince Louis exclaimed to his mother: 'If we go to Paris, and if I see the people being slaughtered under my eyes, I shall place myself on their side.'

This outburst decided Hortense's course. On the 7th of August she and her son embarked for Calais. The newly appointed English Envoy to Belgium was on board, and at Calais escorted the Queen to her hotel, where she was received as Madame Arenenberg.

The incognito was complete, and Hortense resolved to profit by it to show the Prince the spots to which she was attached by memories of happier days. They went to Boulogne, where she had been with the Emperor at the distribution of crosses of the Legion of Honour to the army.

Here Hortense pointed out to her son the lines which the army occupied for two years, threatening England; the Emperor's hut; his head quarters at Pont de Brique; the places where the flat boats were moored. She had been the fairy queen of the Grand Army; she had passed through the streets of tents with gardens before them amid the cheers of the soldiers; she had seen the oldest of the grenadiers carrying the heart of La Tour d'Auvergne in an urn; she had breakfasted in the camp at Ambleteuse, the guest of Marshal Davoust; she had been the queen of a fête given by Maréchale Ney at Montreuil. All these glories were poured into the ears of Prince Louis, while he travelled along the dark cliffs between Boulogne and Ambleteuse, and when he stood at the summit of the commemorative column.

From Boulogne they travelled steadily to Chantilly, where they stopped to visit the château and the forests round about that the Emperor had given to Queen

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Hortense for her second son, Prince Louis. Thence they proceeded to Ermenonville and Morfontaine. At Ermenonville Prince Louis rowed his mother to Jean-Jacques's famous *Ile des Peupliers*, where they wrote their names upon the tomb. Sad remembrances filled every nook and corner of the country. A grand hunt here, a splendid pleasure party there, were the recollections of which Hortense talked while they travelled. At Saint Denis they saw the tomb of Louis XVIII. Prince Louis wished to see Saint Leu, but the Queen was not equal to the emotion such a visit would have caused her. So they skirted Paris and reached Rueil, where Hortense knelt before the tomb of her mother, which she found covered with flowers, in the church where both mother and daughter now sleep their long sleep.[1] Then they went to Malmaison, which had passed into the hands of a rich banker.

They were not permitted to visit it—not being provided with tickets!

They travelled by Versailles, the Croix de Berni, to Melun and Sens. At this town they found a fair going on, and they amused themselves by mixing with and talking to the people. In all the towns and villages where they stopped the travellers found busts and portraits of the Emperor, of Josephine, of Prince Eugene, and of Queen Hortense; and this made a strong impression on the mind of Prince Louis, which he carried back with him to the solitude of Arenenberg. Queen Hortense left France without having made a second attempt to effect a settlement of her rights. She and hers had indeed little to expect—beyond empty professions—from the Govern-

[1] In 1828 Delphine Gay wrote some charming verses addressed to the soldiers of France, and imploring them to let the exile make her pilgrimage to her mother's tomb. The refrain was:—

Soldats, gardiens du sol français,
Vous qui veillez sur la colline.
De vos remparts livrez l'accès,
Laissez passer la pélerine.

ment of July. When the law of exile, which put the Bourbons and the Bonapartes in the same list, was introduced to the Chamber, only one Deputy raised an objection. M. de Chateaubriand, a Legitimist, made an eloquent protest in favour of the Bonapartes, which he published in October 1831.[1] 'The Republic,' he observed, 'rejected after the days of July, the question of the total renewal of the royal race presented itself. . . . There remained the choice between two kinds of

[1] 'La République rejetée après les journées de juillet, se présentait la question du renouvellement total de la race royale. . . . Restait le choix entre deux espèces de légitimités—le duc de Bordeaux, héritier d'une grande race; le duc de Reichstadt, héritier d'un grand homme. Ces deux légitimités, qui à différentes distances dans les temps avaient une source semblable, l'élection populaire, pouvaient convenir également à la France. Ce que l'antiquité conférait au duc de Bordeaux, le duc de Reichstadt le puisait dans l'illustration paternelle. Napoléon avait marché plus vite que toute une lignée; haut enjambé, dix ans lui avaient suffi pour mettre dix siècles derrière lui.

'Le duc de Reichstadt présentait en outre aux hommes de religion, et à ceux que le préjugé du sang domine, ce qui complaisait à leurs idées—un sacre par les manis du souverain pontife; la noblesse par une fille des Césars. Je l'ai dit ailleurs, sa mère lui donnait le passé, son père l'avenir. Toute la France était encore remplie de générations qui, en reconnaissant Napoléon II, n'auraient fait que revenir à la foi qu'ils avaient jurée à Napoléon Ier. L'armée eût reçu avec orgueil le descendant des victoires.

. . . .

'Et pourquoi envelopper les Bonaparte dans la destinée des Bourbon? Pourquoi frapper du même coup ce qui depuis vingt ans nous a donné gloire et liberté? Pourquoi interdire l'entrée de la France aux parents du dominateur de l'Europe et l'ouvrir à ses cendres? Les dernières sont bien plus à craindre, leur conspiration bien plus redoutable à la monarchie nouvelle que le retour et les complots supposés de quelques individus arrachés à l'exil; elles s'agiteront à chaque anniversaire de leurs victoires; tous les jours, sous leur colonne, elles diront à la quasi-légitimité passante: "Qu'as-tu fait de l'honneur français?"

'Par un hasard singulier, en défendant les Bourbon j'ai défendu les Bonaparte, sans me douter que cette dernière famille serait attaquée: heureux si cet écrit exerçait quelque influence sur la législature, si on laissait, comme je le demande, les héritiers de Henri IV et de Napoléon libre de revoir leur patrie!'—*De Chateaubriand's Pamphlet on the Banishment of the Bourbons.*

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legitimacy—the Duke of Bordeaux, the inheritor of a great race; the Duke of Reichstadt, the heir of a great man. These two legitimacies, which at different periods of time had a common source, viz. popular election, might be equally acceptable to France. That which antiquity had conferred on the Duke of Bordeaux the Duke of Reichstadt found in his father's name. Napoleon had marched more rapidly than an entire line: strong on his legs, ten years had sufficed for him to put ten centuries behind him. The Duke of Reichstadt offered, moreover, to religious men, and to those who believe in blood, what flatters them—a coronation by the hands of the sovereign Pontiff, and nobility through a daughter of the Cæsars. I have observed elsewhere that his mother gave him the past, his father the future. All France was still peopled with generations that, in accepting Napoleon II., would have only returned the allegiance they had given to Napoleon I. The army would have received with pride the descendent of victory. . ...

'Why wrap up the Bonapartes in the destinies of the Bourbons? Why strike with the same blow that which for twenty years has given us glory and liberty? Why close the frontiers of France to the relatives of the master of Europe and open them to his ashes? These are much the more to be feared. Their conspiracy is much more dangerous to the new monarchy than the supposititious plots of a few returned exiles. They will stir at each anniversary of their victories. Every day they will say to the passing quasi-legitimacy: "What hast thou done with the glory of France?"

'By a singular accident, in defending the Bourbons I have defended the Bonapartes, without thinking that this latter family would be attacked. I shall be fortunate if this paper should exercise some influence on the Legislature, and if, as I demand, the descendents of

Henri IV. and of Napoleon should be left free to see their country once again.'

This was perhaps the only protest against the law of banishment. At any rate Chateaubriand was sincere and consistent in his treatment of the Bonaparte family. As Minister of France in Brussels he gave passports to the Countess of Survilliers for Paris, where one of her relations was lying ill; and when he was Ambassador at Rome he permitted his secretaries and attachés to accept the invitations of the Duchess of Saint Leu. Twenty times, he affirms, he protested against the law which made it necessary for a Bonaparte to have the signature of the representatives of the five great Powers on his passport, and he used to tell Louis XVIII. that he should like to see the Duke of Reichstadt captain of his guards.

The view which Prince Louis took of the association of the Bourbons and Bonapartes under a common law of banishment may be gathered from the following letter addressed by him to one of the Deputies :—

'Mr. Deputy,—I have just read with pain that they have proposed in the Chamber to place my family in the same list of proscriptions as that of the Bourbons. I request that two misfortunes so antagonistic should be separated. After the Revolution of 1830 I thought that their country would be reopened to the kinsmen of the Emperor Napoleon. Should the family of him whose statue was being reraised be treated like that whose emblems were being broken?

'Were we not exiled at the same time with French glory and the tricolour flag? and yet both returned in July without us.

'I am silent on a cruel and unjust law; but I protest against a measure that would tend to confound the family of

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the man who was proud to owe everything to the French people with that which, brought back by the foreigner, claims incessantly worn-out rights that belong to the nation only.

'I intercede, then, in the name of all my family, who I hope will not disavow me, that we may not be placed on the side of the conquerors—we, who are the conquered of Waterloo.'[1]

[1] 'Monsieur le Député,—Je viens de lire avec douleur qu'on proposait à la Chambre de mettre ma famille sur la même liste de proscriptions que celle des Bourbon. Je demande qu'on sépare deux infortunes aussi opposées. Après la révolution de 1830 je crus que la patrie serait rendu aux parents de l'Empereur Napoléon.

'La famille de celui dont on relevait la statue devait-elle être traitée comme celle dont on brisait les emblèmes?

'N'avions-nous pas été exilés en même temps que la gloire française et le drapeau tricolor, et pourtant tous deux en juillet revinrent sans nous.

'Je me tais sur une loi injuste et cruelle, mais je réclame contre la mesure qui tendrait à confondre la famille de l'homme qui était fier de tout devoir au peuple français avec celle qui, ramenée par l'étranger, revendique sans cesse des droits usés qui n'appartiennent qu'à la nation.

'J'intercède donc au nom de toute ma famille, qui, j'espère, ne me démentira pas, pour qu'on ne nous place pas à côté des vainqueurs, nous, les vaincus de Waterloo.'

MS. in the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

BOOK III.

ARENENBERG.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AT THE CHÂTEAU.

SOON after his arrival at Arenenberg Prince Louis wrote to his father :— CHAP. I.

'Arenenberg, December 15, 1831.

'. . . . I am in a neutral country, occupied in politics only to the extent of reading the papers. Indeed, what can I do henceforth, and what have people to fear from me? If there were fresh revolutions in Italy, certainly I should not mix myself up with them. If there were any in France, what would happen? They would set up the Republic, or Henry V., or Napoleon II. If the first two suppositions were realised, I should have no concern in them. If the last happened, inasmuch as the head of our family is in Vienna, I could only follow his steps, and wait till he had signified his intentions. Therefore my part is an easy one to play. I remain a tranquil spectator of the drama that is acting under my eyes; and I only ask my father to give me back all his affection, and Fate to restore me to my country, if indeed Providence so wills it.'[1]

[1] '. . . . Je suis dans un pays neutre, ne me mêlant de politique qu'en lisant les journaux. En effet, que puis-je faire désormais et qu'a-t-on à craindre de moi? S'il y en avait encore de nouvelles révolutions en Italie, certes je ne m'en mêlerais pas. S'il y en avait en France, qu'arriverait-il? On nommerait soit la République, ou Henri V ou Napoléon II. Si les deux premiers cas se réalisaient, cela ne me regarderait nullement. Si le dernier avait lieu, comme le chef de notre famille est à Vienne, je ne pourrais donc que suivre ses démarches et attendre qu'il déclarât

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King Louis had been exasperated by the share his sons had taken in the Italian insurrection, and was not easily pacified. He was in a state of continual dread lest the only boy now remaining to him should be tempted into some fresh expedition, and hence his letters were full of reproofs and prudent advice. King Louis also dreaded any act that might give umbrage to the great Powers, and was anxious to be on good terms with the Government of Louis Philippe. From his early manhood he had been a constant invalid; and as age came upon him and his infirmities increased, that morose temper which had embittered his early life grew more violent. There are even ludicrous stories told of him in his last years at Lausanne, how, when he could not move from his chair, he would shake his stick and threaten anybody from whom he differed. It would be puerile to deny that Hortense gave her husband grave causes for displeasure after this separation; or that she treated him with coldness from the beginning, and met his violent fits of jealousy with disdain or indifference. She never had affection for him, but she never lost her respect for his loyal and honourable character. On the other hand there are living witnesses who testify that King Louis was a person with whom it was very difficult to live. He was as tyrannical with his sons as with his household and his wife. Such an escapade as the Italian insurrection, that ended in the loss of his eldest son, who was his companion, and in all the anxieties which accompanied the escape of Prince Louis, was sure to waken his sternest resentment. He could not cease from scolding, nor from exhorting his only remain-

ses intentions. Ainsi donc mon rôle est facile à jouer. Je reste tranquille spectateur du drame qui se passe sous mes yeux, et je ne demande qu'à mon père à me rendre toute sa tendresse, et au sort qu'à me rendre ma patrie, si toutefois la Providence le veut ainsi.'

ing child against taking the least risk in the political adventures which were rife in Europe.

Prince Louis was surrounded with temptations to take a leading part in the cause to which he was heart and soul devoted. He had hardly returned to Arenenberg and settled himself in his own rooms overlooking the lake when a deputation of Polish patriots' found their way to his retreat, and presented him with a paper signed by their generals, and couched in the most flattering terms. To whom, they asked, could their enterprise be better confided than to the nephew of the greatest captain of any age?[1] 'A young Bonaparte appearing on our shores, with the tricolour flag in his hand, would produce a moral effect the consequences of which are incalculable. Come then, young hero, hope of our country, trust to the waves, that will know your name, the fortunes of Cæsar, and what is more, the destinies of liberty. You will earn the gratitude of your companions in arms and the admiration of the universe.'

This appeal made a profound impression on the Prince. He had found that there was magic in his name in Italy; he had seen the crowds hanging garlands about the Vendôme Column in Paris; and he had been well received in England. He had, young as he was, obtained considerable experience of men; he had fought; he had methodically studied the art of war; and from his childhood he had perceived that the prestige encompassing

[1] 'À qui la direction de notre entreprise pourrait-elle être mieux confiée qu'au neveu du plus grand capitaine de tous les siècles? Un jeune Bonaparte apparaissant sur nos plages, le drapeau tricolore à la main, produirait un effet moral dont les suites sont incalculables. Allez donc, jeune héros, espoir de notre patrie, confiez à des flots qui connaîtront votre nom la fortune de César, et, ce qui vaut mieux, les destinées de la liberté. Vous aurez la reconnaissance de vos frères d'armes et l'admiration de l'univers.

'Le général KNIAZEWIEZ.

'Le général PLATER,' &c.

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his race was so prodigious that five Ambassadors were necessary to sanction the least movement of its youngest member. As a boy he had said sarcastically that soon a congress would be necessary to sanction the movements of his mother's family. From his cradle he had worshipped the chief of his line, and had applied himself to master every emanation of his genius. His romantic nature was filled with the spirit which the Revolution had worked. He had just escaped from the jaws of death. He had lost his brother in the Italian struggle. His father was watching him from Rome, and his mother implored him never to risk his life again in a wild adventure. After due deliberation he refused to head the cause of Poland, and for reasons that did credit to his heart and his understanding. When the deputation waited upon him, the belief was still general that Liberal France would surely intervene to save Poland. He argued that if his name were mixed up with the insurrection it might furnish Louis Philippe with a good reason for non-intervention. But as events proved, the Government of July required no excuse for a cowardly foreign policy. The deputation had hardly left Prince Louis's mountain retreat when an ex-general of the Empire[1] had the effrontery to proclaim from the tribune the close of the Polish insurrection in these words: 'Order reigns at Warsaw.' Not a voice was raised, so completely had the Conservative party obtained the upper hand by this time, and so thoroughly had the Government been able to act on the fears of the bourgeoisie by representing the Polish cause as identified with the Revolutionary party in Paris —with riot in the streets and stagnation of businsss in the shops.

Turning with profound discouragement from the ex-

[1] Sébastiani.

citing events which in rapid succession were passing in Europe, Prince Louis now gave himself up to his books and the quiet pleasures of a country life. Arenenberg in the summer and Geneva in the winter was to be the simple plan for the year—since Rome was closed. This the young Prince thoroughly enjoyed, and to it he looked back longingly in after years from what his uncle had called the sad splendour of greatness.

In the autumn and winter of 1831-2 Prince Louis wrote not only his 'Political Reveries,' but also his Review of the political and military institutions of the country which he had inhabitated, and which he had studied from his childhood. His opening pages indicate the direction of his mind, in regard to the events he was quietly surveying from 'our mountain,' as Queen Hortense called Arenenberg.

'The progress of civilisation is making itself felt in the midst of the Alps, and the impetus given by the Revolution of July hastens on its happy results. We now see Switzerland constituting herself into an independent nation, and breaking the barriers which since 1815 have impeded the progress of her social development. Happy the people who by their own energy have been enabled to shake off the foreign yoke: happy the people who can make their own laws! Honour to them when, remembering their past slavery, they pity the misfortunes they have themselves suffered, and lend a helping hand to the victims of foreign persecution.

'Switzerland is the only corner of Europe where the sovereignty of the people is still in vigour. We have now an example of this in the project for a federal pact submitted to the will of the people. It is this very pact that I wish to examine summarily.

'Before the revolution of '89 Switzerland, according to contemporary writers, was more oppressed by the aristocracy than other peoples living under monarchies. The

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privileges and abuses of those in power were rife everywhere. There were sovereign cantons and subject cantons, dominating towns and slavish provinces. The districts in subjection were governed by bailiffs (landvogt), whose power was entirely arbitrary. In '98 the French entered the Helvetian territory, destroyed the cantonal sovereignties, and formed one central power, similar to that of France. Doubtless the French brought into Switzerland, with the plague of war, maxims and changes which were destined to reconstitute its force; but the momentary evils had irritated the population to such a degree that the nation preferred political imperfection to that liberty which wore the hideous signs of violence and tyranny. It is astonishing to those who have sprung from the Revolution to see Switzerland remain republican, although she is attempting, like other nations, to throw off a yoke and obtain new rights. The truth is that the word Republic is not a declaration of principles; it is but a form of government. It is not a principle, because it does not always secure liberty and equality. The word Republic, in its general acceptation, signifies only the government of several. Have we not seen, down to the present, in almost all republics, the people submitting to the tyranny of an aristocracy, and to revolting class privileges? Rome, with a government like that of England, boasted an enlightened aristocracy; but the people of the privileged city were enriched with the spoils and rights taken from other countries. In Italy the republics were despotic. Venetian laws were written in blood. Just as a wise and really democratic republic is the best form of government, a tyrannical republic is the worst form, for it is easier to cast aside the yoke of one than that of several.

'In 1801, in the midst of so many widely different events, the First Consul Napoleon alone thought of

Switzerland. He wished the guardians of the Alps to make their own constitution, and in the Treaty of Lunéville (February 9, 1801) he assures them of their right *to organise for themselves that form of government which will best satisfy them*. But all the cantons were in a state of ferment, some agitating for the seigniorial rights which they wished to retain, and some pushing for the liberty they wished to reach. Union did not exist; local interests and privileges were everywhere more powerful than the general welfare and equality. The Swiss people could not come to an understanding, and they were forced to have recourse to foreign intervention. The people are now more enlightened; they know that they should not confide the settlement of their affairs to strangers, and it must be added that at present they might find masters, but certainly not mediators.

'Within three years the Swiss had tried four or five constitutions. From the midst of these struggles the aristocratic principle grew menacingly. The Swiss Government besought Napoleon's mediation; he promised it, and addressed them in the following words:—"You have been disputing for three years, and have been unable to agree. If you are left to yourselves, you will continue for another term of three years, without coming to any agreement. Your history, moreover, proves that your internal wars have always terminated by the intervention of France. I had resolved that I would not mix myself up in your affairs henceforth, it is true; but I retract that resolution. I will be the mediator between your disputants; but my mediation shall be efficacious according to the views of the great people in whose name I speak." At the voice of the chief of the French and Cisalpine Republic the arms fell from the hands of the combatants, and from every district of Switzerland deputies were sent to Paris, there to make up a constitution

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under the auspices of France. Napoleon discussed the interests of each particular canton, told the deputies that nature had made them a Federal State, that a wise man would not wish to conquer them, and that he wished the small cantons to enjoy the broadest democracy. "You would annihilate," said he, "the Popular Assemblies, but in that case you must not talk of democracy. These assemblies are the forms of government which are distinctive among you. Remember the importance of having characteristic features. That is what will prevent your being confounded or incorporated with other States." He wished the elections to be immediate, and beyond the influence of electoral bodies. The right exercised by the electors over their candidates or the employés nominated by them, seemed to him quite necessary, but only as regards employés who held offices for life. In short, the Act of Mediation was signed; and, in addition to the pacification of internal troubles, it gave Switzerland many advantages. It ensured the sovereignty of the people; it abolished all power of one district over the other; there were no longer any subjects in Switzerland, all men were citizens. The Act of Mediation did good to Switzerland, because it healed the country of wounds and ensured its liberties. But we must not deceive ourselves. Why did the Emperor leave the central power without strength, without vigour? Because he did not wish Switzerland to frustrate his projects; he wished it to be happy, but for the moment null and void as a Power. It may be said that his conduct towards this country tallies exactly with the plan he adopted for all other countries. The Governments he imposed were always those of transition between old and new ideas. In all that he established are two distinct elements—a temporary basis with an appearance of stability: the temporary basis because he felt that Europe wanted regeneration; the appearance of stability

for the purpose of mystifying his enemies as to his great schemes, and that he might not be accused of aspiring to the empire of the world. With this view he crowned his republican laurels with an imperial diadem, and also with this view he placed his brothers on thrones.

'A great man has not the narrow sight, the weakness, with which the vulgar credit him; if he had he would cease to be a great man. It was not for the sake merely of giving crowns to his family that he made his brothers kings, but that each might be, in his country, the pillar of a new edifice. He made them kings that people should believe in his security and not in his ambition. He put his brothers in power because they alone could conciliate the idea of change with the appearance of immutability, because they alone could, in spite of their royalty, submit to his wishes, because they alone could be recompensed for the loss of a kingdom by becoming once again French Princes. My father, in Holland, was a striking example of that which I have said. If the Emperor Napoleon had put a French general forward instead of his brother in 1810, the Dutch would have declared war against France. My father thought he could not unite the interests of the people he was called upon to govern with those of France, and he preferred to lose his throne sooner than act against his conscience or his brother. History rarely offers so fine an example of disinterested loyalty.

'On examination of the whole of Napoleon's career, the same signs of progress, with the same appearances of stability, are everywhere perceptible. Here lie the corner-stones of his history. But, it will be said, what did he intend to be the limit of the temporary condition? The defeat of the Russians, the overthrow of the whole system of England! Had he been victorious, we should have seen the Duchy of Warsaw transformed into a

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Polish nationality, Westphalia would have been a German nation, and the vice-kingdom of Italy would have become an Italian nation. In France a liberal régime would have taken the place of a dictatorial régime. Everywhere would have been stability, liberty, and independence, in the place of incomplete nationalities and transitory institutions. But let us revert to Switzerland.'

In these passages we perceive how thoroughly Prince Louis's mind was saturated with the Napoleonic idea, and how he persisted in interpreting it as that which was to free and regenerate the nations of the earth. With the misfortunes of Napoleon came evil days for the Swiss:—

'Down to 1814 Switzerland enjoyed perfect tranquillity. She was happy under the French alliance. She gave us regiments of the line, that gathered their share of glory in the ranks of the Great Army. But Napoleon's reverses revived on all sides the ancient pretensions of the privileged classes; and Switzerland, deceived by her leaders, prostrated herself at the feet of foreign monarchs to whom she opened her gates. Just as the Confederation of the Rhine abandoned their protector Switzerland forsook her mediator, and the cohorts of the north passed triumphantly near the battle-fields of Sempach and Morgarten. The mark of their passage was the violation of the liberties which Napoleon had given to Switzerland. The aristocracy took the upper hand in the great cantons; the people lost some of their rights, and the union was weakened. In certain cantons the elections took place only by electoral colleges, where the great proprietors on one side, and a third of the great and little councils on the other, alone had the right to sit and speak. Yea, it was in the name of liberty that the sovereigns dethroned Napoleon; but their victory was not less the triumph of the aristocratic over the

democratic system, of legitimacy over popular sovereignty, of privilege and oppression over equality and independence. 1815 was for Switzerland, as it was for other nations, a *liberticide* reaction.'

The Prince then turns to the effect of July 1830 on the liberties of Switzerland :—

'At the end of fifteen years France, in July, remembered what she had lost, and what she had to obtain. She rose, and the noise she made in casting away the chains with which they sought to bind her suddenly awoke the nations. As for the kings, they had not slept since '89. Each nation gave a sad look at herself, and placed her hand upon her wounds. The sons of William Tell also had rights to claim. They said to themselves: "The Swiss Confederation is a republic ; but she is not free ; she appears to govern herself, but it is the spirit of the Holy Alliance that directs her. The elections are not general ; nowhere can men express their thoughts freely in writing ; she is a republic, and publicity is not guaranteed either in the courts of justice, the deliberations of the Diet, or the legislative councils. She forms but one State, and yet each canton is a little people apart, that tends more and more daily to separate from the great family ; she would secure her independence against attack, and her army, by the vice in its organisation, has no centre, nor chiefs of authority, nor common flag to which the children of our country can rally." The Swiss, by one accord, desire to suppress these abuses. In 1830 and 1831 they overthrow all that hampered their progressive movement, and we see them to-day firmly and patiently giving themselves a constitution.'

The Federal pact, it is to be remarked, is still under discussion in the cantons ; and the political warfare is as fierce to-day as it ever was between the Federalists of Berne and the advocates of cantonal and communal

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government. In approaching the federal system, Prince Louis observes that the idea of imposing one form of government on different races is a false and vicious one. Each people has its own manners, habits, language, and religion; it has a distinctive individual character, its separate interest, which depends upon its geographical position, and the wealth of the soil. If there are maxims applicable to all men, there are no political systems universally good. Thus the centralisation of power was the salvation of France under the Republic and the Empire, while it was the ruin of Switzerland. She could not adapt herself to a tyrannical unity—that her geographical formation rendered insupportable—and yet she desired to be governed by free and independent republican institutions. Then the writer points out, citing Napoleon and Montesquieu, how institutions must be modified from generation to generation, and how impossible it would be to re-enact in France the tyranny of the Convention or the arbitrary system of the Empire.

'In France, in 1815, the English Government was the model in vogue; to-day it is the American system; and yet we are neither Englishmen nor Americans. We are not English because since '89 we have no longer an aristocracy; because we are not encompassed by the sea, which alone protects our independence; because we have neither the same manners, climate, nor character, and consequently neither the same good qualities nor the same defects. Our wants are unlike theirs. Nor are we Americans because we are 32,000,000 of men on 20,000 square leagues, while the United States of America have only 10,000,000 scattered over 280,000 square leagues; because America is a new country, where the land to be brought under cultivation is immense, and where all intelligence is brought to bear upon commerce and agriculture. There are none of those industrial popula-

tions whose precarious existence is a subject of fear and difficulty to the Government. There are no parties who forget that they are of the same race and country, hate one another, and upset the Government from time to time. And lastly they are not surrounded by restless and powerful neighbours who make their frontiers bristle with bayonets when the word Liberty falls on their ears.'

In this paragraph we catch the spirit of the volunteer of the Romagna. We now turn to the federal system:—

'The federal system may suit America and Switzerland, and make these two countries content and prosperous, without justifying us in the deduction that a like Government would bring us prosperity. Switzerland, which more nearly resembles us, has already complained of this system. She feels that her strength is paralysed, and that she has not the weight she might have in the balance of power in Europe. But let her not cry too loud; perhaps she owed her safety to it in 1815.

'Until now it has been a pressing danger, a desire to unite against a common enemy, which has led various States into a confederation; it was so with Switzerland, Holland, and America; but no legislator has ever thought of giving as a principle of a nation's laws a germ of disunion. It is true that the federal system may unite different peoples; but it divides a nation that formed a compact whole; it kills the spirit of nationality and independence. Germany is also divided into a federation of States that have their Federal Diet, and their troops massed into one army; but do they form a nation? Why do people applaud the cruel policy of Louis XI. and Richelieu? Because they humbled the great vassals who, commanding such a province, formed a confederation, and divided the strength of the State. In a great country there must be a centre in which resides the

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principle of prosperity—as the heart is the centre of life in the human body.

'Zschokke, the celebrated Swiss writer, thus describes the spirit that prevailed in the cantons:—"They were always," he says, "indifferent to the glory and prosperity of the Confederation—thinking only of their little territory and helping the stranger's cause against their own countrymen." What would it be in a nation where personal ambition is so rife, where so many interests are in conflict, where passions are so various, and where so many prejudices are for ever floating on the surface? It would be the beginning of the ruin and dismemberment of France. Divide a great State, and each portion will strive to raise itself at the expense of its neighbour; each province would become the centre of distinct interests and of new aspirations, and the tendency would always be to separate itself from the centre. Just as men, in bodies, always put the interest of their body before the general interest, so France, divided into provinces, would find that provincial interest would prevail over the common weal; and I am not taking into account the probability of each province insisting on its own flag and heading a league to impose laws on the rest of the country. Let us rather honour that decree of the Convention which, conceding that union is necessary to government, declared the Republic one and indivisible; let us honour the skilful administrators who, in dividing France into departments, destroyed all provincial distinctions. There were no more Burgundians nor Normans; there were only Frenchmen, one and all subject to one law, one and all enjoying the same privileges. We have no reason to seek for models in foreign countries; what we want in France is a Government in harmony with our wants, our nature, and the conditions of our existence. Our wants are equality and liberty; it is our nature to be the ardent promoters of

civilisation; the condition of our existence is that we shall be strong in order that we may defend our independence. Therefore, to be free, independent, and strong we require a national power—that is, a power all the elements of which are derived from the people—the only source of all which is great and generous. As for Switzerland, composed of different peoples, she has been accustomed for centuries to the federal system: nature has been the basis of it, in separating the cantons by chains of mountains, gorges, lakes, and rivers. She is not, like France, at the head of the nations, the object of the fear and jealousy of kings, the centre of hope and consolation for the peoples. What the Swiss actually want is more unity in their Federal Government, to simplify the working of the Administration, and to be in a better position to resist an invasion. But, alas! the Swiss are not agreed among themselves.[1] Most of the cantons called aristocratic have had their cantonal revolution, and these are anxious for federal reforms; whereas the little and democratic cantons refuse to participate in a common alliance—for they call liberty the abuses which have been left to them and the privileges which they exercise. Their narrow view never going beyond the limits of their canton, they forget the common weal; and through the bad effects of a system which always tends to isolation, they consider themselves rather the allies of other cantons than the children of a common country.'

From the federal system Prince Louis turns to the extraordinary varieties of cantonal constitutions:—

'It is almost impossible to write an exact *précis* of the constitutions that govern the different cantons. There are perhaps not two governed on the same model. Almost

[1] They are as thoroughly divided at the present time, as the author is able to testify, after careful observations in both the German and French cantons, made last summer, after his visit to Arenenberg.

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everywhere the people exercise the sovereign power, but in no places is it used in the same manner. In the great cantons the government is confided to one or two magistrates, who are called landamman, avoyer, or burgomaster. The magistrate, with the petty council over which he presides, forms the executive government. The great council, which appoints the petty council, is the deliberative assembly. It is elected, except in Geneva, directly by the people of each canton. This great council imposes taxes, watches over the administration of the canton, takes cognisance of the decrees of the Diet, and appoints the deputies.

'In the little cantons the landsgemeinden are still in vigour. Once a year, or once in two years, according to the canton, all the men of upwards of sixteen years assemble in a great field. Their numbers will vary from 3,000 to 10,000. The landamman and the councillors are upon a raised platform, from which they address the people, who signify their pleasure in regard to each proposition submitted to them by raising their hands, the majority carrying the day. In some cantons they all go armed, but fights never happen. They approve or reject laws; they elect the landamman and their other officers, their deputies to the Diet; they ratify treaties of alliance, and make peace or declare war. The canton is divided into circles, which have also their landsgemeinden. These lesser assemblies appoint their president, their judges, and a council of sixty members. These honest mountaineers have not the first elements of education; and although all power is in their hands, they obey a small number of families. These should at least use their influence to teach these peasants that their interest is not bounded by the limits of their canton, and that the welfare and strength of the part depends upon the welfare and strength of the whole. Down to

this time they are deceived as to their real interests. They give but the most restricted power to the deputies whom they send to the Diet, and look upon their direct sanction of the laws of the Federal Assembly as the first of their privileges. Precisely the contrary is the case in France. There, through over-centralisation, the Government will interfere in the minutest concerns of the communes, and compel them, for example, to obtain permission from Paris before constructing a bridge or erecting a pump. In this case the centre makes everything tend to it, to the detriment of the circumference; in the other it is the circumference which impedes the action and reaction of the centre. One abuse is as pernicious as the other; but it appears to me that the one may be remedied without transforming France into a Federation, and then, without establishing an exclusive central authority in Switzerland. Generally Switzerland suffers by abuses which are the opposite of those which prevail under monarchies. Thus, in Switzerland the employés are elected and changed so often that they have hardly time to learn their duties. This is the contrary of the abuse which makes appointments in other nations hereditary.

'Each Swiss canton has a separate code, but some have no laws at all. Among these custom stands in the stead of law. Who would believe that there are cantons where the criminal code is barbarous, where the stick and torture are used to extort confessions from criminals. where death is the penalty for theft, where the agony of the condemned is prolonged by hanging them to poles? As for a jury, it exists nowhere. There are places where, for great crimes, commissions or special tribunals are appointed. Absolute publicity in criminal trials exists only in Geneva.

'The Diet is composed of the deputies of all the cantons. Each canton sends two deputies, but has only one vote

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When the Diet is not sitting its functions are exercised by the Council of State of the canton in which its sittings are held. This council is called the Vorort. There are three cities in which the Diet sits successively for two years: there are therefore three Vororts, viz. one at Zürich, one at Berne, and one at Lucerne.[1] The sittings of the Diet have not, down to this time, been public; and since 1831 only have the public been admitted to the deliberations of the legislative councils.

'Switzerland is now divided into two parties: one, the party of progress, feels all the disadvantages of the federal system, and tends to a central authority; the other prefers its old governmental routine, and folds itself up in the cantonal sovereignty.

'All that I have shortly described leads me to think Switzerland, without changing her federal form, a stronger central power; and just as man, in passing from a state of nature to the social state, has renounced some of his natural rights, so that society might guarantee him the enjoyment of the rest; so the cantons should yield some of their rights, so that federal power may secure intact the interests which are common to all.'

It is in this direction that the most enlightened public men of Switzerland have been working for the last forty years. Their programme is almost an extract from the book which Prince Louis Napoleon wrote in his twenty-fourth year. The following might have appeared in one of the Swiss papers last autumn:—

'There are two distinct interests for the Swiss Confederation to bear in mind: the one is the common or general interest, the other is the local interest. All that is for the general interest should be done by the local authorities; all that is for local interests should be trans-

[1] Berne is now the permanent seat of the Federal Government.

acted by the cantonal power. The important point is to distinguish justly and precisely between these two interests. The common or general interest comprehends the defence of the country, the laws concerning commerce, press laws, a common civil and military code,[1] a general system of weights and measures, and a financial system to cover Federal outlay. Every Switzer should desire the independence of his country; but independence is a chimera unsupported by a powerful military organisation. The commercial laws should be uniform, because it is for the interest of all to clear away impediments to intercommunication, which stay speculation and prevent the development of industry.

'Every citizen of a republic ought to desire to be free, and liberty is a vain word if he is not to express freely in writing his thoughts and his opinions. If publicity were restricted in one canton, it would give light and benefit to another; and the canton which has restricted it would not be the less open to its effects. Liberty of the press ought, then, to be general.

'One civil code is indispensable, to assure to the citizens of a common country equal rights and equal justice. Is it natural, for example, that a proprietor whose land is on the confines of two cantons should be liable to two measures of justice, one perhaps reversing or contradicting the other? The criminal code should be uniform, for a man cannot be condemned in one canton for an offence that is not punishable in another.

'Local interests include the election of members of the great and petty councils, the election of judges, and the raising of duties to cover the cost of the cantonal administration.

'These, it appears to me, should be the attributes of

[1] This does not exist even now.

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the Federal and cantonal powers. It is, of course, most important to draw a strong line of demarcation between these two authorities.'

The Prince next enters upon an examination of the new Federal pact, which he regarded as a great improvement on that of 1815, and as the first solemn sovereign act of the Swiss people uncontrolled by foreign influence. The first advantage of this pact was that it was made subject to revision every twelve years. 'Here, then,' the Prince writes, 'the sovereignty of the people is guaranteed. Without such laws the sovereignty of the people is a vain word used by the governing power to deceive the credulous, and which the timid governed repeat to appease their conscience, that called upon them to build up the institutions of their country upon broad bases. In the *senatus-consulte* of the year XII., which establishes the duties of the Bonaparte family towards the French people, this principle was recognised; since, at the end of a certain time, the obligation to make an appeal to the people was recorded. It is said that in a great country the elective system may be the source of grave disorders; but everything has its good and its bad side. The enemies of popular sovereignty will tell you that the elective system has produced troubles everywhere. In Rome it divided the republic between Marius and Sylla, between Cæsar and Pompey; Germany has been agitated by the election of the Emperors; Christendom has been disturbed over the device of Popes; three apostles of St. Peter have been seen disputing his inheritance; Poland has shed blood over the election of her kings; while in France the hereditary system has during three hundred years covered all dissensions.

'Others will reply: The elective system governed Rome during 450 years, and Rome was the queen of the world, the home of civilisation. The hereditary principle

has not prevented the revolutions that have driven out the Wasas once, the Stuarts twice, and the Bourbons thrice. If the hereditary principle has prevented election wars like those of Poland and Germany, it has substituted wars of succession, as that of the Roses, the war for the throne of Spain, and that of Maria Theresa; and for the rest, this principle, always an oppressive one, has given rise to the only legitimate wars—viz. those of independence.

'It is true that stability alone makes the happiness of a people. Without confidence in the future there is no vital spirit in society, no commerce, no beneficial enterprises; the masses suffer by the stagnation of all the elements of prosperity, which are bound up by the fear of an approaching disturbance. But how is this stability to be obtained? Is it by fastening ourselves to the past as an immovable basis, and by chaining up the future as though it were already in our possession? Is it not as false to regard the present as superior to all that has gone before as to believe it greater than any possible epoch in the future? It is not possible to say to a nation: There is your happiness fixed by insurmountable limits; every progress would bring a defect, every return to the past a crime.

'Nature is not stationary. Institutions grow old, while human nature is constantly refreshed with youth. The one is the fragile work of man, the other that of the Divinity. Corruption may come upon the first: the second is incorruptible. It is the Celestial Spirit, the Spirit of Perfection, which draws us onward.'

'Generally the spirit of every institution is good because it is based on the wants of the time; it degenerates when these wants are altered—when the effect it was to produce has been accomplished. There exists, in times of transition from one progress to another, a neces-

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sity for change in order to destroy abuses, and to put the laws in harmony with the experiences of the time.'

The question then comes, Who is to decide what changes are necessary? When old institutions are tottering to their base, who is to assume the work of erecting new institutions? The Prince answers: 'The people! who are the justest and strongest of all parties; the people, who abhor excesses as they detest slavery; the people, who can never be corrupted, and who have always an instinct that leads them to choose what is best for them.

'But can the people exercise their power without limit? Ought they not to limit themselves to approving or rejecting the propositions submitted to them by the enlightened part of the nation, by those who already represent their interests?

'If the people did not restrict themselves to the right of sanctioning, but insisted upon choosing their governors and their laws among a mass of individuals and a confusion of codes, troubles would never cease; for to choose is to possess the right of initiative. Now, the initiative can be left in the hands only of a deliberative power, and the great masses of men cannot deliberate.

'Therefore, in order to conciliate popular sovereignty with the principle of order, the enlightened bodies, having a special mandate, should simply propose, and the people should merely accept or reject their propositions.'

The Prince then examines the advantages and defects of the new pact that was under consideration when he wrote, and many of the improvements which he pointed out were adopted. Indeed, his pamphlet on the political and military condition of Switzerland was specially recommended to the attention of the Diet.[1] The following is among his exceptions:—

[1] See Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, *La Suisse et le Roi Louis-Philippe: Histoire contemporaine d'après des Pièces officielles, des Documents*

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'The new pact does not base the representative system on the number of inhabitants: it gives to the great and the little cantons a single deliberative voice in the Diet. In this it rejects the Act of Mediation, that increased the number of deputies according to the population. Is it just that in the same assembly one deputy represents the interests of 300,000 souls, while another represents the interests of only 11,000? Is it fair that the canton which in war time furnishes 400 soldiers should have the same power in deciding peace or war as that which equips 11,000 men? In the United States of America the number of provincial deputies increases in proportion to the population; and this is really the only way of obtaining the expression of the will of the people.'

Then come some notes of warning—not uncalled for among the stubborn democrats of the petty cantons:—

'If the Federal pact adopted by a majority of the cantons be rejected by a few, will those refusing to make part of the Federal alliance separate themselves from the Confederation? Will they, through their egotism, put the State in peril? Will they give the enemies of liberty the right of saying that the elective principle carries with it the germ of disorganisation? No; it is to be hoped that they will see their interest in the formation of an indivisible nation, and that they will not imperil the destinies of their country. They will yield to the general opinion, and one by one they will join the rest.

'But, to prevent the sorry results that might follow refusals to adhere to the majority, the new pact should declare the Swiss Confederation one and indissoluble, and that popular sovereignty being the basis of its government, the minority should submit to the majority. This is the essential basis not only of all popular govern-

authentiques et des Témoins oculaires. Par Élisée Lecomte, ancien rédacteur en chef du *National Genevois.* Paris, 1856.

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ment, but of every deliberative assembly, of every meeting of men when their interests are in question.

'If it were not so, if the greater number were not the stronger, or if the minority were not wise enough to adhere to the general wish, no popular sovereignty would any longer be possible, for under no circumstances are all men agreed. If Liberty were not strong enough to govern herself, if she could not overcome dissensions, she would prepare the way for the invasion of a tyrannical authority or of a foreign Power. This will happen to Switzerland if she cannot find strength enough in her majority to compel the obedience of the minority. If the Federal pact drawn up by the representatives of Switzerland, and accepted by the majority of the cantons, be not adopted by all; if the little cantons separate themselves from the mother country; if the towns assume a hostile attitude towards the rural districts, troubles will increase day by day, and soon some friendly Power will be found that, in its anxiety for the happiness of Switzerland and its solicitude for the repose of Europe, will come with battalions and put everybody in agreement, by establishing that boasted order which is not tranquillity resulting from satisfied minds, but the sad silence which reigns in cemeteries.'

In touching on Swiss taxes the Prince observed that every financial system should be subjected to the first duty —that of sparing and helping the poorer classes of society. 'This philanthropic maxim,' he declares, 'is recognised by all generous spirits; the method alone is in dispute among the publicists. If pecuniary privileges may ever exist, should they not rather be for those who lack the necessaries of life than for those who enjoy its superfluities?'

We pass to an admirable observation on the effect of underpaying officials:—

'In order that taxes may not weigh heavily upon the people, there must be general confidence in the stability of the government. When this is not the case, the king, his ministers, and other public functionaries, being uncertain as to their position, look upon their places only as a means of enriching themselves and of providing for future events. Switzerland, fortunately for herself, is not in this position. She believes, with reason, in the stability of her Republic; and not only no State office brings enough to enrich the holder of it, but generally it is not enough to support his position. This is an evil, for the consequence is that public functionaries must be chosen exclusively from among the rich classes. Here is another aristocratic principle that has its origin in poverty.'

Having shown how nearly all governments are in the hands of one class—in those of priests, lawyers, generals, nobles, or a plutocracy—the Prince returns to the example of the Empire:—

'We may, then, assert with justice that the Government of Napoleon, the plebeian Emperor, offered the world perhaps the first example of a Government where all classes were welcomed, where none were rejected. It is thus that equality should be understood. Institutions should not be made for one class nor or one party. They should equally favour all.'

In conclusion the Prince warned Switzerland against a selfish neutrality that would, in a great European war, leave her the prey of the conqueror, or subdivide her like Poland.

These observations on the past, present, and future of the country in which Prince Louis had passed his life since his early infancy were published in rough pamphlet form. The foregoing extracts have been made from his own copy of the first edition, in a yellow paper cover.

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The author calls himself Napoleon Louis C. Bonaparte, son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland. The motto is from Zschokke:—'The independence of a people is not based upon parchment guarantees of royal or imperial promises, but on a foundation of steel: it is our sword.' The cover is ornamented with an eagle, crowned and carrying the cross of the Legion of Honour in its beak. Underneath are the words 'Honour, Liberty, Country.' On this work and the 'Rêveries Politiques,' to which we shall come presently, Prince Louis spent his serious hours at Arenenberg in 1832 and the early part of 1833, his labours being interrupted by occasional travel, some shooting in Baden, and that horse exercise which was his delight.

On his way to London at the close of 1832 he wrote to his mother:—

'We visited yesterday (November 14) the field of the battle of Waterloo. You will conceive all that I must have felt on seeing the place where the fate of France was decided, and where the star of the Emperor disappeared for ever.' Plan in hand he went over every part of the field. He describes how he sought the spot where the Emperor stood during the fight, the farm of La Belle Alliance, 'taken and retaken three times,' the ground of 'those brilliant charges of the cuirassiers,' and, lastly, 'the way by which the Prussians approached.'

In London he fell ill. 'I read during my short indisposition,' he wrote to Queen Hortense, 'Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris;" but it is reading rather calculated to give an invalid a fever than to soothe him.' He returned early in the spring of 1833 to Arenenberg, to gather strength from the mountain air, and to see his military and political studies through the press.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE LOUIS AS HEAD OF HIS PARTY.

THE Duke of Reichstadt died on July 22, 1832. By this death King Joseph, who had just arrived in Europe to salute the Duke on his attaining his majority, became the heir to the Imperial throne, King Louis being next in succession, and Prince Louis being third. But Joseph had no son, and King Louis was a permanent invalid, so that the hopes of the Bonapartist party were transferred to the son of Queen Hortense. Madame Cornu said to Mr. Senior [1] that a single day changed Prince Louis's character, and that day was that of his brother's death. She proceeds to observe: 'Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impassionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me, not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty: "What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession, the Duke of Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of my house must be, the slave of a mission."

'From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged our first apostles and martyrs.'

In reply to the enquiry as to the sense in which he understood his mission, Madame Cornu added: 'It is a

[1] See *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1873.

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devotion, first to the Napoleonic dynasty, then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty, he would do so with delight. His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home.'

We can find no evidence in letters or in immediate line of conduct of the change which the companion of his childhood discerned in him. After his brother's death at Forli Prince Louis was ill for a long time, in Italy, Paris, and London. Madame Cornu was not with him. On his return to Arenenberg he became once more an indefatigable student. His uncle, King Joseph, was alive, active, and full of intellectual vigour. His letters to his father and others discover a sad and tired spirit. In one letter already quoted he distinctly points out the subordinate position he must hold in the event of any change of Government in France. His work was such as would fit him to reign, but there is no bidding for power in his Reveries.

He wrote to his father on May 10, 1833:—

'I have no ambition save that of returning some day to my country, but, at any rate, I can return only by the assistance and countenance of the National party. It is thus with this sole object that I endeavour to associate myself as much as I can with every patriotic movement in France. But just as much as I endeavour to unite myself with all that is national do I repel every kind of intrigue and machination which I should consider unworthy of my position.'[1] Two years after the death of the Duke of

[1] '11 mai, 1833.

'. . . . Je n'ai point d'autre ambition que celle de rentrer un jour dans ma patrie; mais enfin je ne puis y rentrer que supporté et aidé par le parti national. C'est donc dans ce seul but que je tâche de m'associer autant que je le peux à tout ce qui

Reichstadt Prince Louis—become by the family pact Napoleon Louis—would have been content with a commission in the French army. He knew and felt his position as the future head of a great house; he devoutly believed that the day would come when its misfortunes would have an end, and it had been his creed from his cradle that his was the providential race to which Destiny had given the mighty task of regenerating the world. So thoroughly was his being wrapped in this belief, so wholly did it possess him from the first day when he began to think for himself, that he was never impatient. He met the smiles of the incredulous with a gentle pity, and went back calm and content to his little room, with rough book-shelves for its only ornament, and resumed his dreams, and worked away at his social problems. His life during the three years which succeeded his advance in station by the death of his cousin was passed chiefly among his Swiss friends. He had the tastes of a country gentleman, and he indulged them. He was young, and he delighted in occasional trips to Baden. There were pleasant, cultivated families in Constance who were glad of his company, and he would drive over in his cabriolet to pass evenings with them, often, as I have already noted, accompanied by his friend Arèse. He never neglected his military studies. He drew up a Manual of Artillery for the Swiss army, which was accepted as the best guide for artillery officers extant. He also took his part in the mild gaieties at the château when his mother had assembled a few visitors.

The position which Prince Louis obtained in Switzerland, and which he cultivated assiduously, is the best reply to those who have described him as plotting incessantly against the Monarchy of July. He could leave

se fait de patriotique en France. Mais autant je recherche de m'unir à tout ce qu'il y a de national, autant je repousse toute intrigue et toute machination que je regarderais comme indigne de ma position.'

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that Monarchy, with confidence, to work out its own ruin. Not two years had passed after his new master had reached the throne when Talleyrand gave him up ;[1] and in Switzerland the people watched the reaction in Paris from their mountains with disdain. While the democratic Switzers contemptuously regarded the manner in which their neighbours were giving themselves up, bound hand and foot, to the middle classes, and allowing all for which they had made the revolution to slip out of their hands, they set to work vigorously to put their own house in order. In the popular Prince of Arenenberg they saw a Frenchman whom they could respect. His treatise on their institutions was full of generous ideas; his political reverie[2] for France was of a democracy governed by an elected will—a selected great man—a hero. They understood that.

Moreover, they had known the writer from his childhood. He had exercised his limbs on the slopes of their mountains; he was one of the best swimmers in their lakes; few of their countrymen could beat him at the target, and he was the most daring horseman of his canton. Three months before the death of the chief of his family, which altered the course of his life, and was destined soon to drive him from the land of his adoption, the dignitaries of the canton of Thurgau, in which he lived, had made him a burgess of the canton, 'desiring to prove how they honoured the generosity of his family.' He had replied that he was happy to be attached by new ties to a country which for sixteen years had offered him its hospitality.

'My position,' he wrote to the cantonal council, 'of

[1] In the summer of 1832 Talleyrand positively refused to take office, saying: 'C'est que je ne veux pas m'attirer un charivari dans la Rue Saint-Florentin' — the street in which he lived.

[2] See Appendix.

exile from my country makes me the more sensible of your kindness. Believe that under all circumstances of my life, as a Frenchman and a Bonaparte, I shall be proud in being the citizen of a free country. My mother bids me to tell you how deeply she has been touched by the interest you have shown in me.' In further acknowledgment of this honour the Prince presented to the canton two guns completely equipped, and established a free school in the commune of Sálenstein.

But this school was only one of the many charitable institutions which Queen Hortense and her son set on foot in their canton. The Queen's charity was all of the heart; but that of her son was of the head as well as the heart. He appears to have delighted in benevolent experiments, and there is still a good crop of stories in Constance of the men and the families whom he saved from penury, and raised to good permanent positions, by his careful and methodical charity. He was a giver of time and thought as well as of money. The story of his prowess in saving the life of a lady and her child who were drawn to the edge of a precipice by a runaway horse is one that might happen to any brave man; but his systematic charities as a young man, who was devoting his time to the social problems of the day, are emanations of an interesting and attractive part of his character. This desire to help the poorer classes of society to a better share of the world's gifts was strong in him to the end. When the war broke out in 1870, he was deep in plans for establishing vast works in the profits of which the workmen should share.

The honour which Thurgau conferred on Prince Louis was afterwards supplemented by Berne. In 1834 this canton conferred upon him the rank of captain of artillery; and in acknowledgment of the honour, he

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prepared the Manual of Artillery to which allusion has already been made. He wrote to the vice-president of the Bernese council, that they had anticipated one of his most ardent wishes. 'My own country, or rather the French Government, rejects me because I am the nephew of a great man. You are more equitable. I am proud to be placed among the defenders of a nation where the sovereignty of the people is the foundation of the constitution, and where every citizen is ready at any moment to sacrifice himself for the liberty and independence of his country.'

He was at Baden when the good news reached him; and the following letters to his mother will indicate his political mood at the time:—

'Baden, July 4, 1834.

'I am not of your opinion in regard to the politics of France. I think that a Chamber composed almost entirely of their friends is that which will do them most harm. They will persevere in regarding this mean assembly of representatives of 200,000 Frenchmen as all France, and they will lose themselves like the rest. The Chamber of 1830 showed a little energy, because the Bourbons had alienated even the middle classes. However, it was very far from being on a level with the sentiments of the Street, and it was only in spite of itself that it was dragged into the Revolution. So long as universal suffrage shall not be one of the fundamental laws of the State, the national representation will be but the exponent of private interests; the Deputies will be but the nominees of a class; and the Chamber will have neither dignity nor influence. It will only stamp the acts of a blind and angry power. This is my opinion.'[1]

[1] 'Bade, 4 juillet, 1834.

'. . . . Je ne suis pas de votre avis en ce qui concerne la politique de la France. Je trouve que ce qui pouvait faire le plus de tort au gouvernement actuel, c'est une Chambre

Queen Hortense had aristocratic prejudices which she had inherited; and she was continually striving to moderate the democratic ideas of her son. But in vain. The *doux entêté* had grown into a man who had a way of holding to his opinions; because he had been working at the formation of them from his nineteenth year, when, on the dismissal of his tutor, he quietly observed that he should now begin his own education in downright earnest.

'Baden, July 10, 1834.

'You complain of men; and I venture to say that you are wrong to complain. How should Frenchmen remember us when during fifteen years we have done all in our power to make them forget us—when, during fifteen years, the only motive of any action on the part of the family has been fear of compromising themselves—when they have avoided every opportunity of showing themselves, and every means of recalling themselves publicly to the remembrance of the people? You reap only what you sow; and nothing is truer than these two lines of Racine:—

'Les dieux sont de nos jours les maîtres souverains;
Mais, seigneur, notré gloire est dans nos propres mains.

'I am sorry to see you tormented by affairs of personal interest, particularly if it is when thinking of me that your anxiety increases. I shall marry soon—and all will go well. As for that, it is not fortune which gives inde-

composée presque entièrement de ses amis. Il s'obstinera à voir dans cette mesquine réunion des représentants de 200,000 Français toute la France, et il se perdra comme les autres. La Chambre de 1830 montra quelque peu d'énergie parce que les Bourbon avaient indisposé même les classes bourgeoises. Cependant elle était bien loin d'être à la hauteur des sentiments de la rue, et ce n'est que malgré elle qu'on l'entraîna à la révolution. Tant que le suffrage universel ne sera pas une des lois fondamentales de l'état, la représentation nationale ne sera que la représentation d'intérêts particuliers, les députés ne seront les mandataires que

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pendence—it is character; and to-morrow, if it were necessary to sell all superfluous belongings—which are restricted to my horses—and work for my living, I should be, if not as content, at least as happy and independent.'[1]

Three days later (July 13) he wrote to tell his mother that he was a captain of artillery:—'I have just received from the Government of Berne the commission of honorary captain of artillery. This flattering manner of replying to my request gives me the more pleasure, because it proves to me that my name will find sympathy only where democracy reigns. Yesterday I was walking on

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d'une classe, et la Chambre n'aura ni dignité ni influence. Elle ne fera que timbrer les actes d'un pouvoir passionné et aveugle. Telle est mon opinion.'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

[1] 'Bade, 10 juillet, 1834.

'. . . . Vous vous plaignez de l'injustice des hommes, et moi j'ose dire que vous avez tort de vous en plaindre. Comment les Français se souviendraient-ils de nous, quand nous-mêmes nous avons tâché pendant quinze ans de nous faire oublier—quand, pendant quinze ans le seul mobile des actions de tous les membres de ma famille a été la peur de se compromettre, et qu'ils ont évité toute occasion de se montrer, tout moyen de se rappeler publiquement au souvenir du peuple? On ne retire que ce que l'on sème, et il n'y a rien de plus vrai que ces deux vers de Racine:

Les dieux sont de nos jours les maîtres souverains;
Mais, seigneur, notre gloire est dans nos propres mains.

'Je suis fâché de vous voir tourmentée par des affaires d'intérêt, si c'est surtout en pensant à moi que vos inquiétudes s'accroissent. Je me marierai bientôt et tout s'arrangera. D'ailleurs ce n'est pas la fortune qui rend indépendant, c'est le caractère, et demain, s'il fallait vendre tous mes objets de luxe, qui se bornent à mes chevaux, et travailler pour vivre, je me trouverais sinon aussi content, du moins aussi heureux et aussi indépendant.'

'Bade, 13 juillet 1834.

'. . . . Je viens de recevoir du gouvernement de Berne le brevet de capitaine d'artillerie honoraire. Cette manière flattante de répondre à ma demande me fait d'autant plus de plaisir qu'elle me prouve que mon nom ne trouvera de sympathie que là où règne la démocratie. Hier j'étais à me promener à pied sur la route de Zurich lorsque a passé un chariot rempli de tireurs bernois. Dès qu'ils m'ont vu ils se sont mis à crier: "Vive Napoléon!" Ces démonstrations amicales sont autant de consolations pour un proscrit comme moi.'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

the Zürich road when a chariot passed full of Bernese marksmen. When they saw me they shouted at the top of their voices, "Vive Napoléon!" These friendly demonstrations are so many consolations to an exile like me.'

In the following month it was rumoured that he was a candidate for the hand of the daughter of Don Pedro of Portugal; and he indignantly denied it. He would not let it be imagined, he said, that he was scouring Europe, offering himself to the best bidder. He had already served in Italy and Switzerland; but he would remain a Frenchman, and he would continue to be the citizen of a free country until he was restored to his own. He was not the man to marry a woman whom he did not know, to reach a throne in the midst of a nation of strangers, for whom he had done absolutely nothing.

The rumour became so general that he wrote to the papers:—'Several journals have published the news that I intend to go to Portugal as suitor for the hand of the Queen Donna Maria. Flattering as the conjecture may be to me of an alliance with a young, virtuous, and lovely queen, also the widow of a relative who was dear to me,[1] I believe it to be my duty to contradict the report, especially as no action of mine, that I remember, can have given rise to it.

'I may add that, in spite of the strong interest I take in a people who have just won their liberty, I should decline to share the throne of Portugal, even if, with this idea, any eyes should be turned towards me.

'The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated in 1810, because he could not reconcile the interests of France with those of Holland, is not effaced from my memory.

'My father showed me by his great example how one

[1] The Duke of Leuchtenberg.

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should, under all circumstances, prefer one's country to a foreign throne; as for myself, I frankly admit that, having been accustomed to love my country before everything, there is nothing I can place above the interests of France.

'Convinced that the great name which I bear will not always be a title of exile in the sight of my countrymen, because it recalls to them fifteen years of glory, I wait quietly in a free and hospitable country till the people shall recall into their midst those who were banished from their native land by twelve hundred thousand foreigners. The hope of one day serving France as a citizen and a soldier fortifies my heart, and counterbalances, in my estimation, all the thrones in the world.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

In this letter there is the pride of the chief of a great house, but no indication of the pretender.

Other correspondence shows that Prince Louis was in a desponding mood at this time, and that his only distraction were his duties at the camp of Thun, where 12,000 men were assembled on a war footing, and where he first appeared as a captain of the Swiss Confederation. There are old comrades in arms of the Prince who bear cordial testimony to his popularity with officers and men. One observes at the time in a Genevese paper: 'Calm and thoughtful, without ever ceasing to be affable, he united to consummate knowledge a wonderful skill in all the manual exercises. He did all his service cheerfully, was indefatigable, and slept under canvas. His vast military learning, especially on his own arm of the service, the artillery, used to excite astonishment, for nobody could understand where or how he had acquired it. The Prince never uttered a word that suggested his rank or the splendour of his name. He rarely spoke of himself or his family, except in intimate com-

Chemenbury ce 28 Fev. 1834.

Mon cher Monsieur Vieillard

Nous avions donc encore ici de la France pour ceux qui se disent ses représentans; ah! s'ils représentaient fidèlement le peuple j'aime à croire qu'ils nous soutiendraient les bras au lieu de nous repousser, car d'après le discours de M. Soult le gouvernement de nous vit la guerre pourquoi nous — sommes pas encore indifférents à la nation. mais des débats de la chambre on peut tirer une grande leçon pour les gens qui ont le pouvoir, c'est que le tems est passé ou des individus pouvait espérer de fonder une dynastie et d'établir son nom et les siens au rang de culte. Voyez l'exemple Napoléon le plus grand homme des tems modernes si le peuple lui conserve un tendre souvenir et du sentiment de reconnaissance, il n'a néanmoins pas pu réussir à conserver un petit héritage à sa famille et un ami à sa personne. Mon dévoué Bertrand lui que la comtesse nommait de Napoléon qualifiait du nom d'ami, lui le victime de l'île

d'Elbe et de l'île Ste Helène accuse
les mânes de son empereur d'une ambition
démesurée. Soudt volontés d'anéantir
sa gloire pour flétrir les restes de cette
grande gloire. Et la brute préfère
au remède héroïque qui sauve le
système légal qui vous ôte la vie.
Ah vous avez bien raison! ce n'est
pas dans les salons dorés, qui dans
les réunions de gens timorés qu'on
vous rendra justice, mais dans la
rue, c'est là qu'il faut s'adresser
au peuple! lui seul trouve quelque
sentiment noble. Que je les plains
ces gens à idées étroites qui ne voyent
toute puissance que dans l'or, ne font,
une vendée, ils ignorent que leur
puissance naît bien plus grande de notre
désunion
d'avec vous non seulement, mais de notre individualité
ils anéantissent des idées et des intérêts communs
avec toute la nation. Il est vrai qu'une
moitié peut faire la guerre mais aussi
on ne peut rien consolider pour n'a
point de racines dans le pays.

Fac simile of Letter from Prince Louis to M. Vieillard on the Political Condition of France.

Whittaker & Bass, Lithe to the Queen, 236, Holborn London.

pany; and thus his devotion to his mother and his profound regret for his brother became apparent. He wore his mother's ring, and set great value on it.'

The Prince was called simply Captain Bonaparte; and when he returned to the camp in 1836, he was welcomed enthusiastically by the soldiers. All who came in contact with him, from Colonel Dufour downwards, acknowledged in him an irreproachable and a distinguished officer.

But to return to his position as prospective chief of his house. Some letters written to his old instructor and unfailing councillor, Monsieur Vieillard, between 1834 and 1836, throw considerable light on the state of his mind and his occupations. The first is dated

'Arenenberg, February 18, 1834.

'My dear Monsieur Vieillard,—We are, then, exiled once more from France by those who call themselves her representatives. Ah! if they only faithfully represented the people, I am glad to believe they would open their arms to receive us, instead of thrusting us away. Yes, according to M. Soult's speech, the Government exiles us because the nation is not yet indifferent to us. A great lesson is to be learned from the debates in the Chamber: it is that the time is past when an individual might hope to establish a dynasty, and raise up for himself and his a kind of worship. Look at the Emperor Napoleon, the greatest man of modern times. If the masses of the people keep a tender remembrance of him and feel sentiments of gratitude towards him, he has nevertheless not succeeded in keeping a party for his family, nor a personal friend. What a sad state of things! Bertrand, whom Napoleon in his dying words called his friend, Bertrand, the victim of the Island of Elba and of St. Helena, accuses the manes of his Emperor of unbridled ambition. Soult, a soldier of the Empire, rises to condemn what remains

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of that glorious epoch. . . . You are quite right. It is not in gilded rooms, nor in writings of timid people that we shall find justice, but in the street. Here we must look if we would come upon noble sentiments. I pity those people of narrow mind who believe themselves strong because they have a coterie, a party, a Vendée. They do not know that their power would be greater if, instead of having only a few individuals for them, they had ideas and interests in common with the entire nation. It is true that with a party you may wage war; but you can consolidate nothing, because you have no root in the country.'

'Geneva, April 29, 1835.

'I have been painfully affected by the death of my cousin:[1] it is a real misfortune for his family and for Portugal. The 'Constitutionnel' has had an article on his death which has touched me, because it is true. The young members of the Bonaparte family, it said, are all dying in exile like shoots of a tree that has been transplanted in a foreign climate. To die young is often a happiness; but to die before you have lived, to die in your bed of sickness, without glory, is terrible.

'You ask me news of Switzerland, of its present condition, of its future. Alas! it is chaos very difficult to unravel. The federal spirit struggles daily against the cantonal spirit. Material interests are warring with generous ideas; and republican institutions—good no doubt in peaceful times to spread civilisation at home—are generally incapable of creating, in critical times, that force which silences private interests, which uproots trees and prejudices, and vanquishes internal dissensions, to present to enemies from without a compact body moved by a single will and one undivided sentiment. . . .

[1] The Duke of Leuchtenberg.

'I have been asked to write an article for a review on a new Italian work, entitled 'Discorsi nella Scienza militare di Blanch. . . .' The author says that Charlemagne was a *useless meteor*, and that his influence on civilisation was nil. . . . The author's opinion is based on this: that after the death of Charlemagne his empire was dismembered; but did not each part of this empire, and particularly the German parts, carry with it that civilising germ which Charlemagne had stamped upon his epoch by spreading a civilising religion and by encouraging arts and sciences?'[1]

'It should be borne in mind that in these letters from Prince Louis to his friend M. Vieillard (who became

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[1] 'Genève, le 29 avril 1839.

'. . . . J'ai été bien péniblement affecté par la mort de mon cousin. C'est un véritable malheur pour sa famille et pour le Portugal. Le *Constitutionnel* contenait sur sa mort un article qui m'a touché, parce qu'il est vrai. Les jeunes gens de la famille Bonaparte, disait-il, meurent tous dans l'exil comme les rejetons d'un arbre qu'on a transplanté dans un climat étranger. Mourir jeune, c'est souvent un bonheur; mais mourir avant d'avoir vécu, mourir dans son lit de maladie, sans gloire, c'est affreux.

'Vous me demandez des nouvelles de la Suisse, de sa situation présente, de son avenir. Hélas! c'est un chaos bien difficile à débrouiller. L'esprit fédéral lutte journellement contre l'esprit cantonal. Les intérêts matériels sont aux prises avec les idées généreuses, et les institutions républicaines—bonnes sans doute dans un temps calme pour répandre la civilisation à l'intérieur—sont généralement incapables de créer, dans les moments critiques, cette force qui fait taire les intérêts privés, déracine les arbres et les préjugés, dompte les dissensions intérieures, pour présenter ensuite aux ennemis du dehors un corps compact, uni par une seule volonté et par un seul sentiment. . . .

'On m'a prié de faire un article dans une revue sur un nouvel ouvrage italien, intitulé *Discorsi nella Scienza militare di Blanch.* . . . L'auteur dit que Charlemagne a été un *météore inutile*, et que son influence sur la civilisation a été nulle. . . . L'opinion de l'auteur est fondée sur ce que, après la mort de Charlemagne, son empire fut démembré; mais chaque partie de cet empire, et surtout la partie allemande, n'emportait-elle pas avec elle ce germe civilisateur que Charlemagne avait imprimé à son époque, en répandant une religion civilisatrice et en favorisant les sciences et les arts?'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

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a senator under the Empire) the Prince speaks his most intimate thoughts. Nearly forty years have passed since they were written, and they now first see the light. They directly reflect the intelligence of the writer, and will enable unprejudiced men to judge, taking them with the Prince's early writings, how far the author was worthy of that contemptuous contemporary criticism to which he was subjected from all quarters. At any rate we have conclusive evidence of a thoughtful, upright, sensitive, and loyal nature, and of a mental capacity promising, with opportunity, great results in the future.

On January 30, 1835, the Prince wrote to M. Vieillard from Arenenberg:—

'As to my position, be assured that I understand it well, although it is very complicated. I know that I am much through my name, nothing through myself; aristocrat by birth, democrat by nature and opinion; owing all to inheritance, and yet really all to election; fêted by some for my name, by others for my title; taxed with ambition the moment that I make a step out of my accustomed path; taxed with apathy and indifference if I remain quiet in my corner—in short, provoking the same fears through the influence of my name in Liberals as well as Absolutists, I have political friends only among those who, accustomed to the freaks of fortune, believe that among the possible events of the future I may become a useful tool (*en-cas*). It is because I know all the difficulties that would be set up against my first steps in any career, that I have laid down the principle of following only the inspirations of my heart, of my reason, of my conscience; of not allowing myself to be stopped by any consideration of secondary interest, when I believe I am acting usefully for an interest—in fine, of walking in a straight line, whatever difficulty I may meet on the road, and thus of

forcing myself to such a height that the dying rays of the sun of St. Helena may still light me.'[1]

Exactly a year later he developed his view of the hereditary idea, which, according to M. Vieillard, was on the decline:—

'Arenenberg, January 29, 1836.

'I look upon the people as a landlord, and upon governments, whatever they may be, as farmers. If the farmer farms the land with skill and honesty, the landlord, happy in seeing his revenue increase day by day, will leave the farmer in peaceful possession of all the property he has confided to him. On the death of the farmer, the landlord will put in the same place the children of the man whom he loved and who had done him good service. Here is monarchy! But if, on the contrary, the farmer betrays the confidence of his master—reduces his revenue and ruins his land—then the master will, with reason, dismiss him, manage his own affairs, and appoint over his domains men to whom he will give less

[1] 'Arenenberg, 30 janvier 1839.

'. . . . Quant à ma position, croyez que je la comprends bien, quoiqu'elle soit très-compliquée. Je sais que je suis beaucoup par mon nom, rien encore par moi-même; aristocrate par naissance, démocrate par nature et par opinion; devant tout à l'hérédité, et réellement tout à l'élection; fêté par les uns pour mon nom, par les autres pour mon titre; taxé d'ambition personnelle dès que je fais un pas hors de ma sphère accoutumée, taxé d'apathie et d'indifférence si je reste tranquille dans mon coin—enfin, inspirant les mêmes craintes à cause de l'influence de mon nom et aux libéraux et aux absolutistes, je n'ai d'amis politiques que parmi ceux qui, habitués aux jeux de la fortune, pensent que parmi les chances possibles de l'avenir je puis devenir un en-cas utile. C'est parce que je connais tous les difficultés qui s'opposeraient à mes premiers pas dans une carrière quelconque que j'ai pris pour principe de ne suivre que les inspirations de mon cœur, de ma raison, de ma conscience, de ne me laisser arrêter par aucune considération d'intérêt secondaire, quand je crois agir utilement dans un but d'intérêt—enfin de marcher toujours dans une ligne droite, quelque difficulté que je rencontre en route, m'efforçant ainsi de m'élever assez haut pour qu'un des rayons mourants du soleil de Sainte-Hélène puisse encore m'éclairer. . . .'

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authority, and whom he will change year by year, so that they may not regard the place he accords them as an irrevocable right. Here is a republic! I do not perceive, then, in these two different administrations contrary fundamental principles; the one and the other may, according to circumstances, produce good results. I cannot see with you in history the constant diminution of ideas of hereditament. From the remotest times election has been recognised as the principle of all government. Then the services of the father have influenced the election of the son. From habit a right has been derived, and the right has led to the abuse of it, the abuse to revolutions. Thus, by turns, we have seen in Europe hereditary governments replace elective governments. Never was more hatred manifested against hereditary monarchs than in France during the Revolution. Hereupon a man appears, all men's minds are centred in him, all men's eyes are upon him, and the people recognise in him and his descendents the emblem of their interests; and nineteen years after '93 the birth of a child fills with joy and hope an entire people who were lately so full of rancour against monarchy. I say all this to prove that the hereditary principle is a consequence of the interests of the moment, and not a mark of more or less civilisation. Again, the hereditary principle is generally intimately allied with the love of property; and this love having spread for some years past, since there is a considerable increase in the number of landowners, I cannot perceive any reason why these ideas should be weakened in the future.'[1]

[1] 'Arenenberg, 29 janvier 1836.

'. . . . Je considère le peuple comme un propriétaire et les gouvernements, quels qu'ils soient, comme les fermiers. Si le fermier administre la terre avec habileté et probité, le propriétaire, heureux de voir les revenus s'augmenter de jour en jour, laissera le fermier gérer en paix durant toute sa vie le bien qu'il lui a confié.

We will now turn to the Prince, and the life at the château, as painted by Queen Hortense in two letters, also to M. Vieillard:—

'Every day,' the Queen writes, 'our solitude increases; but the weather permits us to enjoy a pastime that is not common in your great capital. The edges of the lake are frozen over, and everybody is wild for skating. For myself, I have the courage to seat myself (well wrapped up) in a little sledge, and allow myself to be taken pretty far; but not until I have been much importuned, and have been persuaded that I shall be vastly amused. It

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Après la mort du fermier, le propriétaire remettra à la même place les enfants de celui qu'il aimait et qui lui a rendu service. Voilà les monarchies! Mais si au contraire le fermier trompe la confiance du maître —dilapide ses revenus et ruine la terre —alors le propriétaire avec raison le renverra, fera ses affaires par lui-même et mettra à la gestion de ses domaines des hommes auxquels il laissera moins d'autorité et qu'il remplacera d'année en année, afin qu'ils ne prennent point pour un droit irrévocable la place qu'il leur accorde. Voilà les républiques! Je ne vois donc pas, dans ces deux administrations différentes de principes fondamentaux contraires; l'un et l'autre, suivant les circonstances, peuvent amener de bons résultats. Je ne saurais voir, comme vous, dans l'histoire la preuve de la diminution de plus en plus rapide des idées d'hérédité. Dès les temps les plus reculés l'élection a été reconnue comme le principe de tout gouvernement. Les services du père ont ensuite influencé sur l'élection du fils, de l'habitude est dérivé un droit, et le droit a amené l'abus, l'abus les révolutions. Ainsi tour à tour nous avons vu en Europe les gouvernements héréditaires remplacer les gouvernements électifs. Jamais on ne manifesta plus de haine contre l'hérédité des souverains qu'en France pendant la Révolution; et voilà qu'un homme se montre, tous les esprits sont à lui, le peuple le regarde, lui et sa descendance, comme l'emblême de leurs intérêts, et dix-neuf ans après '93 la naissance d'un enfant remplit de joie et d'espérance tout un peuple naguère si plein de rancune contre la monarchie. Je dis tout cela pour prouver que l'hérédité est une conséquence des intérêts du moment et non une marque du plus ou moins de civilisation. D'ailleurs l'hérédité, en général, est liée intimement avec l'amour de la propriété, et cet amour s'étant accru considérablement depuis quelques années, puisqu'il y a eu un accroissement considérable de propriétaires, je ne saurais voir dans l'avenir une raison pour que ces idées diminuassent de force.'

In the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

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makes me return to my tea corner[1] with real delight. As for Louis, this exercise does him good, for he was working too hard; but the weather is changeable, and the dreaded thaw may at any moment make each of us return to his usual occupations. Of evenings the billiard room is always attractive: then reading the papers makes the time pass. I remark in your political debates how clever everybody is at attack and defence; but I should like to know, and it is difficult in our revolutionary times to know, whether the position and character of every man called to take part in such debates are always beyond question in regard to his morality and his political antecedents. How strong then are clever men!

'After all our revolutions this is what we want in France, or rather the thing which it is difficult to find. One great good has been absent from our time, and it is becoming more and more necessary—peace. If I were a Bourbonist, it would be my great *cheval de bataille.* Instead of resting myself on a basis of liberty, which is absurd with Divine right, I would stand on the real prosperity of a country; that is, its material happiness. The most profitable development of its intelligence is when it is applied to industry. Peace alone permits such benefits, and it is through the Bourbons only that the peace of Europe can be assured. Don't laugh: for there is logic in this. But the republicans who want to topple everything over, preaching the reign of industry, disarmament, economy, are inconsequential, and Europe would soon drag them down if they were to reach power. They appear to me to be as simple, or as deceitful as the Bourbonists preaching liberty. These latter have the advantage of being able to say that with peace I can give you

[1] Hortense was a great tea-drinker, and the teas of Arenenberg were a great feature of the day.

a little grain of liberty without frightening my neighbours: try and be content with the dose, or I shall withdraw it altogether. The middle party pretend to show the good of both causes; but their position is a difficult one, for scales lean first to one side and then to the other. They have managed to have a little peace, a little liberty, a little industry. Their strength is in their skill, and also in the divisions and weakness of the other parties; and I believe it to be much more solid than is generally believed.

'I keep to my plan of passing two months in Geneva. Louis prefers that I should put off the journey on account of his work; and I, who am only thinking of leaving my retreat for him, consent willingly. However, I am afraid we may find our apartments let. I hope you are not too much absorbed in your Italian opera, and that you have not forgotten the delights of the sunsets on our fine Swiss lakes. I really act up to my condition. I long only for the spring, the leaves, the sun, the possibility of seeing again the lovely nature that has so charmed us.'

The letter concludes with thanks for Madame Vieillard's box of bonbons on New Year's Day (1835), and assurances that it made a brilliant impression.

The Queen and the Prince went with the faithful Dr. Conneau, early in the year, to Geneva. They were still there in May, when they received the news of the death of Hortense's schoolfellow and faithful companion in exile Madame Parquin, better known as Mademoiselle Cochelet. Mademoiselle Cochelet had married an old soldier of the Empire, Colonel Parquin, who lived at Wolfberg, near Arenenberg, and who subsequently became an active participator in the Prince's political movements.

The Queen's second letter is dated from home:—

'I find myself very well on my return home. We

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are alone, but the time passes quickly with our occupations and walks. Louis is finishing his work ('Manuel de l'Artillerie') courageously. He is beginning a famous bridge over a ravine, of which M. Cottrau has perhaps spoken to you. These are improvements with which I could have dispensed, but I must admit that to reach the height on which Arenenberg is placed without climbing is really a benefit for horses and men. I go now, strolling, as far as Ermatingen; and Louis enjoys his new road, telling me with a triumphant air—

'"You need to go only to the tent (in the grounds of the château) to see the benefits of civilisation."

'In short, while you are occupied with the great events of this world, we spend our lives tranquilly, with the passing of the steamboat on the lake for our only emotion, and the proper position of a pole marking our road, for our only subject of discussion.

'Mon Dieu! isn't this happiness? It is, at least, very sweet repose after so many storms; and it is not I who would pray that anything should happen to alter our position.

'Geneva pleased me. The children desired to repair the faults of their fathers;[1] and then in 1815 there was a grain of madness in everybody's head. I have had to be indulgent so often towards friends—why should I not be so to strangers? I found sympathy there at the moment of my new misfortune.

'All the country has an aspect of order, morality, and an abundant prosperity. All is grave and serious. In Paris you laugh at everything, and you have a certain grace; in Geneva all is examined without laughter—but as a school it is not the worse for that. Louis, who is a

[1] The Genevese treated the Queen very rudely when she passed through their city in 1815.

little lazy in conversation, is obliged to exert himself when he goes into society. I never leave my home. His successes are carried to me, and this is all I ask. He has left a good reputation there. Everybody is of opinion that he holds his position with dignity and propriety; that he is witty, modest, and learned. You see that his judges are favourable; and is it not better to be judged by one's serious rather than one's frivolous side?

'In short, I have arranged for these winter months in Geneva—and nothing more. It will be change in our life, and we shall return home with great pleasure. Such emotions should not be neglected. There is no truth in the story of my new losses. It was, no doubt, ancient history they talked about. A thousand tender remembrances to your wife. So she is to go to the baths this year? I hope she will be benefited by them. I owe an answer to M. Bailly. Tell him not to be angry with me. I am always using my eyes too much, and I have had so many letters to write to my family under these sad circumstances[1] that I am not yet at the end of this distressing correspondence. They all know that there is nobody who will understand them as I do. M. Mocquard is, then, still in Paris? Say many kind things to him from me.

'Louis is correcting his proofs. He got up at three o'clock in the morning a few days ago, that he might be able to send them off by the post, which left at eight. He hopes that all will be finished in two months; but you see he has hardly the time to write. Adieu. You know my sentiments towards you, and the pleasure I always have in renewing to you the assurance of those—[The rest is carried away under the seal.] 'H.

'This June 26, 1835.'

[1] The Duke of Leuchtenberg's death.

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'It is only since my return that M. Parquin has given me the letter and the screen of Madame Vieillard. It is charming, and I offer my best thanks. It is in the *cabinet à clochettes.*'[1]

On their return to the château, a new honour awaited the Prince; but it came, it would seem, simultaneously with a scolding letter from irascible King Louis, who fretted and fumed every time he saw his son's name in the papers.

Prince Napoleon Louis, in the course of his reply, said:—

'In our misfortune I have at least one consolation which I will not lose; it is that of being esteemed and loved in the country which I inhabit. I have had a new proof lately. In the canton of Thurgau several communes have given me their votes to be elected landamman. Although I should not have accepted, these marks of esteem have given me pleasure.'[2]

[1] See Appendix.

[2] '. . . . Dans notre malheur j'ai au moins une consolation que je ne veux pas perdre; c'est celle d'être estimé et aimé dans le pays que j'habite. Dernièrement j'en ai eu une nouvelle preuve. Dans le canton de Thurgovie plusieurs communes m'ont donné leurs voix pour être nommé landamman. Quoique je n'eusse pas accepté, ces marques d'estime m'ont fait plaisir.'

CHAPTER III.

VISITORS AT THE CHÂTEAU.

CHAP. III.

It was in the year 1834 that Queen Hortense wrote to Delphine Gay (become Madame Émile de Girardin):—'I found your good self, my dear Delphine, in your kind letter. Your husband must not be angry with me because I love to call you by this name; it is that you bore in Rome, in Switzerland, when you used to recite your pretty verses to me, and I rejoiced to hear a voice so French and so expressive. You have not forgotten me then! I thank you, for I thought in Paris everything was forgotten. It is very sweet to me to see that this fear—perhaps too well founded—is not as general as I imagined.

'Assuredly I shall be charmed to receive your works and letters, and often; you cannot doubt the pleasure that every proof of your remembrance will give me. I have so often asked, "Is she married?" "Is she happy?" You owed it to me to reply as satisfactorily as you have.

'I will think over the propositions that you make to me. The difficulty is to find an article that would seem to appear naturally. My son is writing a work on artillery; it would hardly be interesting to read. Afterwards he wants to do something on his uncle:[1] then we shall see what he can send you. He has developed well since you saw him, and he makes me very happy by the kindness of his nature and his noble resignation, which

[1] *Les Idées Napoléoniennes.*

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tempers the vivacity and strength of his opinions. I dare not hope for him his return to his country, for I am too fond of tranquillity, and there where we are feared we can no longer hope to be loved. So resignation has become the virtue with which we find it best to meet every injustice and misrepresentation.

'Believe in the pleasure with which I shall see you again, and in that with which I shall make your husband's acquaintance, and assure you again of my friendship.

'HORTENSE.

'Arenenberg, April 26, 1834.'

Delphine Gay had been one of the many visitors who, year after year, lightened the load of exile to Queen Hortense both at Arenenberg and in Rome. In her 'Lettres Parisiennes' Madame de Girardin alludes to her friendly conversations with the Queen.

'We cannot like,' she says in one of her letters (June 22, 1844), 'those doubly officious hostesses who make up the *menu* of their conversation as well as of their dinner every morning. Madame Campan had a system of this kind which she taught her scholars, and which always amused us. She assumed that conversation should be regulated by the number of diners. If there are twelve at table, you must talk of travel and literature; if eight, you must discuss fine arts, scientific subjects, new inventions; if six, you may talk politics and philosophy; if four, you may venture on sentimental subjects, dreams of the heart, romantic adventures; if two, each speaks of himself—egotism is part of a *tête-à-tête*. This eccentric system of Madame Campan was described to us by the Duchess of Saint Leu, her illustrious pupil. We often laughed together over it. When some unexpected guests came to the château of Arenenberg she would say: "All my plans are put out; I had arranged to talk philosophy, now we shall be compelled to take literature."

'This meant that there would be ten at table. Alas! this sweet and pretty pleasantry is now only a sad memory.'

The guests who wrote charming letters, poems, and who sent drawings, albums, and other presents to the châtelaine of Arenenberg were many. M. J. J. Coulmann has written some pleasant Reminiscences of the château, and the society which was gathered within its hospitable walls, with Monsieur Cottrau, the artist of boisterous spirits, who appears to have been generally the eccentric comedian of the society. No traveller of note or culture passed by the mountain without endeavouring to visit the refuge of the once popular Queen. Cards from all parts of the civilised world fell into the basket; and they esteemed themselves fortunate whose name or fame procured them an interview with, or an invitation from, the Queen or her son. Colonel Parquin, Madame Salvage de Taverolles, and other intimate friends and neighbours were often the introducers. And none went away disappointed. For Queen Hortense had filled the château with an extraordinary collection of the relics of the Empire, and delighted in showing them. She would open the cabinet in which her treasures were packed, and show them one by one. She had albums filled with her own drawings, books containing sketches by the most eminent French painters of the day, vast collections of music. The poetry that had been addressed to her would have filled many volumes. M. Coulmann records that he forwarded a volume to Arenenberg containing verses by Madame Dufrénory, Emmanuel Dupaty, De Jouy, De Noroins, and many other faithful adherents to the traditions of the Empire. Hortense acknowledged these attentions—and they never ceased to delight her—in a manner peculiarly her own. 'You expect, monsieur,' she wrote to M. Coulmann, 'and with some reason, that I shall write to

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thank you for the charming album that I have received from you. Not at all. You shall have reproaches. I shall not tell you that I have been touched by your trouble, by your attention, although I generally am by every mark of interest or devotion. I tell you it is too bad to go round begging homage for me from distinguished authors, for every Frenchman is gallant, I know. Perhaps you were tired of me.

'If you knew me better you would know that I hate everything which is forced. Still, it must be confessed, I am a woman too; and I have not been able to be insensible to the praises of so many voices, and these of my own country. I have written some thanks, but still, pray, be my interpreter. If I keep a little anger for yourself, think that you have done too much, that I am unjust; and above all do not doubt my friendship for you.'

When the château was full of company private theatricals were in favour. When there were young visitors the Queen would send invitations to the neighbouring seats, and give a little ball. In the spring and summer there were delightful excursions among the hills or on the lake. The villages lying below dotted along the shores are among the most picturesque in Switzerland, and these received and welcomed the company from the castle.

One day—it was in 1832—a visitor in whom Prince Louis took the deepest interest appeared on the scene—M. de Chateaubriand. Such a visitor met and deserved particular sympathy and attention. A Legitimist, he was the generous opponent of the pretensions of the Bonapartes and opposed to their exile. M. de Chateaubriand has described his visit, and his relations with the host and hostess of Arenenberg:—

'Returning to Constance, we saw the Duchess of Saint Leu and her son, Louis Napoleon: they were in

front of Madame Récamier. Under the Empire I had never known the Queen of Holland. I knew that she had been generous towards me at the time of my resignation after the death of the Duke of Enghien, and when I was anxious to save my cousin Armand; but under the Restoration, while I was Ambassador at Rome, my intercourse with her had consisted in the merest interchange of courtesies. Being unable to visit her myself, I had left the secretaries and attachés of the Embassy perfectly free to pay her court if they pleased; and I had invited Cardinal Fesch to form one of a party of cardinals to whom I gave a diplomatic dinner. Since the last fall of the Restoration it had happened that several letters had been exchanged between Queen Hortense and Prince Louis and myself: these letters are curious reminiscences of fallen greatness; they run thus:—

'*Madame de Saint-Leu, after having read M. de Chateaubriand's last letter.*

'Arenenberg, October 15, 1831.

'M. de Chateaubriand has too much genius to have failed in understanding the breadth of that of Napoleon. But his brilliant imagination wanted more than imagination—recollections of youth. An illustrious career attracted his heart, and he devoted himself and his talent to them entirely; like the poet who ascribes to all the sentiments which he feels, he painted that which he loved in colours that fired his enthusiasm.

'Ingratitude did not discourage him, for misfortune was ever there appealing to him; yet his spirit, his reason, his sentiments, which are thoroughly French, make him, in spite of himself, the antagonist of his party. That which he loves in the days of old is the honour which compels fidelity, and the religion which brings

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wisdom, the pride of country which makes its force, the liberty of conscience and of opinion, which are the root and spring of the faculties of man, the aristocracy of merit, which opens out a career to all minds—in these, more than in all others, lies his domain. He is, therefore, Liberal, Napoleonic, and even Republican, rather than Royalist. The new spirit of France of to-day could appreciate him, while he can never be understood by those whose place in his heart is next to the Divinity; and if he can now only sing of misfortune, even though it be most interesting, great misfortunes are become so common in our generation that his brilliant imagination, without aim, yet without real motive, will fade away for want of sufficiently lofty subjects to inspire his fine talent.

'HORTENSE.

'*After having read a letter signed "Hortense."*

'M. de Chateaubriand is extremely flattered by, and most grateful for, the sentiments of good-will expressed with so much grace in the first part of the note; in the second part there is the seductive tone of a woman and a queen, that might ensnare a self-esteem less incredulous than that of M. de Chateaubriand.

'There are, certainly, opportunities for infidelity among the prominent and numerous misfortunes of to-day; but, at the age M. de Chateaubriand has reached, reverses which are but a few years old would disdain his homage: he is compelled, therefore, to remain true to his old misfortune, tempted though he be by younger adversities.

'CHATEAUBRIAND.

'Paris, November 6, 1831.'

It was on this occasion that the Prince Napoleon Louis saw Chateaubriand for the first time. His

pamphlet on the Bourbons and the Bonapartes had recently appeared, and the Prince had been greatly moved by it, and had written to the author.

Chateaubriand preserved and published the following correspondence on the subject. Prince Napoleon Louis writes:—

'Arenenberg, May 4, 1832.

'Monsieur le Vicomte,—I have just read your last pamphlet. How happy are the Bourbons in possessing a genius like yours to uphold them! You restore a cause with the weapons that have been used to overthrow it; you find words which vibrate in every French heart. That which is national always finds an echo in your soul; therefore when you speak of the great man who gave lustre to France during twenty years the loftiness of the subject inspires you, your genius enwraps him, and your soul, expanding naturally, surrounds the greatest glory with the grandest thoughts.

'I also, Monsieur le Vicomte, am enthusiastic for all that concerns the honour of my country. That is why I have followed my first impulse in expressing to you the sympathy I feel for the man who shows so much patriotism, so much love of liberty. But permit me to tell you that you are the only redoubtable defender of the old monarchy: you would render it national if one could believe that it thought as you do. To make it worthy, it is not necessary that you should declare yourself in its favour, but rather that it should prove itself worthy of your opinion.

'In any case, Monsieur le Vicomte, whatever may be our differences of opinion, we are, at least, agreed in the wishes we have formed for the welfare of France.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

'Monsieur le Comte,—It is never easy to answer praise; and when he who praises in polished and suitable

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terms holds a social position dignified by incomparable recollections, the difficulty is enhanced. At least, Monsieur, we meet on one ground of sympathy. You in your youth desire, as I in my old age desire, the honour of France. There would have been nothing left for you, as for me, but to die from shame or ridicule had we seen the *Juste-Milieu* blocked up in Ancona by the Pope's soldiers. Ah, Monsieur, where is your uncle? To any other than yourself I should say, Where is the tutor of kings and the master of Europe? In defending the cause of the Legitimists I do not cherish any hallucinations; but I think that the man who covets public esteem should remain true to his vows. Lord Falkland, the friend of liberty and the enemy of the Court, was killed at Newbury in the ranks of Charles I.'s troops. You will live, Monsieur le Comte, to see your country free and happy; you will traverse ruins among which I shall remain, since I myself am a part of these ruins.

'For a moment I had hoped to be able this summer to lay my homage and respect at the feet of Madame la Duchesse de Saint-Leu; but Fortune is accustomed to spoil my projects, and she has once more played me false.

'I should have been happy to have thanked you in person for your obliging letter. We would have talked of a great glory and of the future of France—two subjects, Monsieur le Comte, which touch you very closely.

'CHATEAUBRIAND.'

Chateaubriand further remarks: 'Have the Bourbons ever written me letters such as these I have just produced? Did it ever occur to them that I had raised myself to something more than a mere rhymster or political gossip? Should I have believed, when as a little boy

I roamed about the heaths of Combourg in company with shepherds, that a time would come when I should stand between the two greatest powers of the earth—though fallen powers—giving one arm to the family of Saint Louis, the other to that of Napoleon; opposing powers that in their misfortune lean on the feeble yet faithful man—the man disdained by the Légitimists?'

On August 29, 1832, M. de Chateaubriand found himself (contrary to his expectations in May) at Arenenberg. Having described the view from the château as *triste*, he says: 'After having sat upon a throne, after having been outrageously calumniated, Queen Hortense has perched herself here on a rock; beneath it is the island in the lake where the tomb of Charles le Gros is said to have been found, and where now the song birds die for lack of the warm sun of the Canary Isles. The Duchess of Saint Leu was better off in Rome. She has not, however, fallen with regard to her birth and early life; on the contrary, she has risen; her abasement is but an accident in her career; hers is not a sudden descent like that of the Dauphiness, who fell from the height of centuries.

'The companions of the Duchess of Saint Leu were her son, Madame Salvage, and Madame ——. The strangers present were Madame Récamier, M. Vieillard,[1] and myself. The Duchess of Saint Leu bore her difficult position as a queen and a Beauharnais extremely well.

'After dinner Madame de Saint-Leu seated herself at the piano, where she was joined by M. Cottrau, a tall young artist, with flowing moustache, straw hat, turn-down shirt collar, and eccentric costume generally. He hunted, painted, sang, laughed, and was humorous and noisy.

[1] M. Vieillard was the most intimate friend of the Prince present.

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'Prince Louis inhabits a pavilion apart from the rest of the building, where I saw weapons of all kinds, topographic and strategic maps—points which made the beholder think, as if by chance, of the blood of the conqueror. Prince Louis is a studious young man, well read, honourable, and naturally grave.

'The Duchess of Saint Leu read to me several fragments of her Memoirs; she showed me a cabinet full of memorials of Napoleon. I could not help wondering why the sight left me quite calm—why the cocked hat, the waistbelt, the uniform worn at such and such a battle, were so indifferent to me. I was much more moved by the story of Napoleon's death at St. Helena. The reason is that Napoleon is our contemporary; we have all seen and known him: he lives in our memory, but the hero is yet too near his glory. In a thousand years it will be different. The lapse of centuries has given the perfume of amber to the sweat of Alexander. Let us wait—of a conqueror nothing should be shown but his sword.'

And now we note a visitor of aspect very different from that of the grave and sad Chateaubriand approaching the little pier at Ermatingen. He is of large build; he has a merry eye and a mocking lip. The way the world rolls has little effect upon his spirits. He has been to see Chateaubriand; he has been gossiping by the hour about his friends the Orleans Princes; and now it occurs to him there is a personage hereabouts who will repay his tarrying. But Alexandre Dumas shall tell his own lively story from his Memoirs:—

'On entering the Castle of Volberg, occupied by Madame Parquin, who was reader to the Queen and sister of the celebrated barrister of that name, I found an invitation to dinner from Madame de Saint-Leu, and some letters from France, one of which contained the manuscript of Victor Hugo's Ode on the death of the King of

Rome. I read it as I walked to the house in which Queen Hortense lived.

'The Castle of Arenenberg is not a royal residence, it is merely a pretty house that might belong to M. Aguado, M. de Schickler, or Scribe: therefore the emotion that I felt was entirely due to a moral cause, and was by no means the effect of the physical objects upon which my eyes fell. My emotion was such that although having earnestly wished to see Madame de Saint-Leu, now when the wish was about to be realised I found myself stopping continually in order to delay a few seconds the moment of meeting. I peered anxiously into the distance, much more disposed to turn back than to go forward; I was on the point of testing an idea, perhaps of losing an illusion, and I felt as willing to retire immediately with my doubt as to wait for a disenchantment. Suddenly some thirty steps from me, at a wind of an alley, I perceived three women and a young man. My first instinct was to retreat, but it was too late, I had been seen; I felt the absurdity of turning away, so I fixed my eyes on the advancing group; I recognised the Queen instinctively, and walked towards her.

'She had no idea, I am certain, as she came to meet me, of what was passing in my mind. She was quite unconscious that no man, in the days of her glory, on entering the reception rooms of the Castle at the Hague, and approaching the throne on which she sat in the majesty of her power, in the splendour of her beauty, had felt an emotion similar to that which moved me. All the generous sentiments that animate the heart of man—affection, respect, and pity—came thronging to my lips for expression; I could have fallen on my knees before her, and certainly, had she been alone, I should have done so.

'She saw, probably, something of what was passing within me, for she smiled an indescribable smile as she

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held out her hand. "You are excessively good," said she, "not to pass a poor proscript without coming to see her." It was I who was good: it was for her to be grateful! It is well, thought I: this time you have not deceived yourself, young man; it is the queen of your youth, good and gracious; this is the voice and the look you have, in dreams, ascribed to the daughter of Josephine; let your heart beat freely, for once reality has equalled the ideal; look, listen, and be happy.

'The Queen took my arm; she led me, for I hardly knew where I was going. We walked about, I cannot tell how long, and then entered the house. In the drawing-room the first thing which recalled my wandering senses, my disconnected thoughts, was a magnificent portrait.

'"How fine!" I cried.

'"Yes," replied Madame de Saint-Leu; "it is Bonaparte at the Bridge of Lodi."

'"Surely it is one of Gros's paintings?"

'"You are right."

'"Painted from life, doubtless. It is too marvellous a likeness to have been executed in any other way."

'"The Emperor sat for it three or four times," said the Queen.

'"Did he have the patience to do that?" I asked.

'"Ah, Gros found an excellent plan for retaining him."

'"Which way was that?"

'"He made him sit on my mother's knees."

'When I realised that the mother of whom this daughter spoke was Josephine, that her stepfather was Napoleon, that she herself put the domestic incident before me, showing me the lion tamed and gentle, the Emperor on the knees of the Empress, and before them Gros, the man of Jaffa, of Eylau, and Aboukir, his brush

in hand, fixing upon the canvas that head which could master the world—it seemed that I must be dreaming. I took a seat in a corner, and resting my head upon my hands gave myself up to the many thoughts which rushed to my mind. When at last I raised my eyes, I saw that Madame de Saint-Leu was surveying me with a smile. She understood too well the causes of such apparent ill-behaviour to expect any excuses from me, and I never thought of making any. She rose and came towards me.

'"Will you come with me?" said she.

'"Certainly," said I. "What marvel are you going to show me?"

'"My Imperial relics."

'She led me to a solid piece of furniture, like a bookcase with glass doors. On each shelf were arranged different objects that had belonged to either Josephine or Napoleon. Firstly came a pocket-book marked J. and N., in which was kept the intimate correspondence of the Emperor and Empress. All the letters were autographs, dated from the battle-fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, written at the mouth of the cannon, or while surrounded with blood, and all contained some slight intimation of the victory. There were long pages expressing love—a love as deep, as ardent, and passionate as that felt by Werther, Réné, Antony.

'The organisation of this man was immense: so many things together were crowded into his head and his heart.

'Then followed Charlemagne's talisman. The history of this talisman is well worth hearing. I will tell it.

'When the great Emperor's tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened, his skeleton was found clothed in Roman garb; the double crown of France and Germany encircled the skull; beside him, next to his pilgrim's purse, lay

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his famous sword, Joyeuse, the sword with which he is said to have slashed through many a knight in full war array; his feet rested on the solid gold buckler given him by Pope Leo; and round the neck was hung the talisman which wrought his successes. This talisman was a piece of the real cross, which had been sent to him by the Empress. It was encased in an emerald, and this emerald was hung to a thick gold ring by a slender chain. The townsfolk of Aix-la-Chapelle gave it to Napoleon when he entered that town, and Napoleon, in 1813, jokingly threw the chain round Hortense's neck, acknowledging that he had worn it on his breast at Austerlitz and Wagram, as Charlemagne used to do nine hundred years before.[1]

'There were also in this collection the belt worn by Napoleon at the Pyramids, the wedding-ring that he had placed on the finger of Madame de Beauharnais, the portrait of the King of Rome worked by Marie Louise, on which his last glance had rested. That eagle eye had closed on the very object that was beneath my eyes! His dying lips had touched the satin—his last sigh had been breathed upon it! And only a short month ago the child in his turn had died, his eyes fixed on the portrait of his father! Perhaps time and liberty will reveal to us a secret providence in this double death—awaiting that, we can only kneel and worship.

'I asked to see the sword brought from Saint Helena by Marchand, and left by the Duke of Reichstadt to Prince Louis; but the Queen had not yet received this dying gift, and was much afraid she never should.

'The dinner bell rang.

'"Already!" I cried.

'"You can look at these again to-morrow," said she.

[1] This relic is in the Prince Imperial's bedroom at Chislehurst, and was in the chamber of Napoleon III. when he died.

'After dinner we returned to the drawing-room. Ten minutes later Madame Récamier was announced. She was a queen also in beauty and wit, and the Duchess of Saint Leu received her as a sister. I have heard many discussions about the age of Madame Récamier. It is true that I saw her only at night, dressed in black, the head and neck enveloped in a veil of the same hue; but to judge by the youth of her voice, the beauty of her eyes, the soft roundness of her hands, I should have said twenty-five years! And I was no little astonished to hear these two women talking of the Directory and the Consulate as of things they had seen.

'Presently Madame de Saint-Leu was begged to instal herself at the piano.

'"Will it please you?" she asked, turning towards me and half rising from her seat.

'"Oh, yes," I replied, clasping my hands.

'She sang several songs that she had recently composed.

'"If I dared ask you one favour?" I murmured.

'"Well, what would you ask?"

'"For one of your old songs."

'"Which one?"

'"Vous me quittez pour marcher à la gloire."

'"*Ô mon Dieu!* but that is beyond my memory; it dates from 1809. How can you remember it? You can hardly have been born when it was popular."

'"I was only five years and a half old; but among my elder sister's songs that was my favourite."

'"There is only one impediment, and that is that I do not remember it."

'"I can remember it."

'I rose, and leaning over my chair, I recited the verses to her.

"'"Vous me quittez pour marcher à la gloire,
Mon triste cœur suivra partout vos pas;
Allez, volez au temple de mémoire:
Suivez l'honneur, mais ne m'oubliez pas."

"'"Yes, that's right," said the Queen sadly.

'I continued—

"'"À vos devoirs comme à l'amour fidèle,
Cherchez la gloire, évitez le trépas:
Dans les combats, où l'honneur vous appelle,
Distinguez-vous, mais ne m'oubliez pas."

"'"My poor mother!" sighed Madame de Saint-Leu.

"'"Que faire, hélas! dans mes peines cruelles?
Je crains la paix autant que les combats:
Vous y verrez tant de beautés nouvelles,
Vous leur plairez!—mais ne m'oubliez pas.

"'"Oui, vous plairez et vous vaincrez sans cesse;
Mars et l'Amour suivront partout vos pas:
De vos succès gardez la douce ivresse,
Soyez heureux, mais ne m'oubliez pas."

'The Queen raised her hand to her eyes to dash away a few tears.

'"What sad memories!" said I.

'"Sad, indeed!" she said. "You know that in 1808 the rumours of divorce began to spread; they had struck my mother to the heart, and when the Emperor was about starting for Wagram she begged M. de Ségur to write her some verses on this departure. He brought her the words you have just recited; my mother gave them to me to set to music, and the day before the Emperor left I sang them to him. My poor mother! I can see her now, watching the face of her husband, who was listening anxiously, in order to note the effect of the song which applied so well to their respective positions. The Emperor listened to the end; at length, when the last note of the piano was silenced, he went towards my mother.

'"You are the best creature that I know," said he to

her; then kissing her forehead with a sigh, he turned away into his study; my mother burst into tears, for from that moment she felt that her fate was decreed. You can understand now how many memories surround the song, and in reciting it to me you have touched the most sensitive chords of my heart."

'"A thousand pardons. I ought to have guessed that," said I. "I will ask nothing more."

'"Don't mind," said the Queen, turning again towards her piano; "so many misfortunes have happened since then that my memory lingers on that episode with comparative pleasure, for my mother, though separated from the Emperor, was always beloved by him."

'Her fingers wandered over the piano, playing a plaintive prelude, and then she sang, with all her soul, with the same tone that must have fallen on the ear of Napoleon.

'I doubt if ever man felt what I felt during that evening.

'"The Duchess of Saint Leu had invited me to breakfast the next morning at ten o'clock. As I had passed part of the night writing notes, I arrived a few minutes after the stipulated time; and I was beginning my excuses for my delay, which was the more unpardonable as she was no longer queen, but she reassured me with perfect kindness, telling me that breakfast was for twelve o'clock, and that if she had invited me at ten it was in order to have time to talk with me. At the same time she suggested a walk in the park; I answered by offering her my arm.

'We proceeded a few yards in complete silence, which I was the first to break.

'"You had something to say to me, Madame la Duchesse?"

'"It's true," said she, looking at me. "I wanted to

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speak to you of Paris. What was there going on there when you left?"

'"Much blood in the streets, many wounded in the hospitals, not enough prisons, and too many prisoners."

'"You saw the 5th and 6th of June?"

'"Yes, madame."

'"Pardon me if I am very indiscreet, but from a few words you spoke yesterday I think you are a Republican?" I smiled.

'"You were not mistaken, Madame la Duchesse; and yet, thanks to the sense and colour which the journals representing the party to which I belong and with which I sympathise, differing only occasionally, have given to the word Republican, before accepting the qualification you give me I ask your permission to make an exposition of my principles. To any other woman such a profession of faith would be ridiculous; but to you, Madame la Duchesse, to you who, as queen, have heard as much serious conversation as, being woman, you have heard frivolous gossip, I shall not hesitate to show on what questions I touch at social republicanism, and for what reasons I separate myself from revolutionary republicanism."

'"You are not at all agreed, then, among yourselves?"

'Our hopes are the same, madame, but the means by which each would proceed are different; some talk of cutting heads and dividing all property—those are the ignorant and madmen. It may astonish you that I do not designate them by a yet stronger word; it would be useless; they are not feared, nor are they to be feared; they think themselves well in advance, and they are very much in the rear—they date from '93, and we are in 1832. The Government appears to dread them, and in reality would be very sorry if they did not exist, for their theories are the source from which its takes its weapons.

There are others who forget that France is the elder sister of all nations, who forget that her past is rich with memories, and who are busy examining the Swiss, English, and American constitutions in order to see which is most applicable to our country. Those are the dreamers and Utopists. Absorbed in their studious theories, they do not perceive, in their imaginary applications, that the constitution can only be durable when it is born of their geographical situation, when it springs from their nationality and harmonises with their manners and customs.[1] The result is, there do not exist beneath the heavens two peoples whose geographical situation, nationality, and manners and customs are identical. The more perfect the constitution, the more it is individual, and consequently the less is it applicable to any locality other than that which gave it birth. There are others who think that an opinion is represented by a coat of a peculiar cut, a waistcoat with flowing collar, a loosely tied cravat, and pointed hat—those are merely noisy parodies. They excite riots, but are careful to take no part in them; they erect barricades, and leave others to be killed behind them; they compromise their friends, and go about hiding as if they themselves were compromised. But there are others, madame, for whom the honour of France is sacred and must not be touched; for whom the word given is a solemn engagement which they would not suffer to be broken even between kings and peoples; whose vast and noble paternity comprehends all countries that are suffering, all nations that are awaking; they have shed their blood in Belgium, in Italy, and in Poland, and returned to be killed or captured at the cloister of Saint Merry; those, madame, are the Puritans and martyrs. The day will come when not only will the exiles be recalled, the

[1] Prince Louis had made this observation in his review of Swiss institutions.

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prison doors opened to those now in captivity, but the bodies of the dead will be found, that tombs may be erected over them. All that can be said against them is that they were in advance of their epoch—they were born thirty years too soon. Those, madame, are the true Republicans."

'"I need not ask you," said the Queen, 'if it is to that class you belong?"

'"Alas, madame," I replied, "I can hardly boast entirely of that honour. All my sympathies are with them, but instead of allowing myself to be carried away by sentiment I appealed to my reason; I wished to do for politics as Faust did for science—descend and touch the basis. For a year I was plunged in the abyss of the past; I entered it with an instinctive opinion, I left it with a reasonable conviction. I saw that the Revolution of 1830 had advanced us a step, it is true, but that this step had simply taken us from aristocratic monarchy to the reign of the *bourgeois*, and that this *bourgeois* monarchy was an era that must be passed before reaching a popular magistracy. From that moment, madame, without attempting to return to the Government from which I had separated myself, I ceased to be its enemy; I watch it pursuing its career tranquilly, knowing that I shall probably not see its end; I applaud the good which it achieves, I protest against the bad, but always without enthusiasm or hatred; I neither accept nor refuse it, I suffer it; I do not look at it as a happiness, but I think it is a necessity."

'"But to hear you one would think there was no chance of change."

'"There is none, madame."

'"But if the Duke of Reichstadt had lived and had made an attempt?"

"'He would have failed—at least I think so."

‘“It is true; I forgot that with your republican opinions you can think of Napoleon but as a tyrant.”

‘“I beg your pardon, madame, I look at him from another point of view. In my mind Napoleon is one of the men elected from the beginning of all time, and who have received a providential mission from God. These men are not judged according to the human will which made them act, but according to the Divine wisdom which inspired them—not according to the work they have achieved, but according to the result produced. When their mission is accomplished, God recalls them; they think they are dying, but they are going to render account.”

‘“Then what was the mission of the Emperor in your opinion?”

‘“A mission of liberty.”

‘“Do you know that any other than I would ask for a proof?”

‘“I will give it, even to you.”

‘“Proceed; you have no idea how this interests me,” said the Queen.

‘“When Napoleon, or rather Bonaparte, appeared before our fathers, madame, France was rising, not from a republic, but from a revolution. In one of her fits of political fever she had thrown herself so far in advance of other nations that she had destroyed the equilibrium of the world. An Alexander was wanted for this Bucephalus, an Androcles for this lion. The 13th Vendemiaire put them face to face; the revolution was vanquished; the kings who ought to have recognised a brother at the mouth of the cannon in the Rue Saint-Honoré, thought to have an enemy in the dictator of the 18th Brumaire; they chose as consul of a republic the man who was already the head of a monarchy; and, senseless as they were, instead of binding him in a general

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peace, they attacked him with a European war. Then Napoleon called to him all that was young, and brave, and intelligent, in France, and spread it over the world. A reactionary man, according to our ideas, for others he was a man of progress. Wherever he passed he threw to the winds the seeds of revolution. Italy, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Belgium, and even Russia, called their sons to the sacred harvest; and he, like a labourer tired with his day's work, folded his arms and watched them from the summit of his rock at Saint Helena. It was then that his divine mission was revealed to him, and he let fall the prophecy of a republican Europe."

'"Do you think," asked the Queen, "that if the Duke of Reichstadt had lived he would have continued the work of his father?"

'"In my opinion, madame, men like Napoleon have neither father nor son. They rise like meteors in the twilight of morning, cross the sky, which they illumine from one horizon to the other, and lose themselves in the twilight of evening."

'"Do you know that what you say is not consoling for those among his family who retain some hopes?"

'"It is none the less true, madame; for we gave him a place in our sky on the condition that he would leave no heir on the earth."

'"And yet he bequeathed his sword to his son."

'"The legacy was fatal, madame, and God annulled the will."

'"But you frighten me," said the Queen; "for his son, in his turn, bequeathed it to mine."

'"The gift will be heavy to wear for a single officer of the Swiss Confederation."

'"Yes, you are right; for that sword is a sceptre."

'"Be careful not to deceive yourself, madame; I am much afraid that you live in the intoxicating and deceptive

atmosphere that is breathed by all exiles. Time, which continues its progress for the rest of the world, seems to stand still for proscripts. They always see men and things as they left them, and yet men change countenance and things change in aspect. The generation which saw Napoleon's return from Elba is dying away every day, madame; and that miraculous progress is already no longer a memory—it is an historical fact."

'"Therefore you think there is little hope for the return to France of Napoleon's family?"

'"If I were king," I answered, "I would recall them to-morrow."

'"That is not the way that I mean."

'"Otherwise, then, there is little chance."

'"What would be your advice to a member of the family who was still dreaming and meditating a resurrection of Napoleonic glory and power?"

'"I should advise him to awake."

'"And if he persisted in spite of this first advice, which in my opinion is the soundest, and asked you for a second instalment?"

'"Then, madame, I should tell him to obtain exemption from exile, to buy a little land in France, to make himself elected deputy, to attempt by his talent to win the majority of the Chamber, and to use his power in order to depose Louis Philippe, and cause himself to be elected king in his place."

'"And you think," said the Duchess of Saint Leu, smiling sadly, "that all other means would fail?"

'"I am convinced of it," said I.

'The Duchess sighed.

'At that moment the bell rang for breakfast. We walked towards the castle, both of us silent and thoughtful. The Duchess did not speak one word to me until reaching the threshold of the house. She stopped, and looking

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at me with an indefinable expression of sorrow, she said:

'"How I wish my son were here, and that he had heard what you have just said to me!"'

Visitors like M. Dumas kept Queen Hortense and her son well informed of the state of parties in France. M. Vieillard was a shrewd and active politician, with whom, as we have seen, the Prince was in constant communication, and who was frequently at the château. Then M. Mocquard, who subsequently played so important a part under the Empire, travelled every vacation when his labours at the bar were ended to take his holiday at the château, and give at his ease a thorough review of all that had been passing in Paris during the season.

Shortly after the visit of M. de Chateaubriand the Prince sent him his 'Rêveries politiques.' Chateaubriand replied, addressing his correspondent this time as Prince, and not Comte, as in his previous letter:—

'I have read the little pamphlet that you have been good enough to send me with attention, and I have written, as you desired, a few reflexions that have naturally sprung out of yours, and which I had already submitted to your judgment.

'You know, Prince, that my young King is in Scotland, and that so long as he lives there can be no other king of France. But if God, in His impenetrable designs, had rejected the race of Saint Louis, if our country had to return to an election which she had not sanctioned, and if her manners did not render republican institutions impossible—then, Prince, there is no name that befits the glory of France better than yours.

'I shall preserve a deep remembrance of your hospitality and of the gracious reception given to me by the Duchess of Saint Leu. I beg you to lay the homage of my gratitude and respect at her feet.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONARCHY OF JULY.

CHAP. IV.

On February 25, 1834, Mr. Raikes[1] wrote from Auteuil: 'There exists in no country in Europe a Government so little respected abroad, or a King so little respected at home, as is the case in France at the present moment. The Government of the *Juste-Milieu* only ventures to act openly when sure of the connivance or approbation of England to their foreign policy; Louis Philippe only trusts a garrison of 60,000 men near Paris to gradually undermine the liberties of the nation. Strange as it may appear, and anomalous in the extreme, the one, with the high-sounding watchword of Liberal principles, would gladly, if it dared, join with the Holy Alliance; and the other, with liberty and the Charter in his mouth, would go any lengths, as far as his own safety would permit, to establish a military despotism. But public discontent is a warning to which both must lend an unwilling ear. At this present moment, under the reign of the Citizen King, above 100,000 troops are occupied to keep in awe only three cities in this kingdom—Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons.

'Here indeed it seems the policy, when pretexts are wanting, to create artificial excuses for additional rigour. The town has been infested for the last six weeks with wretched itinerant vendors of the most disgusting trash and abuse against the Royal Family—the lowest species of

[1] A portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831-1847.

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caricatures. I have watched them in the streets; no one noticed them, none purchased their wares: it seemed indeed a most unprofitable trade, but still it was continued without check on the one side or encouragement on the other. I at last expressed my surprise to a friend at their impunity. "Oh," said he, "it is an *attrape*; they are agents paid by the police, to sound the feelings of the multitude." In a week afterwards came out a Bill of the most sweeping nature against the public criers, interdicting them from selling even the public journals. Since that has appeared an *ordonnance* requiring the theatres to close their doors at eleven o'clock, which has been treated with contempt; and yesterday was brought into the Chambers a most arbitrary law against associations of every description, on which the "National" makes the following remark:—"The law which shall destroy open associations will found secret ones. Every political association will henceforth have subversion for its aim: it will conceal its existence only to march more resolutely and surely to its end."

'There have been some trifling appearances of discontent shown by the people on the boulevards and on the Place de la Bourse; but the military are always on the alert, and the sober *bourgeois* who thinks only of preserving his shop from pillage, dreads a *mouvement*.'

It was by working on the burgess element of the population on the one hand, through strong repressive measures, and by courting popular favour by avowing a liberal foreign policy on the other, that Louis Philippe and his rough Minister Casimir Périer managed to keep the State vessel afloat, amid dangers of daily occurrence. The perturbed state of the King's mind may be inferred from the ease with which any concession could be extorted from him when there was the least disturbance in the streets. Directly after the anti-Legitimist riot that

began in Saint Germain l'Auxerrois he actually consented, at the suggestion of Lafitte, to efface the fleur de lis from his arms; and it was effaced accordingly, to his poignant regret afterwards. The Lyons and Grenoble riots, the perpetual machinations of the Duchess of Berry, even the cholera (of which Périer died), were dangers to the throne.[1] CHAP. IV.

A dynasty lifted to power upon the shoulders of the people continued within four years, by treachery, weakness, and the harshness which is natural to the weak, to be a despotism devoid of shining qualities; a Government despised abroad for its pusillanimity, and maintained at home through the shopkeepers and the military. It is important to dwell on the condition of France at this period, because it is the time during which Prince Napoleon Louis was watching it; and it is by this condition we shall have to judge the efforts which he subsequently made to overturn it. Crowe, a competent and extremely calm critic of the time, who lived in Paris during the Monarchy of July, and who was a life-long student of French history, observes in his 'History of France':—

'The great object ought to have been to place on solid foundations the throne of the first Prince of the Orleans family. For this a certain popularity was indispensable, and a decorous accord between the circumstances under which the throne was founded and the policy which it adopted. The enemies of the new settlement, more adroit than its champions, saw that the future mainly depended upon the personal respect and influence commanded by the Prince; whereas the Conservative Ministers of that Prince took no care to procure for their Sovereign this prestige. The accusation against him and

[1] The cry arose that the cholera was the effect of poison, and several persons lost their lives from being marked as poisoners.—*Crowe.*

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them which had most weight was that they merely walked in the path of the Restoration—that the Revolution of July had changed nothing. Instead of contradicting this by facts and legislation, the Ministers and the Chambers, Casimir Périer included, aided to strengthen and corroborate it. They evidently preferred the hereditary right of the Peerage, and they strove hard to endow the King with income and the Princes with allowances as ample as the old. The Civil List was discussed in the session which took place before the death of Périer, and the demands of Ministers were too large even for the parliamentary majority, Conservative as it was. One of the calumnies against Louis Philippe, that which most seriously hurt him, was his supposed love of money. It was not true, and might have been despised, but it could only be disproved by generous acts and economical budgets. Instead of this the Civil List as arranged allowed a peculiarly sarcastic writer, M. de Cormenin, to publish attacks which, however exaggerated and unjust, had still truth enough in them to eat into the royal character and accredit the too general opinion of Louis Philippe's avarice. The fault of Casimir Périer was that he did not clearly see where the strength and weakness of the monarchy lay. He thought the acquiescence of a parliamentary majority sufficient, that majority being based upon the vote of one or two hundred thousand electors, the great body of the nation and the press altogether aside. The Minister did not take sufficient note of these things; and the very success of his policy of resistance recommended it so strongly to the Monarch, that he persisted in it even when it was bringing him to the brink of the precipice into which he fell.'

It was to the great body of the nation that both the Republicans and the Bonapartes looked; and they laughed while they watched the poor Duchess of Berry

preparing a Legitimist rising, and appealing to the country folk and the urban artisans, for they knew that these were Bonapartist or Republican, and that the Revolution and the Empire had rooted out every vestige of Legitimist loyalty. It was as completely gone as the lilies from the shield of the House of Orleans.

Even in 1832 M. Louis Blanc states—and he was in a position to feel all the undercurrents of society—almost all the Liberal and non-Legitimist opposition to the Orleans dynasty had rallied under the flag of Bonapartism. He is not a friend of the Bonapartes who gives this testimony. Mr. Crowe observes of this time: 'There were the Imperialists, who sought to resuscitate in Napoleon II. the old régime of Napoleon I. There were others who raved a republic under the same Prince, an hallucination greater than that of Lafitte, who hoped to find a Washington in Louis Philippe. These opinions were all fostered and represented in secret associations, which had their arms, their funds, and their organisations.' They made a memorable manifestation at the funeral of General Lamarque (June 1832), when the Bonapartists compelled the procession, in spite of Soult's 60,000 soldiers, to turn into the Place Vendôme and salute the column, and the funeral ended in barricades and bloodshed. This was met by the Ministries of Montalivet, and then by that of Soult, and the pursuit of the Duchess of Berry by M. Thiers. Next, in order to allay the irritation of the working classes, M. Thiers, having become Minister of Commerce and Public Works, obtained a vote of one hundred millions of francs, to be spent on public works. But no concessions could be granted. Not a move was made back from the Conservative policy which had obtained almost from the moment of Louis Philippe's accession. And throughout, it should be observed, save perhaps when Périer was Prime Minister, it was the

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Sovereign himself who ruled, his chief concern being to obtain security and not to yield liberty. Public expressions of discontent were met by Draconic laws against the press, against clubs and associations of all kinds; and yet the discontent found expression. A Government may as well pass a law against the east wind as endeavour to put down the expression of discontent when it has become national.

The rise of the *Tiers Parti*, and its Ministry of three days, the downfall of that stern and dull Minister Soult, the triumph of the Doctrinaire party after the resignation of Marshal Mortier, and the establishment of the Duke of Broglie as Prime Minister, were events which Prince Napoleon Louis was studying and discussing with his friends. They all indicated the King's fear of the nation, and his reliance on the burgess element and the army, which, the Bonapartists knew, was not Orleanist to the core. They masked, moreover, the effects of Louis Philippe's foreign policy. The quadruple alliance between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, for the support of constitutional Queens in Spain and Portugal, was to be balanced against the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, who formally signified to France that they would not admit the doctrine of non-intervention: France and England stood facing Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The two Powers represented constitutionalism and non-intervention: the three Powers were ranged against the liberties of Europe. If Lord Palmerston was lukewarm in the Anglo-French alliance, it was because he had no faith—or at any rate very little faith—in the honour of Louis Philippe and his Government. Moreover, he perceived that it was, as Crowe maintains, all to the advantage of France, 'which was protected from the combined hatred of Europe, England thereby incurring many unnecessary enmities.'

All these 'burning' subjects impressed themselves

powerfully, as we shall show, on the mind of the student at Arenenberg, especially coming to him not only through the newspapers, but also through the coloured medium of friends and partisans scattered far and wide. The monster and monstrous trial in 1835 of one hundred and sixty-four prisoners for participation in the late riots, and the extraordinary general sympathy which was expressed for them, indicated the exact line of the current of the national feeling. It was clear that the King and his prosecuting Ministers were not the idols of the people.

The accused took the airs of martyrs; the Republican press encouraged the scandalous scenes in the Chamber of Peers. Godefroy Cavaignac was the man of the hour. Men of the position of Cormenin and Audry de Puyraveau, Deputies, were among the fiercest of the declaimers against the Government. Fines and imprisonment were dealt out to the malcontents; in the midst of the angry tumult a score of the prisoners, including Cavaignac and Marrast, escaped from their prison; and finally the remaining culprits were imprisoned or transported. The Government was lenient in punishment, but severe in repression. They drove the disease inward. Assassination became rife; the Corsican ruffian Fieschi appeared on the scene. The Government tried hard to fix his crime on the Republican party, but failed. It served, however, as an excuse for even more stringent laws of repression than were then at the command of the Government. There can be no doubt that the excesses of the Republican press committed at this time justified very strong measures; for political assassins became heroes in the hands of Republican journalists, insurrection was openly preached, and, in short, the Government was treated as an organised infamy to be swept away at any cost and by any means. But the necessity for passing penal measures against the press was a reflexion as much on the Govern-

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ment as on the journals. By the attitude assumed in the autumn of 1835 the Orleans dynasty surrounded itself with a *cheval de frise* to protect it against the nation—a proof that it was not acceptable to the nation.

The Duke of Broglie was the presiding genius of repression, enacting for the House of Orleans in 1835 business closely akin to that which the inheritor of his title was destined to perform under a republic, in the interests of monarchy, and with a powerful Bonapartist party looking on, in 1874. The Duke of 1835 failed. With the help of M. Guizot he loosened the alliance with England, and at home ended his career by alienating the small investors (a very important body in France) from the Government.

M. Thiers then advanced to power at the head of the *Tiers Parti*. The case stood thus between the hair-splitting parties who finally overthrew Louis Philippe when M. Thiers first became Prime Minister of France.

'One of the chief causes of the failure of the great experiment of constitutional government under the House of Orleans was the splitting, rather than the division, of parliamentary parties into fragments, scarcely differing or distinguishable one from the other. The Doctrinaires, indeed, through the mouth of M. Guizot, talked more loudly of the necessity of resistance and repression than others. But M. Thiers was not a whit less vigorous or animated against Republicans and *émeutes*. Count Molé formed a third shade, of which it required glasses highly magnifying to distinguish the difference. Dupin, indeed, denounced the Doctrinaires, and Thiers kept himself apart from them, and the line between them was discernible to the politician who frequented Chamber and saloons. But the great and remote public was unable to discover this distinction; and to them the changes and alterations of Government and Ministry resembled those of a pack of

cards in the hands of a patient and skilful dealer. It is needless to say that Louis Philippe was considered the adroit dealer of the pack, Thiers, Guizot, Molé, and others forming the Court cards, which he turned up successively, playing his own game all the time. No doubt there was a great deal of injustice in all this, both to the King and his Ministers. But such, unfortunately, was the impression. These first-rate intellects were thus expending their genius in the vainest disputes with each other, and gaining small triumphs, whilst they were every day losing popularity and real influence, and isolating the monarchy with them from the middle and humble classes, which in a turbulent country like France must finally award power.'[1]

There was some injustice to the King and his Ministers, but not much. Both King and Ministers had done all that in them lay to estrange themselves from the bulk of the nation. They had shorn the mass of municipal and political power, the right of meeting, and the right of free speech. The man whose hands you have tied may obey you, but it is asking too much to require that he shall love you, and speak well of you behind your back. In the constitutional struggle of Spain Louis Philippe was cold and indifferent, because it thwarted his personal views. He was not biassed by the love his people felt for liberty and their desire to see their neighbours emancipated, but by his personal ambition. He wanted an Austrian princess for his eldest son; and he knew that Austria had taken umbrage at his alliance with England for purposes which to Prince Metternich and his Imperial master were revolutionary. It was to obtain favour with the Austrian Court that France had refrained from protesting against the occupation of Cracow. Other mean-

[1] Crowe.

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nesses were in contemplation, when Austria cut the negotiations short by refusing an Imperial bride to 'regicide' France. The attempt by Alibaud on the King's life furnished a good excuse.

Louis Philippe had to stoop again and again before he obtained an acceptable bride for the Duke of Orleans, and the foreign policy of France was degraded to favour the matrimonial negotiations. After all an alliance with Mecklenburg-Strelitz was a magnificent result; and this was brought about after much pressure and difficulty. The consequence, however, of Louis Philippe's personal aims at the moment when it became the duty of England and France in combination to stamp out a second Carlist civil war in Spain, was that constitutional government received no help in the Peninsula from the King of the barricades. Treachery to the principles on which the monarch, who was to be a king encompassed by republican principles, obtained his throne, could not be effaced by such clumsy expedients as balls at the Tuileries, given to the legions of the National Guards and their wives, which only furnished the Opposition papers with material for the most damaging caricatures of shopkeepers at Court.

The marvellous alertness and fulness with which the German and English, as well as the French papers, dwelt on the shortcomings and the errors of the Government of July, must have kept the inhabitants of Arenenberg familiarly acquainted with all the varieties of public feeling and opinion in France. Heine sent some scathing letters to the German press. Within two years of Louis Philippe's accession he wrote to a German paper :—

'What will become of France? Ah! France is the expectant Penelope who spins and unwinds her skein every day just to pass the time until the hour strikes that is to bring the man whom she wants. Who is this man?

I have no idea on the subject; but I do know that he may draw hard Achilles's bow and interrupt the feast of his insolent rivals who are outraging his hearth, and drive home mortal arrows. He will know how to whip the Doctrinaire servants who have misbehaved themselves with their masters. He will clear the house of the shameful disorder that reigns in it, to bring back, by the help of Minerva, order and peace. Inasmuch as one actual condition, where weakness is general, resembles the epoch of the Directory, we ought to expect an 18th Brumaire. Then the predestined man will appear suddenly amid the powerful ones of the day, who will grow pale with terror as they learn that their reign is at an end. There will be cries, no doubt, that the Constitution is violated, as formerly in the Council of the Ancients, when the predestined man went also to purify the house. But just as this one exclaimed: "What! you have the audacity to talk about the Constitution, you who violated it on the 18th Fructidor, violated it on the 22nd Floréal, violated it on the 30th Prairial!" so the new predestined man will know how to recall the day and the hour when the *Juste-Milieu* Ministers violated the Constitution.'

The interest which a young man of ardent temperament and disciplined by study and a considerable experience among the foremost men of his time, like Prince Napoleon Louis, must have taken in every daily episode of French life under the Government of July, and in the abundant contemporary commentaries, can hardly be overstated. It must certainly be dwelt upon with emphasis; for in the evening reading of the papers which Queen Hortense describes as the after-dinner diversion in her château, and in the morrows spent in studying the ever-shifting lessons of them, lies the basis of the daring entry upon the scene to which the Prince was impelled

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by a force beyond his control. It is certain that the rapid and striking course of events made a deep impression on him, and that the emissaries of the Bonapartists in France who made their way to him, when he had become chief of his house, led him to take a confident view of the chances of another revolution. Louis Philippe in the sight of Bonapartists and Republicans was an usurper. He had been helped to the throne without the consent of the nation, and he had broken all the promises that he scattered among the people while they were behind the barricades. Lafayette had written to him, telling him that in 1830 Frenchmen committed a great fault, if not a crime. The popular party in Paris, instead of consulting the nation on the system and the man they would accept, imposed upon her a form of government and a dynasty. Hence, according to the old patriot, all the errors that followed the Three Great Days. 'If,' he said further, 'a new revolution breaks out, and I consider it inevitable, the first duty of the men who direct it should be to convoke the primary assemblies, so that the country may say clearly and distinctly what it wants.' Then the General added: 'Well, you have a popular name, and if France, honestly interrogated, should decide to rally to it, I should do what I have done all my life: I should bow to the sovereign verdict of my country.'

Armand Carrel had said, and the words had reached the ears of the Prince: 'If this young man understand the new interests of France—if he can forget the rights of Imperial legitimacy and remember the sovereignty of the people—he may be called upon some day to play a great part.' The Prince, as we have seen, did not look to his inheritance of the Imperial crown by right. The sovereignty of the people was the key-stone of his political edifice. He was a democrat to the core of his heart. This

is evident in every political page he ever wrote, and in every act of his career. When he wanted power he went direct to the people for their sanction, and gave a voice to every valid man. His reliance in the power of the name he bore left no doubt for one moment in his mind as to the verdict of the French people. The strength of his conviction that, when he stood in the front line of his family,[1] destiny had singled him out for a great career never forsook him. His star shone undimmed into Fieschi's cell, twinkled aloft as he sailed away to America, and was with him every waking hour of his imprisonment at Ham. He was Heine's predestined man, and he took to the part so seriously, and formed such high ideas of the duties it carried with it, that his mother's anxious face followed him day by day, as he worked beyond his strength and would not have his pace slackened. His high destiny possessed him like his blood; and every blunder made by Louis Philippe's Ministers, every *émeute*, and every attempt upon the King's life seemed to be only so many signals of the coming day. The Prince had, moreover, a quality almost as powerful as that which moves mountains: he had patience.[2]

While the tangles of the Monarchy of July were unravelling Prince Napoleon Louis gave three years' work to a Manual of Artillery, and prepared a *précis* of a History of Artillery for the Historical Institute of France.

[1] According to the law of succession established under the Empire, in default of a direct heir the sons of Joseph, then of Louis, were to inherit the crown. Joseph had only daughters.

[2] M. Guizot, in his *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*, speaking of 1831–2, observes: 'L'expérience a révélé la force du parti bonapartiste, ou, pour dire plus vrai, du nom de Napoléon. C'est beaucoup d'être à la fois une gloire nationale, une garantie révolutionnaire et un principe d'autorité. Il y a là de quoi survivre à de grandes fautes et à de longs revers.

CHAPTER V.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S SPIES.

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It was after Alibaud's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe that the French police became particularly active, and sent out their agents in all directions where they imagined there were knots of men who had reason to detest, or who did detest, the Citizen King. They naturally directed their attention to Switzerland—a free country on the French border, where refugees from France found an honest welcome, and where they lived in security not far from their own country. It was the land that had given shelter to Louis Philippe himself in his days of poverty, and had accorded him a professor's chair at Reichenau, opposite the château from which the Bonaparte chief was studying the sometime professor's mode of governing the French nation. But he showed no gentleness towards the Switzers on this account. Indeed, the Duke of Montebello, his Swiss Minister, had contrived to make himself and his Government extremely unpopular with the Helvetian Confederation long before the incidents happened that, for a few weeks, appeared to threaten war between France and Switzerland. There were troublesome Frenchmen living in the cantons, and chiefly in the canton and city of Geneva. Some were Bonapartists, but the majority were Republicans; and many of them had left their country for reasons that were in no sense political. Still, it is as undeniable that there were centres of sedition against France in Switzerland in 1836 and there-

abouts, as that there have been Gallic conspirators in the regions of Soho for nearly half a century. But it was not only active conspirators whom the French police desired to keep in sight; they were ordered to dog the footsteps of all Frenchmen abroad who were known to be inimical to the dynasty of the barricades. Every time that an attempt was made on the life of the King, whenever an *émeute* took place in the street or a rising in the provinces, or a political Utopia was proclaimed to last a few hours in a provincial town, the entire body of the secret police felt a galvanic shock, roused themselves, and went vigorously to work. Under Louis Philippe the secret police of France were as indefatigable as they were unfortunate. Again and again they moved heaven and earth and found a mare's nest.

The fiasco known as the *affaire Conseil*, born of the fears engendered by the infamous act of Alibaud, was, however, perhaps the raciest story which the Orleans police agents furnished to the light journalism of their day.

A man arrived at Berne bearing on his passport the name of Napoleon Cheli. The name was well chosen. His mission was to mix with the refugees, to join in their plots and meetings. In order that he might discharge his duties as an informer, it was arranged between him and the Duke of Montebello that the Duke should require of the Bernese Government his extradition as a dangerous conspirator. The man's real name was Conseil; but, denounced as a proscribed Republican by the very Government which employed him, and furnished with a passport in a name that had a sound at once Bonapartist and Corsican, his way into the ranks of the refugee Republicans was easy. But his way out was not quite so easy. The refugees were keen on the scent for spies and informers. The Bernese Government were also alive to the manœuvres of the French police.

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When the Duke of Montebello demanded the extradition of Napoleon Cheli, the Swiss authorities obtained a clue to an ante-dated passport which showed that this man had been residing in the country as François Hermann. An enquiry was ordered by the Diet. On the other hand the Republican companions among whom Napoleon Cheli had initiated himself saw good reasons to suspect the genuineness of his Republican ardour. Hereupon they drew him to a secret meeting—into a trap—and there by threats at length drew from him the whole of his disgraceful story, which was confirmed by the papers found upon him. He declared that the French Minister had been privy to the whole design, which had been concocted in Paris; and the demand for his extradition was a ruse of the French Government, to enable him to worm all the inner secrets of the refugees out of them.

The energy with which the Swiss Government acted in arresting Conseil, and in exposing the disgraceful transaction through the Vorort of the canton and the Diet to the eyes of Europe, deeply mortified Louis Philippe and his Ministers. At the very moment when Conseil, in fear of his life, confessed to the band of refugees who trapped him, the Duke of Montebello was demanding his extradition as an enemy dangerous to France. In France the most moderate Liberals blamed the Government.

When Count Molé was taunted with it in the Chamber, he referred the Deputies to his predecessors; and M. Thiers, while admitting that he was at the head of the Government when Conseil's mission was undertaken, declared that he knew nothing whatever about it, and had never been consulted. The obloquy fell upon the King.

It was the cue of the French Government to appear offended by the proceedings of the Swiss Diet and the manner in which the name of the Duke of Montebello

had been used. Shame was covered by anger. The sharp negotiations throughout which strong France was determined to have the upper hand of weak Switzerland ended in a rupture. The Duke of Montebello was recalled, and the Swiss frontier was hermetically sealed against the Switzers. There is hardly a more shameful act on record of bullying by a strong Power, the strong Power being wholly and solely in the wrong. Thiers had already meditated this act in June, as a means of compelling Switzerland to cast out the refugees from her cantons; but the disgrace of carrying it into execution was reserved for MM. Molé, Guizot, and Persil. It is noteworthy that the press both of France and Switzerland universally blamed the proceeding as that of a bully. The commerce of the south of France felt the pinch of the blockade first. The departmental journals complained that the Swiss trade of Marseilles, Lyons, and the frontier departments was passing to Savoy and Piedmont, to Genoa and Turin. The frontier had been, as the French Government boasted, 'hermetically' sealed; but Germany and Italy remained open. The absurdity of the position did not fail to strike the imagination of Swiss and French humourists. Both King and Government were covered with ridicule; but the King, as the representative of the *pensée immuable*, was the greater sufferer.

In the end, which happened in November, the Federal Diet consented to declare that they had no intention to insult the French Government or the French Ambassador, and that they would not follow up the decree of September 7, in which it was ordered that the King and his Government should be officially informed of the real state of the Conseil case, and receive at the same time copies of the depositions.

The bad blood created by the Conseil affair between France and Switzerland was not removed by the friendly

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words in which Louis Philippe's Government resumed negotiations with the Confederation. Hundreds of people had suffered injury in their trade and property. The sense of dignity and independence had been wounded, especially in the democratic cantons. The wound was re-opened in the following January (1837), when, in the Chamber, in the course of the debate on the Address to the King, MM. Thiers[1] and de Gasparin having been supplicated in vain for explanations of the Swiss imbroglio, M. Molé rose and read a letter from the ex-Minister, M. de Montalivet, in which this gentleman assumed all the responsibility of the Conseil trick, adding that he had acted for the safety of the King and the good of the country. Possibly; but he had not the less been guilty of putting an insult upon Switzerland. Because his spy had been discovered and unmasked, because at his instigation the Duke of Montebello had played a low trick upon the Bernese authorities, a blow had been dealt at the commerce of the Confederation! For such a transaction, said the 'National Genevois,' M. de Montalivet deserved impeachment.

[1] M. Thiers observed of the affair that he knew nothing which he ought to have known.

CHAPTER VI.

A POLITICAL MANIFESTO.

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THE 'Rêveries politiques' may be accepted as the political programme with which Prince Napoleon Louis appealed to France. It was the carefully elaborated result of his study of his uncle's life and works, adapted, according to his understanding, to the wants and desires of the French people. It was the régime, in short, which he was prepared to establish, and for this reason it is submitted here to the reader. It is the constitution with which the Prince approached Strasburg.

'The epoch in which we live,' said the Prince, 'is calculated to develop the human faculties and to promote ambition. The liberty of the press allowing each man to make known his opinions, we write now that which we should have contented ourselves with thinking in earlier times, and the anticipation of a brighter future stimulates every capacity, however weak it may be. One of the reasons which prompt patriots to write is the ardent desire to ameliorate the condition of the people; for if we glance at the destinies of divers nations, we are struck with horror, and can only raise our voice to defend the rights of reason and humanity. What do we see around us? The well-being of all sacrificed not to the wants, but to the caprices of a few; everywhere two parties—one turning towards the future in pursuit of the useful, the other clinging to the past in order to preserve its abuses. Here, a despot who tyrannises;

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there, the people's chosen man, who corrupts; here, an enslaved people dying in the attempt to achieve independence; there, a free people, impatient because its victory is withheld from it.

'It is easy to understand, where there has been no revolution, that power should be averse to innovations and surrounded with privileges; but where there has been revolution, when a people have overthrown a power no longer respected in order to bring back glory and liberty—to see the conquered taking advantage of victory, stifling enthusiasm, and reinstating what the people in their anger had thrown aside—this is what surpasses the wildest efforts of imagination, and should prove a useful lesson to posterity. The difficulty lies not in acquiring liberty, but in keeping it; and how is it to be kept when those who should defend it are ceaselessly attacking it? It is no longer brute force that commands, or treason that kills—it is the spirit of doctrinism that destroys the germs of vitality. This is the spirit which, without regard for the honour of France, has abandoned everything because it feared anarchy—the fear being groundless—or war, of which there was no danger. It is a false idea of utility which sacrifices a thousand real advantages because of one difficulty either imaginary or insignificant. Such a spirit would suppress fire because it burns what it should not, would cut off water because it overflows. Why was the great revolution of July spoilt by men who, afraid of planting the tree of liberty, only grafted a few shoots on a stump that centuries have rotted, and which civilisation will no longer accept?

'The general disquiet noticeable in Europe comes from the people's lack of confidence in their sovereigns. All have promised, none have performed. The needs which spring from civilisation are making themselves felt in

all countries; on all sides nations are asking and kings are refusing. Force, then, must decide. Woe betide those sovereigns whose interests are not allied to those of the nation! when the glory of one is not the glory of the other, when the preservation of one is to the detriment of the other, when neither one can trust the promises and vows of the other. Kings defend their thrones as their personal property. Every concession is to them a theft; every reform, the beginning of revolt. The despots who govern, sword in hand, and who know no law but their own caprice, do not degrade human nature; they oppress without demoralising. Tyranny invigorates men, but unstable governments that are arbitrary while wearing the mask of liberty, that corrupt those they would subdue, that are humble to the strong and unjust to the feeble—such governments bring about the dissolution of society; for they beguile by their promises, while tyrants rouse through their martyrs.

'"Each government is composed of two distinct elements, its nature and its principle. Its nature is that which makes it as it is, and its principle that which makes it act. One is its particular structure, the other the human passions which make it move."[1]

'A government can, therefore, be strong only when its principles agree with its nature. The nature of the Republic was to establish the reign of equality and liberty, and the passions which made it act were the love of country and the extermination of its enemies. The nature of the Empire was to consolidate a throne on the principles of the Revolution, to heal the wounds of France, to regenerate the peoples; the passions of the Empire were patriotism, glory, and honour. The nature of the Restoration was a checked liberty that should

[1] Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois.*

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obliterate past glory; its passions, the re-establishment of ancient privileges and the tendency to arbitrary measures. The nature of the Monarchy of 1830 was the rekindling of French glory, the sovereignty of the people, the reign of merit; its passions, fear, selfishness, cowardice.

'The agitation which is uppermost in all countries, the love of liberty which has taken possession of every spirit, the energy that faith in a good cause has put into every mind—these signs of a great want will bring about a happy result. The day will come, and perhaps not long hence, when virtue will triumph over intrigue, when merit will be stronger than prejudice, when glory will crown liberty! Everyone dreams of a different method of reaching this end; I think it can only be attained by uniting the two popular parties—that of Napoleon II.[1] and that of the Republic. The son of the great man is the only representative of the greatest glory, as the Republic is the only representative of the greatest liberty. The name of Napoleon will check any fear of another Terror; the word Republic will prevent any apprehension of absolute power. Let us be just, Frenchmen, and let us render thanks to the man who, sprung from the ranks of the people, did everything for their prosperity, who enlightened them, and secured the independence of their country. If, some day, the people are free, they will owe it to Napoleon. He accustomed the people to virtue, which is the only basis of a republic. His dictatorship should not be cited against him: it led us towards liberty, as the iron bar which turns up the earth creates the fertility of the fields. He spread civilisation from the Tagus to the Vistula; he rooted in France the princi-

[1] This exposition of political faith was written before the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, but it was distributed unaltered afterwards.

ples of the Republic. Equality before the law, the superiority of merit, the prosperity of commerce and all industries, the enfranchisement of all peoples—these are the objects to which he tended. Whence comes the ardour which fires the soul of young France? Whence comes the love of liberty and glory which makes her young men the protectors and the hope of their country? From the knowledge that the opening of their life was glorified by the sun of Austerlitz, that the love of country was their first instinct, and that the sound instruction which they acquired under the wing of victory filled their young hearts with noble sentiments. The misfortune of Napoleon's reign was that he could not reap all he had sown—that he delivered France without being able to make her free.

'But men are often unjust towards those who serve them best. They keep their enthusiasm for a name, and neglect the real substance. "Sylla, a man of violent temper, leads the Romans, by no gentle means, to liberty; Augustus, a cunning tyrant, takes them mildly towards slavery. While, under Sylla, the Republic was gaining strength, everyone was protesting against tyranny; and while, under Augustus, despotism increased greatly, no one could believe in anything but liberty."

'There is little doubt but that, at the present time, immutable laws are necessary to secure the happiness and liberty of the country; but we must not forget that there are moments of crisis when a country can only triumph through the genius of a Napoleon or the immutable will of a Convention; for a strong hand is wanted that can put down the despotism of servitude by the despotism of liberty, that can save the country by the means that would have enslaved it. Each epoch has its necessities, each convulsion of society requires a different remedy. "Thus laws, the natural effect of which was

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to make the Romans a great people, became a burden when they had become great."[1]

'The more intelligence shown in a country, the more men there will be capable of commanding, the more republican will the institutions become. We are making rapid strides towards the sovereignty of capacity.

'The first requirements of a country are independence, liberty, stability, the supremacy of merit, and the equal diffusion of material comfort. The best government is that under which all abuses of power may be checked, and under which, without social revolution and bloodshed, the laws and the lawgiver of the State may be changed, for one generation cannot make laws for a future generation. In order that independence may be secure, the government must be strong, and to be strong it must have the confidence of the people, so that they will not fear tyranny, if it organises a large and well-disciplined army, or be afraid of civil war if it arms the whole nation. To have liberty—which is but a result of independence—the people, without any distinction, must have the franchise; the mass, which cannot be corrupted, and which neither flatters or deceives, must be the source from which all power emanates. In order to spread material ease through all classes, not only the taxes must be lessened, but the government must have a semblance of stability that will reassure men's mind's, and allow them to look to the future. The government will be stable when the institutions are not exclusive—that is, when they favour no class, but are tolerant to all, and are, above all, in harmony with the wants and wishes of the majority. Then merit will be the only reason for rising, and services done to the nation the only occasions for reward.

[1] Montesquieu.

'It will be seen, from what I have stated, that my principles are entirely republican. What can be finer than to dream of the empire of virtue, the development of our faculties, the progress of civilisation? If, in my constitutional project, I incline towards a monarchical form, it is because I think that form better suited to France as it will better ensure tranquillity, strength, and liberty.

'If the Rhine were a sea, if virtue were always the only motive power, if only merit came to power, then I should wish for a republic, pure and simple. But, surrounded as we are by enemies who have at their beck and call thousands of soldiers, who can bring among us a new invasion of barbarians, I think the republic would be unable to repulse the foreign invaders, and to suppress internal troubles, without having recourse to rigorous means, which would interfere with liberty. As to virtue and merit, it is often seen that even in a republic these can only reach a certain point—either ambition corrupts them or jealousy loses them. Thus it happens that transcendent genius is often distanced by the distrust it inspires, and then intrigue triumphs over the merit that might have illumined a country. I should wish to see a government remarkable for all the advantages, without the disadvantages, of a republic; in a word, a government that would be strong without despotism, free without anarchy, independent without conquests. Here are the bases of this constitutional project:—The three powers of the State would be the People, the Legislative Body, and the Emperor.

'The People would have the power of election, and that of sanctioning the Chief of the State.

'The Legislative Body would have deliberative power; the Emperor, executive power.

'As long as there is harmony between these three powers, the nation will be happy; that is, so long as the

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Opposition, which should always exist in a free State, shall be only like the discords of music which are in harmony with the whole.

'Harmony between the government and the governed can only exist in two ways—when the people allow themselves to be governed by the will of one, or when the chief governs by the will of all. In the first case it is despotism, in the second liberty. The tranquillity of the one is the silence of the tomb, the tranquillity of the other is the serenity of a clear sky. Power will always be modified by the desires of the people, since the two Chambers will be chosen by the masses. There will be no distinction of rank or fortune: every citizen will share equally in the election of the deputies. There will no longer be aristocracy of birth, or aristocracy of money—there will be only the aristocracy of merit. The only qualification for the franchise will be age—a difference which treats merely of capacity, for capacity is developed by years. The second Chamber is based on the same rules; only he who has rendered an eminent service to his country will become a senator. These services being recognised by the National Assembly, and the men chosen by electoral colleges, the caprice of one single man will be powerless. Therefore the nation will be represented by two Chambers, one composed of men judged by the people to be best able to discuss their interests, the other composed of men whom the nation has recognised as having deserved well of her.

'The form of government is stable when it is based on the whole people, because then no class is overlooked, because a career is opened to all merit without giving encouragement to the ambition of factions; and because the government has strength enough to protect, without having the force to encroach upon, the rights of the people.

'The sovereignty of the people is assured, because at the coming of each new Emperor the sanction of the people should be asked. If the sanction is refused, the two Chambers should propose another sovereign. The people having here not the right of election, but only that of approbation, this law has not the disadvantages of electoral monarchy, which is a constant source of dissension; it is, on the contrary, a security against political eruptions. The earth would no longer be reddened with blood, and the whole world disturbed by the death of one man; the laws, in following public opinion, would command passion and foresee all wants.

'I flatter myself that the ideas I have just put forth are more or less similar to those professed by the most energetic section of the French nation, that section which is never corrupted by power, and which sends to the national tribune, or to the battle-field, either heroes or statesmen, according to the needs of the country.

'This great portion of the nation consists of the patriots, and the patriots of to-day are mostly Republicans. But although every man has an ideal government in his mind, and thinks this or that form most appropriate for France, the consequence of all principles of liberty is this—that, above all partial convictions, the supreme judge is the people. The people must decide their own fate, they must unite all parties, prevent civil war, and proclaim loudly and freely their supreme will. On this point all Frenchmen should be agreed—no matter of what party they are—so long as they desire the well-being of their country, not the triumph of their own doctrines. Let those Carlists who do not make common cause with the enemies of France, but who follow the generous teaching of Chateaubriand; let those Orleanists who were not connected with the assassinations of Poland, of Italy, and of the French patriots; let all the Republicans and

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Napoleonists unite before the altar of the nation, and await the decision of the people. Then we shall appear to Europe in the light of a great people, constituting themselves without excesses, marching towards liberty, without disorder. If the Powers that wish to divide France made war upon us, they would then see the free people rise in their numbers like a giant among pigmies who are bent on attacking him.

'We talk of eternal fights, of interminable struggles, and yet it would be so easy for sovereigns to consolidate a lasting peace. Let them examine among themselves the habits and customs of the various nations; let them give their subjects the nationality and the institutions they demand, and they will have adjusted the true political balance. Then all nations will be brothers, and they will greet each other in the face of tyranny dethroned, of a regenerated world, and of satisfied humanity.'

This is not the style in which an Englishman would present the articles of his political faith to his countrymen. It is to the British mind high-flown. There is a considerable element of sentiment in it. But in the first place it should be borne in mind that the writer was of a sentimental cast of mind; that he was educated in that period of the century when romanticism was rampant on the continent of Europe; when Chateaubriand was moulding magnificent phrases, and recasting his Memoirs in flowery sentences that weakened them; and when, in France, the romantic school was playing the most extraordinary pranks in style, and an author might be seen within a few furlongs of the boulevards meditating verses, squatted in the fashion of the East upon rich cushions and carpets. So the stolid Englishman must push aside all that to his sluggish imagination is tinsel, and survey the naked proportions of the building.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRELIMINARIES OF STRASBURG.

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PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS confided his most intimate thoughts to M. Vieillard. He relied on his honour and his wisdom, and consulted him in every important event of his life. A hundred versions of the argument which led to the disaster of Strasburg have been given; but here are the Prince's own reasons calmly and plainly laid before his friend and adviser, after the heat and fever of the disaster had passed away, and when the Atlantic rolled between poor Queen Hortense, left alone at Arenenberg, and her son. The letter is dated from New York, April 30, 1837.[1]

'I owe you now,' says the Prince, 'an explanation of the motives that led me to action. I had, it is true, two lines of conduct to follow: one that, in a measure, depended on myself; the other, on events. In choosing the one I was, as you truly say, a means; awaiting the second, I was only a resource. To my mind, according to my conviction, the first part appeared to me preferable to the second. Success offered me the following advantages:—

'I carried out at a stroke, in a day, the work of perhaps ten years. In succeeding I should have spared France the struggles, the troubles, and the disorders of an overthrow that will come, I believe, sooner or later. "The spirit of revolution," M. Thiers has said, "is composed of passions directed to one object, and of

[1] In the possession of the Imperial family.

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hatred of those who are in the way of it." Having carried the people with us through the army, we should have had noble passions with us without hatred; for hatred grows from a struggle between physical and moral force. Again, personally, my position was clear, decided, and easy. Making a revolution with fifteen persons, I should, if I arrived in Paris, have owed my success to the people and not to a party. Arriving as a conqueror, I should have of my own free will laid my sword upon the altar of the country. People would then have had faith in me: my person became a guarantee. In the contrary case, I could have been called by a fraction of the people. I should have had as an enemy not only a skilful government, but a crowd of other parties, perhaps claiming to be national.

'In short, to prevent anarchy is easier than to suppress it. To direct the masses is easier than to follow their passions. Arriving without resources, I was only another flag thrown into the fray, the influence of which might be immense as an aggressive force, but would possibly have been powerless as a rallying-point. In the first case I was a rudder in a ship that had only one obstacle to overcome; in the second, on the contrary, I was on a ship beaten by winds from every quarter, and in the midst of the storm was uncertain as to its proper course. It is true that just in proportion to the advantages which the success of the first plan offered did its failure ensure blame. But in entering France I never thought of the part which defeat would make me play. I relied, in case of misfortune, on my proclamations as my last will, and upon death as a blessing. This is the way in which I viewed the matter.'

In his letters to his mother the Prince declared that in undertaking the Strasburg expedition he acted on calmly settled convictions. He had reason to believe

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that the Napoleonic was the only national cause in France, 'as it was the only civilising agent in Europe.' He protested that he was proud of the nobility and purity of his intentions, and that it was after mature reflexion and having gone through very careful calculations that he resolved to raise once again the Imperial eagle or fall a victim to his political convictions.

'I shall be asked,' he says to his mother, 'what impelled me to forsake a happy existence to run all the risks of a hazardous enterprise. I will answer that a secret voice drew me on, and that for nothing in the world would I have put off to another time an attempt which appeared to me to have every chance of success.

'The most trying point for my thoughts to dwell upon is that, now the reality has taken the place of my suppositions, and that instead of imagining I have seen, I am able to judge, and I am only the more convinced that if I had been able to follow the plan I had at first traced, instead of being now under the Equator,[1] I should be in my own country. What care I for the shouts of the vulgar who will call me fool because I did not succeed, and who would have exaggerated my merit had I triumphed? I take all the responsibility of the event upon myself, for I acted *from conviction and not by impulse*. Alas! if I were the only victim I should have nothing to deplore. I found in my friends an unlimited devotion, and I have no reproach whatever to make against anybody.'

Colonel Parquin was an old soldier of the first Empire. He established himself at the château of Wolfsberg in 1824. In 1822 he had already become an intimate at Arenenberg, and had taken to wife the Queen's reader and school-day friend Mademoiselle Cochelet, as we have

[1] The Prince was on his way to America when he wrote this letter to Queen Hortense.

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already stated. It was with his uncle's old soldier that Prince Napoleon Louis was wont in the evenings not only to talk over the glories of the fallen Empire, but to discuss the fortunes of France under Louis Philippe, and the growth and chances of the Bonapartists, who were perpetually appearing, and showing themselves both vigorous and intrepid. The high esteem which the Colonel entertained for the Prince, and the flattering estimation he had given of his moral elevation, his courage, and his intellectual strength, had helped to draw to the vicinity of Arenenberg many military men of the Empire. By degrees it became generally acknowledged among them that the young Prince, who was practically the head of his house, was of the right stuff. His profound and unalterable belief in his high destiny—that was held not vaingloriously, but with a silent and settled dignity and firmness—drew men to him. His self-concentration was a force that gained those who approached him. Colonel Parquin had had rare opportunities of watching every phase and mood of the Prince's mind, and he clung to him. Colonel Vaudrey was an old soldier of the Empire who could show his scars; and had commanded a battery at Waterloo; so that when he heard and approved the secret plans of the Prince, he was no rash adventurer smitten by a name. When, on his way from the camp at Thun in the autumn of 1836, the Prince called on his friend Zschokke, the historian, and passed a day with him, he left a strong impression in Zschokke's mind. He said afterwards:—

'The talent and character of Prince Louis Napoleon have won for him all my sympathies. But it was with him as with his mother: a daring or grand idea would inflame his mind till he was beside himself. I saw him for the last time in October 1836, on his return from the camp at Thun. He promised to pass another day with

me, but he intimated to me, in a note, that some letters which he had received forced him to return in great haste. He was running to meet disaster. A few weeks later he was a State prisoner.'

If the Prince met disaster at Strasburg, it was not because his enterprise was a rash or a raw one. He had been watching public opinion in France for six years;[1] he had been in constant communication with some of the leading public men of the country; he knew that Henry V. had no chance of supplanting Louis Philippe, and on all sides it was agreed that the Republican party was not strong enough to hold the country. The discontent was profound and general. It is true that the throne of July lasted more than a decade after Prince Napoleon Louis first attempted to overturn it, but all these intervening years were full of trouble. The system of repression was perpetually intensified; there was corruption in the heart of the Government; and finally hunger came to put an end to the conflict between the burgesses of Paris and their King and the French nation.

Success alone justifies such an enterprise as that in which fourteen persons, headed by Prince Louis, endeavoured to seize upon the Government of France by a *coup de main*. But the unsuccessful are right in showing the world that their plans deserved a better fate than they met. It was known by those who could feel the pulse of the army, that had the garrison of Strasburg been carried by the Prince, all the troops in the towns on the way to Paris would have joined him, and that his march would have been as thorough a triumph as that of his uncle's from Cannes. On the title page of the famous little green pamphlet put forth by

[1] He used to say: 'The French people shall never say of me what the Emperor said of the Bourbons, that during their exile they forgot nothing and learned nothing.'

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M. Armand Laity,[1] who was one of the band of fifteen —a pamphlet, if not written, at least arranged, corrected, and annotated by the Prince himself—are the following passages :—'Every party that is compelled to act in the dark, is reduced to expedients which are called intrigues—when they are not successful.' This is from M. Thiers. The second is from E. Rock's 'Insurrection de Strasbourg' :—'At Waterloo Napoleon calculated that there were ninety chances in a hundred in his favour, but among the ten lay fatality.' In this pamphlet the considerations and preparations which led the Prince to Strasburg are related calmly and with authority. 'Many people had sought out Napoleon Louis, since the death of Napoleon II., to urge him to enter into a conspiracy. The Prince always refused. His only plan, which he alone knew, and which he has now permitted us to reveal, consisted in having among all parties persons who were familiar with his patriotic views and his conciliatory spirit, and in each regiment one or more officers whose character and known opinions were sufficient guarantees of their devotion to his cause. This organisation, far removed from a vulgar conspiracy, was completed in 1835. He had then all that he could desire as elements of power. He had only to discern an opportunity, and assure himself of the common action of the various parties. It was important to know what action the Republican party would take at the news of a new movement of the Imperial eagle. The Prince desired to have precise information on the hopes and intentions of this party. One of his friends[2] was sent to Carrel. It was a delicate mission, that required the greatest skill. The excuse was the presentation of the Manual of Artillery which the Prince had published. Carrel showed himself to be a

[1] *Le Prince Napoléon à Strasbourg.*

[2] Probably M. de Persigny.

pure and an unselfish Republican, full of that noble ambition to which the good of the country is the only object. But he appeared to have little confidence in the rapid realisation of his ideas.

'He said: "The Republican party is mined by two causes that will paralyse its efforts for a long time; the first is the imprudence committed by the young men in reviving remembrances of an epoch the political morality of which the crowd cannot appreciate, the second and the greater is the want of a leader, and the impossibility of improvising one under actual circumstances."

'"But," the Prince's agent answered, "have not your labours, your talents, your character, already raised you to this position?"

'"The death of Lafayette," Carrel answered, with noble modesty, "made men cast their eyes towards me; but pray believe that in order to play this part a man must have prestige of greater, and above all of more brilliant, works than mine. When I cannot manage to rally a section of them, how should I command them all?"

'The Prince was then discussed.

'Carrel answered as we have already described. He declared that the Prince's writings proclaimed a strong head and a noble character; that his name was the greatest of modern times; that it was the only one which could deeply move the sympathies of the French people; and that if he could understand the true interests of France, and put aside the rights of legitimacy and submit to the national will, he might be called upon to play a great part.' This was the result—a very encouraging one—of the interview with Armand Carrel.

'As for foreign relations, the Prince concluded that imminent war would not have been the result. Several Courts would rather have rallied to a Napoleon—to a strong

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because a popular Government—than to any other political combination. The Prince often said: "The great advantage of the Imperial cause is that it is, to Europe, the emblem of a legitimate power, while it represents in France a democratic principle." The Prince was, then, assured, as far as he could be, of the sympathy of the people for his cause, of the assent of the army, and of the favourable inclinations of the various parties, when he received letters which led him to believe that the moment was approaching when he might take advantage of old friends to put aside a Government which he believed to be opposed to the happiness of his country. Those who, by their social position, by their antecedents, by their character, deserved his entire confidence, wrote to him shortly after Alibaud's attempt on the King's life to describe to him the precarious condition of France.[1] "We cannot enjoy the present," they said, "because the future troubles us; the Government of the last six years has established nothing. It has repressed noble aspirations and converted men's hearts without inspiring either confidence or security. How should it? It has neither the prestige which centuries give, nor that which the sanction of the people gives, nor even that of a glorious origin. The strongest is never strong enough to remain always master, unless he transforms his might into right, and obedience into duty. . . . The life of the King is menaced daily. If one of these attempts were to succeed we should be exposed to the gravest risings, for there is no longer in France either a party that could rally the rest or a man to whom the public confidence would be given. In this position, Prince, we have cast our eyes on you. The great name you bear, your opinions, your character, all lead us to see in you the rallying-point of the popular

[1] The names of the authors of this letter are, of course, not given.

cause. Hold yourself ready to act; and, when the time shall have come, you will not lack friends."

'In the month of July the Prince repaired to Bachu, not to conspire, as people have said, but to be nearer to France, and to judge for himself of the opinions of the country. During his stay he received visits from a great many inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, and from officers. All expressed opinions in harmony with the conviction he had been forming. Moreover, the visible interest which people everywhere took in his presence, proved to him that the magic of the name of Napoleon had not died with the Emperor and the Duke of Reichstadt.

'Everything, then, tended to fortify his belief in the Napoleonic cause; and yet nothing, as we have said, was yet prepared. The Prince, having devoted friends in all the great cities, could not yet see whether the movement on which he was bent should begin in the departments or in the capital; but among the officers whom he met at Baden one above all others united the conditions necessary to the accomplishment of his projects. This was Colonel Vaudrey, of the 4th Regiment, in temporary command of the artillery at Strasburg. This officer appeared to him one who should be the corner-stone of the new edifice; and when this was resolved upon, Strasburg was selected as the place that should be the first to salute the national eagle. The Prince had known the Colonel for a long time, as he had known other officers, but without there having been any question of a plot between them. Colonel Vaudrey is one of the most distinguished officers of the army; although then young, he commanded a battery of eighteen guns at Waterloo; and he is eminently enthusiastic. A man with a good heart and head, full of honour and of patriotism, he adds to considerable learning a brilliant and an amiable mind.

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Tall, well made, with a proud and manly presence, he has every personal advantage. But what is most striking in him is the combination of opposite qualities. He has soft manners combined with great firmness, the frankness of a soldier with the finished address of a man of fashion. Animated by the purest and most distinguished patriotism, Colonel Vaudrey has always made his love for liberty and his love for the Emperor one. His open and majestic conduct in 1830 had secured him the esteem of the citizens and garrison of Strasburg. Such a character excited the warm friendship of Prince Napoleon; and the Colonel, on his part, finding again in the nephew of the Emperor the great heart and the noble sentiments of the hero of France, could not resist being drawn to him by a powerful sympathy. The Prince, in the course of the long conversations they had together at Baden, explained his ideas and projects to him in these terms:—

'"A revolution is excusable, is legitimate, only when it is made in the interests of the majority of a nation. When only moral agents are used to ensure success, we are certain that we appeal to the majority. If the Government has committed faults enough in the sight of the people to make a revolution welcome; if the Napoleonic cause has left memories deep enough in French hearts; it will suffice for me to show myself alone to the soldiers and the people, and to call to their minds their present wrongs and past glories, for them to flock under my standard. If, on the contrary, I were to endeavour to intrigue with and corrupt all the officers and soldiers of a regiment, I could rely only on a certain number of individuals who could afford me no guarantee that I should succeed outside, where the same agents of seduction had not been used. I have never conspired, in the common acceptation of the word; for the men on whom I rely are tied to me not by oaths, but by a stronger

bond—a mutual sympathy for all that can promote the happiness and the glory of the French people.

'"The man of antiquity whom I hate the most, is Brutus, not only because he committed a cowardly assassination, nor because he killed the only man who could have regenerated Rome, but because he assumed a responsibility which no individual has a right to assume—that is, to change the government of his country by a single act, independent of the will of the people.

'"If I succeed in dividing a regiment—if the soldiers, who do not know me, are fired at the sight of the Imperial eagle—all the chances will be in my favour; my cause will be gained morally, even if secondary obstacles were to prevail over it.

'"Believe that I know France well, and it is precisely because I know her well that I am anxious to attempt a movement that will reconstitute her, and keep her from the peril into which she seems ready to fall. The greatest misfortune of this present epoch is the lack of moral links between the governors and the governed. Confidence, esteem, respect, honour, are no longer the supports of authority.

'"France has seen within fifty years the Republic, with its grand ideas, but with its violent passions; the Empire, with its glory and its internal prosperity, but with its interminable wars; the Restoration, with the blessings of peace, but with its retrograde tendencies and foreign influences; the Government of August, with its promises, its big words, but with its little measures, its petty passions, and its shabby interests. In the midst of this chaos, through their wants, desires, and anger, the people are looking out. . . . It is a sad position indeed for a nation when she can only guide herself by the hates of rival parties. This moral chaos is natural; for each reign has left among the people the marks of its passage,

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and these marks show themselves in elements of prosperity or in signs of death.

'"France is democratic, but she is not republican. I understand by democracy the government of one by the will of all; and by republic, the government of several in obedience to a system. France wants national institutions to represent her rights—a man or a family as the representative of her interests—that is to say, she wants the principles of the Republic *plus* stability; the national dignity, order, and internal prosperity of the Empire without its conquests; and she might covet the foreign relations of the Restoration; but what can she want that is part of the actual Government?

'"My object is to come with a popular flag—the most popular, the most glorious of all—to serve as a rallying-point for all that is most generous and national among the various parties; to give back to France her dignity without a universal war, her liberty without license, her stability without despotism. And to bring about such a result what is necessary? Derive all your power and all your rights from the masses; for amid the masses are to be found reason and justice."'

This formal declaration on the part of the Prince of the need he had in view, and of the means by which he proposed to meet it, was received by Colonel Vaudrey with unqualified approbation, and he placed himself unreservedly in his hands.

Another—a faithful and a devoted adherent—presented himself. Jean Gilbert Victor Fialin, afterwards Count, and finally Duke, of Persigny, was a man of remarkable ability and character. Born in 1808, he had seen the fortunes of his family wrecked, and had at the age of seventeen volunteered into the army. In 1828 he was adjutant of the 4th Hussars, having gone through the usual course of study at the cavalry school of Saumur.

A Royalist by birth, his ardent temperament could not withstand the spirit of freedom that possessed the youth of France in 1830. He threw himself so vivaciously into the Revolutionary movement that he was accused of insubordination and put on the reserve, and from this position he was never reinstated.

In 1831 he went to Paris to seek his fortune, and he was recommended by M. Baude, as a writer on the 'Temps.' Henceforth he assumed a name and style which, it is said, had belonged to his family for two centuries, and called himself the Vicomte de Persigny. In 1834 he had become an ardent Bonapartist, and had established the 'Occident Français' to propagate Napoleonic ideas. The vigour and spirit of his advocacy brought him in communication with King Joseph, who gave him a letter of introduction to Prince Napoleon Louis at Arenenberg. From the moment when M. de Persigny met the Prince he became thoroughly devoted to him, and he gave the rest of his life ungrudgingly to his service. The Prince inspired the young cavalry officer with that confidence as well as devotion which he generally communicated to his personal adherents.

De Persigny at once fell into the Prince's plans, and travelled over Germany and France in aid of them. He was the active mind of the propagandists. He went from town to town enquiring for himself into the exact nature of the local strength of Bonapartism. When the Strasburg attempt had been resolved upon he was by far the most active and zealous of the fifteen who were in the secret, as we shall presently see.

Long before the day on which the Prince appeared to the troops at Strasburg, a very considerable number of persons must have known that there was a conspiracy in the air. The meetings at Baden had been frequent; attempts had been made to win over the democrats of

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Alsace; the Prince had himself made overtures to General Voirol, who had repelled them, and warned the Prince off French ground. Stalwart adherents and supporters were not wanting however on all sides; the plans stretched over a broad space, and appeared to be without a flaw. An enthusiast in the person of Madame Gordon had appeared on the scene, had been initiated into all the secrets of the prime movers, and had been entrusted with duties of vital importance. The pleasures of Baden were the light veil with which the intentions of the conspirators were covered; but it is now certain that the eyes of the police were upon the enterprise, although their vigilance was baffled.

The story of the Strasburg expedition has been so often and so variously told that it is difficult to sift the truth from the falsehood. The historian, however, who has depicted Louis Philippe sitting in the Tuileries, or in his château of Eu, smiling over the police reports of the progress of the conspiracy, has overstated the extent to which the authorities had penetrated the secrets of the Prince. It was easy to say, after the failure, that one of the persons nearest the Prince was a police agent, and that he had been directed to push matters to a crisis thoroughly compromising to the conspirators, and that a second Conseil represented the Government of July at Baden; but the ascertained, indisputable facts destroy this assumption. The French police had scent of some Bonapartist movement—for they never lost sight of the inhabitants of Arenenberg—and they kept notes of the Prince's visitors at Baden; but M. Guizot's account of the reception of the news of the attempt by the Government and the King proves that their agents had not succeeded in conveying any complete anticipations of the coming event.

Little or nothing is to be gained at this time by an examination of the minutiæ of the scheme which Prince

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Napoleon Louis conceived, and the details of which were elaborated chiefly by M. de Persigny. It was he who travelled far and wide; it was he who visited Strasburg and established himself in a house there, and perfected each man in his part. The Prince went once or twice incognito to the city, but it was necessary to keep him as completely apart from the preparatory operations as possible. As for his plan, we have it, we may almost say in his own words, in Lieutenant Laity's pamphlet:—

'The Prince's plan was to throw himself suddenly into some considerable garrison town, to rally the soldiers and the citizens by the prestige of his name and the charm of his audacity, and then to proceed by forced marches to Paris with all the troops that could be gathered to his standard on the way, rousing the people during his progress by the magic of a grand spectacle and the triumph of a great cause. Strasburg was the town most favourably situated for carrying out this project. A patriotic population, opposed to the Government which had disbanded its National Guard, a garrison of between eight and ten thousand men, a powerful artillery, an immense arsenal, and resources of all kinds made this place a basis of operations which, once rallied to the popular cause, might produce the greatest results. The news of a revolution consummated at Strasburg by the nephew of the Emperor, in the name of liberty and the sovereignty of the people, would have taken all people by storm. Had this town been secured, the National Guard would have been called out to man the ramparts and protect it from assault without. The youth of the city, formed into corps of volunteers, would have been added to the garrison. All this would have been arranged in a single day, so that on the morrow the march on Paris would have been opened with twelve thousand men, nearly one hundred pieces of artillery, ten or twelve

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millions in the military chest, and a considerable quantity of arms to put into the hands of those who might rally to the cause. It was known that the example of Strasburg would have been followed by all the garrisons of Alsace. The line of march would have been through the Vosges, Lorraine, and Champagne. What great memories would have been re-awakened! What resources would have been found in the patriotism of these provinces! Metz would follow the impulse of Strasburg; many of the garrisons that surround her would be occupied within four days, before the Government could have adopted a line of action. Thus the Prince Napoleon might have entered Champagne, on the sixth or seventh day, at the head of 50,000 men. The national crisis would have widened hour by hour; proclamations, drawn up to awaken popular sympathies, would have penetrated in all directions. They would have inundated the north, the east, the centre, and the south of France. Besançon, Lyons, Grenoble, would receive the counter-shock of this great revolution.

'However, what would the Government do under these grave circumstances? Would they draw off from Paris the 50,000 men who were necessary, in ordinary times, to maintain the obedience of the people? Supposing that they had the time to rally the garrisons of the hills and of the frontier towns of the north, could they keep the capital in order and stop a movement so energetically begun? To an army of citizens and soldiers, inflamed with a love of glory and liberty, they could oppose only regiments disorganised by the contagious example of insurrection. Supposing that they managed to keep an army under the flag of the cock in the presence of the eagle of Austerlitz, the question, reduced to one of pure strategy, would be decided in favour of the popular cause. An army without lines of communication to

defend, without rear to protect, carrying everything necessary with it, and having but the sole object of reaching Paris, would triumph, without drawing the sword, over an army with every contrary condition against it. It would suffice, indeed, to steal a march on it, to cut off its line of communication and arrive first in Paris—which would put an end to the struggle.

'But all depended on the first moment: it was necessary to succeed at Strasburg. If this enterprise presented great difficulties, these were not beyond the courage or the talents of the nephew of Napoleon.'

Then follows an account of the final precaution taken by Prince Napoleon Louis. It was a bold step. He resolved to go alone in the midst of the officers at Strasburg, and sound for himself the disposition of that part of the army which was within his reach.

'One night in August 1836, after having attended a brilliant fête at Baden, he took horse, accompanied by a single friend (probably De Persigny), and rode the distance which separated him from France. It was under the cover of the night that he crossed the Rhine. He was led to a room in which a friend of the cause had assembled twenty-five officers of all arms of the service. It was understood that the honour of all present might be relied upon, although they were not bound by any oath. Suddenly they were informed that Prince Napoleon was in Strasburg, and that he would present himself to them. The news was received with enthusiasm by all. They said: "The nephew of the Emperor is welcome. He has nothing to fear. He is under the protection of French honour. We would defend him at the price of our lives.' In another moment the Prince was in the midst of them. All the officers formed respectfully round him, and in a deep silence the visitor said: "Gentlemen, the

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nephew of the Emperor confides himself to your honour with confidence. He presents himself before you to learn your sentiments and opinions from your own lips. If the army remembers its glorious traditions, if it feels the wrongs of the country, then I have a name that may be of service to you. It is plebeian like our past glories, it is glorious like the people. To-day, it is true, the great man exists no longer, but the cause remains the same. The eagle, that sacred emblem, ennobled by a hundred battles, represents, as in 1815, the neglected rights of the people and the national glory. Gentlemen, exile has covered me with many sorrows and cares; but as I am not led to act by a personal ambition, tell me whether I have deceived myself as to the sentiments of the army, and I will, if it must be so, resign myself to life in a foreign land, waiting for a better future."

The officers one and all declared that the Prince should no longer live in exile. They would give him back to his country. They assured him that they had long sympathised with his misfortunes. They were tired of inaction, and ashamed of the part the army had been made to play under the Monarchy of July.

The Prince returned to Baden and to Arenenberg so well satisfied with his reception by the officers in garrison at Strasburg, that he now made his final resolve to strike a blow so soon as a favourable opportunity should present itself. This opportunity he watched through the summer from the camp at Thun, and he discovered the coming of it in the ungenerous action towards Switzerland with which France endeavoured to cover her conduct in regard to the informer Conseil.

The news of the fall of M. Thiers, and the advent of M. Molé and the Doctrinaires to power, reached the young artillery officer at Thun; and, his military duties

done, he deemed that the time had come to act. It was not for lack of due deliberation, of devoted friends, or of promises reaching him from every part of France, that he would fail. He had faith in his destiny, in his star; and his resolution once taken, nothing could have shaken it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRINCE'S DEPARTURE FROM ARENENBERG.

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PRINCE LOUIS returned to his home to make final arrangements and take leave of his mother.

His portrait at this time has been sketched by one who knew him well—the author of the 'Lettres de Londres.' 'The Prince has an agreeable physiognomy, is of middle height, and has a military air. To personal distinction he adds those simple, natural, easy, and delicate manners which seem to belong to the superior classes. At first sight I was struck with his resemblance to the Prince Eugene and the Empress Josephine, his grandmother; but I have not remarked the same resemblance to the Emperor. It is true that, having neither the oval face, the full cheeks, nor the bilious complexion of his uncle, the *ensemble* of his face is deprived of some of the particularities which one remarks in the Emperor's head, and which suffice to give to the least faithful portraits a certain resemblance to Napoleon. The moustaches which he wears, with a slight imperial upon the under lip, give to his physiognomy a too specially military character—not to interfere with his resemblance to his uncle. But on observing the essential features—that is, those which are not affected by more or less embonpoint or more or less beard—one is not long in perceiving that the Napoleonic type is reproduced with an astonishing fidelity. It is, in fact, the same high and broad and straight forehead, the same finely proportioned nose, the

same grey eyes, although the expression is softened. There are, above all, the same lines and the same inclination of the head,[1] so marked with the Napoleonic character that, when the Prince turns, it is enough to startle a soldier of the Old Guard; and when the eye dwells on the correct lines of the outline, it is impossible not to be struck, as before the head of the Emperor, by the imposing pride of the Roman profile, the pure and severe, I will even say solemn, lines of which are like the soul of a great destiny.

'The distinctive character of the features of young Napoleon are nobility and severity; and yet, far from being hard, his physiognomy breathes, on the contrary, a sentiment of kindness and gentleness. It seems as though the maternal type, apparent in the lower part of the face, had come to correct the rigidity of the imperial lines, as the blood of the Beauharnais appears to have tempered in him the southern violence of the Napoleonic blood. But that which excites interest before all is that indefinable shade of thought and melancholy which covers all his individuality, and reveals the noble sorrows of exile.

'Now, with this portrait you must not figure to yourself a handsome young man—such an Adonis of romance as would excite the admiration of boudoirs. There is nothing effeminate in the young Napoleon. The sombre shades of his physiognomy indicate an energetic nature; his composed demeanour, his look at once sharp and thoughtful, all indicate in him one of those exceptional natures—one of those strong natures that feed on the contemplation of great things, and that are alone capable of accomplishing them.'

This is a picture drawn by a friendly hand, but in

[1] This must have struck all who saw Napoleon III. during the Empire.

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most respects it is strikingly true. In the portrait by Cottrau[1] the features and the expression are impressive. The face has not the least resemblance to that with which the English illustrated journals—and French above all—have made the public familiar. Leech is answerable for the original mistake. He drew the Prince with coal-black hair, dark eyes, a Jewish nose, and a very low shelving forehead. He had none of these features. The hair was a light brown, to begin with—even in later life, as Cabanel shows—the eyes were blue-grey, the nose was aquiline, and, above all, the forehead was straight, broad, and square.

As a young man Prince Louis, with his rigid military bearing, must have been a person of impressive presence. The melancholy that settled upon his face clouded it while he was young. He had seen and felt much before he reached man's estate. Living constantly with his mother, he had learned by heart every episode of the last years of the Empire. His earliest impressions had been those of sorrow and danger, and these had prematurely quickened his intelligence. All his friends, his mother the first among them, have borne witness to the gravity and silence of his habits. At the same time they are never weary of testifying to the native kindness of his heart, and to that sympathetic quality which makes friends and keeps them.

His position on the eve of the Strasburg expedition was one that only a man of strongly marked character, and of excellent personal and intellectual advantages, could have attained. The expedition, when it had failed, looked ridiculous, and the French Government papers spared nobody connected with it. The Prince was treated as an idiot, and his followers as the lowest of ad-

[1] See engraving.

Charles Louis Napoléon

IN THE ARENENBERG COLLECTION

London, Longmans & Co.

venturers, a line of criticism that was freely adopted in England, where the critics had no opportunity of forming an estimate of the understanding of the chief or of the character of his associates. But we have endeavoured to show that the conspiracy was not quite a madcap one, and that the motives of the chief actor were neither base nor selfish; that he had been a close student of the living history of his time, and had formed a theory of government based on that of his uncle, in which he believed with his whole heart and soul; that he never intended to seize upon the crown of France, but to submit her destinies to an orderly expression of the national will; and, in fine, that the means to the end had been prepared and adjusted with the greatest patience and skill. The failure was an accident; and after the failure, the means were hidden, in order to screen scores of officers, who had held themselves ready to support the Prince.

Queen Hortense had never enjoyed robust health. Much of her life was spent in experiments in search of it. She must have tried half the waters of the Continent. Her nervous nature had been tried by a long series of misfortunes. She had but one child left; her old school-day friends had died; she was for ever estranged from her husband, who, indeed, had found solace in another connexion; and she was dependent for society upon the visitors who could manage to travel to her northerly corner of Switzerland. When in October 1836 Prince Louis went home to take leave of the mother who had lived for and in him so many years, he found her sad and lonely. Some writers contend that the Queen was privy to the expedition, and that she had helped in the preliminaries, and had used the great influence of her name in France to win over friends to the cause; but no proof exists of her complicity. Her letters to friends for years had breathed nothing but resignation to fate, and she fre-

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quently expressed a horror at the idea of any movement that should lead her son from the tranquil life of study he led with her. In a letter to M. Belmontet she said: 'I should not complain if my son, at his age, was not deprived of all society and left in a position of complete isolation, without any distraction save the hard study to which he has given himself up. His courage and strength of character equal his sad and trying destiny. What a generous nature! What a good and worthy young man! I should admire him if I were not his mother, which I am very proud in being. I rejoice as much in the nobility of his nature as I suffer in not being able to sweeten the tenour of his life. He was born for great things, and was worthy of them.'

We see the ambitious as well as the fond mother in this passage, but not the woman who would have sent her son forth from her to put his life in peril in an enterprise fully as hazardous as that of the Romagna.

One writer has not scrupled to assert that when the moment for parting came Queen Hortense threw her arms about her son's neck, 'and then slipped upon his finger the marriage ring of Napoleon and Josephine, which she regarded as a sort of talisman calculated to protect him in the hour of peril.' This is taken as positive proof that she knew Prince Louis was not merely going on a shooting expedition, or on a visit to his cousins. If the incident were rightly reported it would be strong presumptive evidence of the Queen's complicity; but the report is incorrect.

It is probable that Prince Louis kept his mother in ignorance of his plans, and more than probable that he announced his intention of paying his cousins a visit; since he had become a very assiduous visitor of one of his cousins. This is the record in M. Laity's pamphlet, and there can be no doubt that it was the Prince's own account

of his leave-taking:—'On October 25 the Prince took leave of his mother, telling her that he was going to see one of his cousins, but that he had given a rendezvous on the road near the French frontier to some political adherents who wished to make a communication to him. His mother, while ignorant of his project, mistrusted his firmness. While begging him to be prudent she was much moved in parting from him, and placed upon his finger the wedding ring of the Emperor and the Empress Josephine, as a talisman against the dangers to which he might expose himself.'

Among Prince Louis's cousins there was one, Mathilde, daughter of King Jerome, to whom he had become attached, and who was believed to return his affection. On his way to America, in sight of the Canaries, in a mournful letter home is the following passage:—'When, a few months ago, I was returning through the park, after having accompanied Mathilde home, I came upon a tree that had been riven by the storm. I said to myself: "Our marriage will be broken by fate." This vague, passing thought has become the truth. Have I, then, exhausted in 1836 all the share of happiness life had in store for me?' It was probably to this Princess Hortense imagined her son was hastening when he left her.

An alliance with Mathilde, which appeared to have been a generally understood arrangement in the family, had never taken the shape of any formal engagement. The cousins were not openly affianced, but an affection had sprung up between them, and they had corresponded as lovers. Had the Strasburg expedition not happened, it is more than probable that Prince Louis would have married King Jerome's daughter. But their separation was not regretted by their friends. The Strasburg failure showed the nature of the Princess's affection in its true light, and the Prince was as completely cured of his

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passion by the young lady's bearing towards him in his misfortune, as his father had been of his affection for Émilie de Beauharnais by the small-pox.

Fritz slept like a watch-dog in the hall of the château. On October 25, 1836, before daylight, the Prince crossed the garden from his rooms, tapped at the doors of the château, and called 'Fritz! Fritz!' Old Fritz let his master in, and saw him go softly up to his mother's room. It was then she gave him the ring, with much motherly counsel against rash adventures; and that he calmed her fears by saying he was going to visit his cousin, after leaving his adherents at the frontier. He came down in about half an hour, got into a carriage carrying a box which Fritz believed to be full of money, and drove away with Charles Thélin, his faithful valet.

When next Prince Louis saw his mother she was on her death-bed.

CHAPTER IX

THE MEETING IN STRASBURG.

CHAP. IX.

AMONG the men who accompanied Prince Louis to Strasburg none had so high a reputation as Colonel Parquin, his old neighbour. He had been a captain of the Imperial Guard, and a distinguished one. He had received eleven wounds, he had taken a flag from the enemy, and he had saved the life of Marshal Oudinot. He was known to all the men in leading commands of the army. In 1835 he had been begged to take active service, and was appointed to a command in the municipal guard of Paris. In the autumn of 1836 he was on leave in Switzerland; and when the Prince was about to start for Strasburg he called on his old friend.

'Parquin,' said the Prince, 'I am going to replant the eagle on our standards, or get killed. Will you follow me?'

'Count on me, Prince,' was the old soldier's answer; and twenty-four hours later the two were on their way to Strasburg.

It was true that on his road to Strasburg the Prince had appointed a meeting with several French generals; but by some accident the place of meeting was misunderstood, and the Prince waited in vain. The disappointment undoubtedly weakened the effect of his appearance before the garrison of Strasburg, but it was not deemed serious enough to warrant the adjournment of the expedition. The Prince, once on the road, had every reason to

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hasten forward, because he felt that as soon as it should be known that he had left Arenenberg, and that he had a group of friends with him, his movements would be watched. But the waiting for the generals who came not lost three precious days, viz. from the 25th to the 28th.

On the morning of the 28th the Prince left Fribourg in a carriage and four, passed Neu-Brisach and Colmar, and arrived at ten o'clock at night at Strasburg. According to M. Laity, he passed the night in an officer's rooms—probably those of M. de Persigny, who was the heart and soul of the expedition—situated at 24 Rue de la Fontaine. The morrow was given to consultations and arrangements with Colonels Vaudrey and Parquin, with De Persigny, Laity, and the rest of the fifteen faithful participators in the adventure. The Prince submitted a report on the enquiries he had directed along the frontier towns, and this tended to the conclusion that the garrisons and inhabitants were ready to rise so soon as an imposing military force had raised the Imperial eagle. M. Laity describes the plan of proceeding that was debated and adopted in the course of the 29th:—

'The first condition of success, then, was to carry a regiment. The garrison of Strasburg consisted of two regiments of artillery, a battalion of engineers, and of three regiments of the Line. These regiments occupied barracks that stretched along the ramparts of the city, and separated one from the other by a considerable space. One of the infantry regiments—the 46th of the Line—was in quarters at the extremity of the line of ramparts, upon which the military drama was to be played. On this line lay the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefecture, the military division, the subdivision, the battalion of engineers, and the 3rd Artillery. In the centre of another line of ramparts, at right angles with the preceding, was the Austerlitz quarter, occupied by the 4th Artillery. The 16th of the Line was

in the Citadel. As for the 14th Light Infantry, quartered at the opposite end of the town, it was quite beyond the line of operations, and could play only a secondary part under any circumstances.

'To which regiment should the Prince present himself? The position of Colonel Vaudrey as commander of the 4th Artillery, and the attachment of the soldiers to him, led us to suppose that his regiment would be most easily carried. But the Colonel observed that, under the present circumstances, they must count only on the name of Napoleon; that the influence of a commanding officer was only secondary in such a case, and that, for instance, no colonel would be able to carry a hundred men of his regiment for Henri V. He added that his part should be restricted to that of presenting the Prince to one of the three corps which he commanded; that one was not better than the others; that in the 4th there were 400 recruits; but that if one regiment followed the Prince, he might count upon all the artillery. The Colonel observed that many circumstances had combined to give the engineers a great popularity in the city; they would carry all the people with them, but unfortunately they were separated in two barracks. Then, again, the stables of the 4th Artillery were far removed from their quarters. But the 3rd appeared to unite all desirable conditions. It had its horses and its park of artillery at hand; it was the most numerous corps, and included the greatest number of old soldiers. After long deliberation this resolution was abandoned; for it would not be possible, within the plan finally adopted, to make any use of the guns. The 4th was at length fixed upon. Indeed, this corps had glorious memories attached to it.

'This first corps carried, should they proceed to the artillery or the infantry? Should they rally all the artillery first, or should they endeavour to mingle the various

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arms of the garrison? Should they profit by the first success to repair at once to the quarters of an infantry regiment, before any measure could have been taken to divert this regiment from the influence of the Prince? This question, which appears at first sight a purely military one, was complicated by other and grave doubts.

'The first plan was, then, to rally the three artillery regiments; if a first success was carried in the Austerlitz quarters, this stroke could not miss. The Prince would be master of 150 pieces of artillery, without reckoning an immense arsenal. If only a military operation had been in question, the city was in his power. He would only have to repair to the Place d'Armes and issue his orders, and everybody would have obeyed him. But what bitter consequences this plan might entail! While the artillery was being won over, and the energetic measures which their adhesion would entail were being adopted, the infantry might be drawn in an opposite direction. They might be made to assume a hostile attitude, by deceiving them as to the identity or intentions of the Prince, or they might be simply marched out of the city. But—and this was most to be feared—the citizens might be frightened by a great display of military force. On seeing the batteries traverse the city and take up position on the Place d'Armes, they might imagine that the Prince was presenting himself to the nation escorted only by the military prestige of the Empire; and this might create a bad impression. Master of Strasburg only by military force, and without the consent of the citizens, he would be master only of the walls of a city. It would be only a solitary fact, without consequence or ulterior import; whereas a conquest made by the enthusiasm of soldiers and citizens combined was the beginning of a revolution.

'The second plan consisted in repairing direct from the Austerlitz quarters to the Finckmatt, where the 46th

of the Line were quartered. The leaders would arrive before the movement could have become known, and consequently before any hostile precautions could be taken. On their way they would pass the residences of the chief authorities, and these they would convert or secure. If the 46th could be carried over, all the military difficulties were at an end; for, during this time, the officers of the engineers and of the 3rd Artillery, who were in the confidence of the Prince, would rally their corps, and would bring them to the general rallying-point.

'Thus all would be accomplished at once. The two arms, artillery and infantry, would be mingled, the other corps would be rallied to them, the printed proclamations would be pasted upon the walls, and the Prince would be at the head of a greater force than any which could be opposed to him. Nothing thenceforth could extinguish this moral and popular movement. However, if they should not succeed in carrying over the 46th, precautions were taken to secure a retreat. They were to march to meet the other two regiments of artillery; the energetic measures included in the first plan were to be adopted. During these movements the proclamations on the walls would have been read; and when the Prince arrived on the Place d'Armes, the population would understand the meaning of the military display and would be the first to applaud. Thus, even in the event of an unfortunate check, the cause would be so sustained by the people that it could not fail.

'This plan, indeed, was more in conformity with that originally laid down by the Prince. It satisfied all the political and military conditions that had been agreed upon, and it was finally adopted. But, to ensure success, or at any rate a retreat, in regard to the Finckmatt

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episode, there were difficulties that required very careful study.

'The Finckmatt quarters consist of a long building parallel with the ramparts, and separated from them only by a narrow, enclosed court. This court is the place where the soldiers assemble. There are only two narrow ways from the barracks to the town—one by the ramparts, through iron gates at one extremity of the court; the other, in an opposite direction, by a narrow lane that leads at right angles from the Faubourg Pierre to the central entrance to the building. The Faubourg Pierre is broad, but an immense block of buildings lies between it and the barracks, so that the only approach is by the lane, in which just four men can march abreast.

'If the Prince arrived by the Pierre lane, he would be compelled to leave the regiment already with him drawn up in order of battle in the faubourg, and present himself in the barrack yard with a small escort, without being able to show the soldiers of the Line a whole regiment already won over to his cause. If, on the other hand, he approached by the ramparts, and placed himself before the barracks, he would appear before the infantry escorted by an entire regiment in a state of enthusiasm. Such a spectacle would attract all the soldiers. The distance from the rampart to the building was not more than twenty-five feet. The Prince could make himself known to all the troops, and harangue them. Several batteries of the 3rd Artillery kept their horses in the Finckmatt barracks; the soldiers of these batteries had many friends in the 46th, made while they were attending to their horses; they would fraternise over the great news; there would no longer be any doubt as to the presence of the nephew of the Emperor, and the enthusiasm would become contagious.

'Nevertheless, if it were otherwise—if the infantry re-

sisted this moral pressure, even if they tried to put down the movement—nothing could prevent the Prince from retiring by way of the ramparts. A picquet of fifty horse, posted at the gates, would suffice to restrain the infantry during the retreat; and the Prince, following the ramparts, would reach by the shortest road the parks, and the other artillery regiments which would be in waiting for him.

'All these ideas and combinations were examined by the Prince, and discussed with a clear judgment. Alas! why were not his own ideas completely carried out?'

The council did not separate before ten o'clock at night. A rendezvous was given to all who were in the confidence of the Prince, including the officers of the different regiments on whom he could count. Late in the night he sent further orders to them by his aide-de-camp. At four in the morning all the leaders were to be in the rooms which had been taken close to the Austerlitz quarters. But the Prince arrived an hour after the council had broken up, when he again went over the details of the adopted plan, and read the proclamations he had drawn up. These were received very cordially, and a few copies of them were made to be used while the printer was doing his work in the morning.

The first proclamation was addressed by Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte to the French people. He said:—

'You are betrayed; your political interests, your commercial interests, your honour, your glory, are sold to the foreigner.

'And by whom? By the men who have profited by your admirable Revolution, and who disclaim all the principles of it. Is it to have a Government without truth, without honour, without generosity, institutions without strength, laws without liberty, peace without prosperity or

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security—in short, a present without a future—that we have been fighting for forty years?

'In 1830 a Government was imposed on France without consulting the citizens of Paris, the people of the provinces, or the French army. All that has been done without your assent is illegitimate.

'A National Congress elected by the citizens can alone have the right to choose what best befits France.

'Proud of my popular origin, strong in the four millions of votes that destined me for the throne, I come before you as the representative of the sovereignty of the people.

'It is time that out of the chaos of parties a national voice should be heard. It is time that to the shouts of liberty betrayed you should cast away the burden of shame that oppresses our sweet France. Do you not see that the men who are regulating public affairs are still the traitors of 1814 and 1815, the executioners of Marshal Ney?

'Can you have confidence in these men?

'They do everything to please the Holy Alliance. To obey it they have deserted the nations our allies; to sustain themselves they have armed brother against brother, they have reddened our cities with blood, they have trodden our sympathies, our wishes, our rights, underfoot.

'The ingrates! They remember the barricades only to build detached forts. Misunderstanding the Great Nation, they crouch before the strong and insult the weak. Our old tricolour flag suffers by remaining longer in their hands. Frenchmen, let the memory of the great man who did so much for the glory and prosperity of the country reanimate you! Confident in the sacredness of my cause, I present myself to you, the will of the Emperor Napoleon in one hand, the sword of Austerlitz in the

other. In Rome, when the people saw the ensanguined remains of Cæsar, they overthrew his hypocritical oppressors. Frenchmen, Napoleon is greater than Cæsar; he is the emblem of the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

'Faithful to the maxims of the Emperor, I know no interests save yours, no other glory save that of being useful to France and to humanity. Without hatred, without rancour, free from all party spirit, I call under the eagle of the Empire all who feel a French heart beating in their breast.

'I have devoted my existence to the accomplishment of a great mission. From the rock of St. Helena, a ray of the setting sun has passed into my soul. I shall know how to keep the sacred flame alive; I shall know how to conquer or die for the cause of the people.

'Men of 1789, men of March 20, 1815, men of 1830, arise! See who governs you, and behold the eagle, sublime emblem, the symbol of liberty, and choose! Long live France! Long live Liberty!

(Signed) 'NAPOLEON.'

The second proclamation was addressed to the army:—

'Soldiers,—The time has come to recover your ancient renown. Made for glory, you can less than others endure longer the shameful part you are made to play. The Government which betrays our civil interests would also tarnish our military honour. The simpletons! do they think that the race of the heroes of Arcole, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, is extinct?

'Behold the lion of Waterloo still erect on our frontiers; behold Huningue dismantled; behold the grades of 1815 unrecognised; behold the Legion of Honour given prodigally to adventurers and refused to the brave; behold our flag—it floats in no place where our

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arms have triumphed! Behold everywhere, in short, treason, cowardice, and foreign influence, and cry aloud with me, Let us drive the barbarians from the Capitol! Soldiers, take back the eagles we carried in our great times. The enemies of France cannot bear the sight of them. To deliver the country from traitors and oppressors, to protect the rights of the people, to defend France and her allies against invasion—this is the road to which honour calls you! This is your sublime mission!

'French soldiers, whatever your antecedents may be, come and mass yourselves under the regenerated tricolour: it is the emblem of your interests and of your glory. A divided country, betrayed liberty, suffering humanity, glory in mourning, count upon you. You will be on a level with the destinies that assist you.

'Soldiers of the Republic, soldiers of the Empire, let my name re-awaken the old ardour in you. And you, young soldiers, who were born, like me, to the sound of the cannon of Wagram, remember that you are the children of the soldiers of the Great Army. The sun of a hundred victories shone on our cradles. Let our glorious deeds or our death be worthy of our birth. From heaven above the great shade of Napoleon will guide our arms, and, satisfied with our efforts, will say, "They were worthy of their fathers." Long live France! Long live Liberty!

(Signed) 'NAPOLEON.'

The third proclamation was addressed to the citizens of Strasburg:—

'Alsatians,—Be yours the honour of having been the first to overthrow the authority which—a slave of the Holy Alliance—was daily compromising our future as a civilised people. The Government of Louis Philippe specially detested you, citizens of Strasburg, because they

detested everything that was great, generous, and national. They struck at your honour when they destroyed your legions, they harmed your interests when they raised import duties and permitted the erection of foreign custom houses which paralyse your commerce.

'Citizens of Strasburg, you have placed your hands on your wounds. You have called me into the midst of you that we may together conquer or die for the cause of the people. Guided by you and by the soldiers, I tread at last, after a long exile, the sacred soil of my native country. Thanks be to you! Alsatians, my name is a flag that should recall great memories to you; and this flag—you know that it is inflexible before factions and the foreigner—will droop only before the majesty of the people.

'Honour, country, liberty—these are our motives and our objects. In 1830 Paris showed us how an impious Government should be overthrown. Let us show her, in our turn, how the liberties of a great people are consolidated.

'Citizens of Strasburg, to-morrow we march on Paris to deliver the capital from traitors and oppressors. Reform your national battalions, which frighten an unpopular Government.[1] Guard in our absence your city, the boulevard of the independence of France, and to-day the cradle of regeneration. Let order and peace reign within your walls; and may the good genius of France watch with you over your ramparts.

'Alsatians, with a great people great things are possible. My faith in the French people is entire.

(Signed) 'NAPOLEON.'

[1] The Government had suppressed the National Guard.

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These proclamations[1] were confided to an officer—M. Lombard—who was charged to make for a printing-office and get them printed early in the morning; and this detail having been settled, nothing remained but to wait until Colonel Vaudrey should give the signal.

[1] See Appendix.

CHAPTER X.

OCTOBER 30, 1836.

CHAP. X.

THE morning of October 30, 1836, was a dark and chilly one. The men who were to seize upon the authorities of Strasburg and make themselves masters of the little army within its walls had been huddled together since midnight, their plans perfected, and in that state of weary impatience which men bent on a great venture feel when a pause of idleness precedes the blow. They had been working up to this event for months. De Persigny had been busy since early in the summer. Parquin, now dressed as a general officer, and holding the rank of second in command of the expedition, had talked over the chances of the enterprise with Prince Louis and De Persigny again and again at Arenenberg in July and August. De Querelles, a retired cavalry officer, had been active for three months, and was to bear the eagle before the troops. De Gricourt, a relation of the Beauharnais family, and an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, had been a visitor at Arenenberg, and had worked with De Querelles and De Persigny. Lombard, a military surgeon resident at Strasburg, was so completely trusted that, as already observed, he was to get the proclamations printed. Lieutenant Laity, one of the more enthusiastic of the party, and who had 'the courage of his opinions' after the failure, was to rally his own battalion and use his influence with the officers in the city.

Just before daybreak, when every man was ready,

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and for the last time each officer had been instructed in the part he was to carry out, the tramp of cavalry was heard, and the company of conspirators imagined that they had been betrayed. A scout went out into the dark streets, and presently returned with the intelligence that the noise was only that of some troopers who were in quest of runaway horses from the barracks. But they might well fear betrayal, for they knew the authorities had had warning of Prince Louis's movements. Swords with the eagle upon the blades had been discovered. In the middle of August an officer connected with Mademoiselle Masuyer, one of the ladies of Queen Hortense, had not only refused to join the Prince, but had reported the overtures made to him to General Voirol's aide-de-camp, who had discovered them to the General. Prince Louis in August had addressed himself directly to the General, who had repulsed him, and had reported to the prefect the necessity of strictly watching all who went to and from Strasburg, and especially in the direction of Baden.

But as day dawned, and the bells of the cathedral rang out the hour, and the trumpet sounded from the Austerlitz barracks, Prince Louis and his company of about twenty followers issued from their hiding-place undisturbed. It has been pretended that every movement was known to the French police, and that the Prince was even stimulated by secret agents in the guise of friends to compromise himself thoroughly; but this was not so. The police seldom lost sight of Arenenberg, and knew all Prince Louis's friends; but it is clear from M. Guizot's account of the reception of the news of the plot, after it had failed, that the King had not been satisfactorily informed. The conspirators had kept clear of the spies, and in spite of the prefect's extra precautions had entered Strasburg unremarked, and had fully equipped themselves

for their parts without exciting suspicion even in the houses where they lodged.

The sound of the trumpet calling out the soldiers in Colonel Vaudrey's quarters was the agreed signal for the appearance of the Prince and his escort. As the little band advanced along the gloomy street to the barracks, they perceived all the bustle which Colonel Vaudrey's unusual summons had made. It speedily calmed, however, and before the Prince had reached the barrack gates the regiment was formed in square in the yard. Sixty mounted artillerymen were posted at the entrance. Colonel Vaudrey then sent an orderly bidding the Prince approach; whereupon he turned to his escort and said:

'Come, gentlemen, the hour has come when we shall see whether France still remembers twenty years of glory.'

The Prince wore his Swiss military coat. He had added the epaulettes of a colonel. He wore also the star and riband of the Legion of Honour, and a cocked hat. So little did he think of imitating the appearance of his uncle, that he made no change in his moustache or imperial. The colonel's epaulettes were put on in obedience to the Napoleonic tradition. Napoleon I. was always dressed as a colonel of the chasseurs, or grenadiers of his guard.[1] The scene in the barrack yard is described by Lieutenant Laity.

'The officers pressed closely round him. As he entered the yard he turned to contemplate them. "Forward, Prince!" they shouted; "France is following you."

'The distance was short. The Colonel was in the centre of the square. The Prince marched firmly to him, and at his approach the regiment presented arms. Then in a strong, firm voice the Colonel addressed his men as

[1] The chroniclers and caricaturists afterwards represented the Prince travestied in the green coat, white breeches, and cocked hat of his uncle.

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follows :—"Soldiers of the 4th Artillery, a great revolution begins to-day, under the auspices of the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is before you, and comes to lead you. He has returned to his native land to give back to the people their usurped rights, to the army the glory which belongs to its name, to France the liberties which have been forfeited. He relies on your courage, your devotion, and your patriotism to accomplish this great and glorious mission. Soldiers, your colonel has answered for you. Shout then, with him, Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!"

'The soldiers replied with indescribable enthusiasm.

'Then the Prince made a sign that he wished to speak. And when silence had been restored he said, in a strong, deep voice :—

'"Soldiers, called to France by a deputation of the cities and garrisons of the East, and resolved to conquer or die for the glory and liberty of the French people, I have presented myself in the first instance to you, because between you and me grand memories exist. It is in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as a captain; it was with you that he made himself illustrious at the siege of Toulon, and, again, it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from the Island of Elba.

'"Soldiers, new destinies await you. The glory of beginning a great enterprise be yours. Yours be the glory of having first saluted the eagle of Austerlitz and of Wagram." Here the Prince seized the eagle which one of his officers carried, and presenting it to the regiment continued : "Soldiers, there is the symbol of French glory, destined henceforth to become also the emblem of liberty. During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory. It has shone over every battle-field : it has passed through every capital in Europe. Soldiers, rally to this noble standard :

I confide it to your honour, to your courage. Let us march together against the traitors and the oppressors of their country, to the cries of Long live France! Long live Liberty!"

'This address was hardly finished when every sword was drawn. The men held their shakos aloft, and shouted, "Long live the Emperor! Long live Napoleon!" The sympathy of these brave men was thorough. The unanimity of the demonstration, and the cordiality with which the officers who were not in the secret of the expedition welcomed the Prince, was a great encouragement to him. He advanced to the officers and thanked them. Nobody who was not witness of the scene could form an idea of the magic with which the name of Napoleon called up noble passions. One must have heard the acclamations of an entire regiment on the appearance of the nephew of the Emperor to judge of the immense popularity of his name, and of the correctness with which he had estimated the true sentiments of the army. We say the army, for if a regiment, not one officer or soldier of which knew an hour before what was going to take place, showed such universal enthusiasm at the mere sight of the nephew of the Emperor and the Imperial eagle, was it not demonstrated that the same result would follow in other regiments?'

The reasoning is not sound. The 4th Artillery was Napoleon's own regiment, and had opened the gates of Grenoble to him, and was therefore strongly Bonapartist. Indeed, the Prince's experience at the Finckmatt proved that Colonel Vaudrey's devotion was not shared by all the officers of Strasburg.

The 4th, however, having been gained, no time was to be lost. Lieutenant Laity went off to his battalion. Lombard, at the head of a detachment told off by the Prince, made for the printing-offices of M. Silbermann,

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to hasten the printing of the proclamations. Another detachment went to take possession of the telegraph office; another to the Prefecture to lock up the prefect. The officers of the 3rd Artillery hastened to their quarters to proclaim the great news and bring their men to the parade ground of the division, which was the general rendezvous. An officer was sent to rouse the 46th of the Line. Meantime the Prince, surrounded with his staff, and accompanied by Colonels Vaudrey and Parquin, advanced at the head of the 4th Artillery to the head-quarters.

'To reach their destination they had to pass through the greater part of the city. Although it was very early, the inhabitants, attracted by the unusual stir and shouting, came forth in crowds and joined the cries of the soldiers—"Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor! Long live Liberty!" "He is the nephew of the Emperor," the soldiers said. "He is the son of the honest King of Holland—the grandson of the Empress Josephine," the people answered. The crowd pressed so closely about the Prince that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey was compelled to order mounted artillerymen forward to clear the way. Every moment men rushed out of the crowd and embraced the eagle carried by Lieutenant de Querelles. On all sides the excitement was great, and the eyes of the soldiers flashed with the light of success. Citizens and soldiers formed one compact mass, and the Prince saw that he had not mistaken the sentiments either of the army or of the people. When the column passed the gendarmerie the guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" At head-quarters the same scene was repeated. Even the servants of General Voirol, while they opened wide the gates, shouted louder than the rest.

'The column halted in the courtyard and the street. The Prince, followed by his staff, went up to the General's rooms. The General had not had time to dress himself. Full of reverence for the memory of the Emperor, the General had always shown a lively interest in the nephew of his first sovereign. The common belief was that the presence of the Prince would revive his old sympathies; but the General remained obdurate. Hereupon the Prince ordered Colonel Parquin to keep him under arrest in his own rooms. To judge by the conduct of General Voirol after this unhappy day, by his visit to the Prince in his prison, by the tears he shed over the fate of the nephew of the Emperor, a painful struggle must have passed within him. Had he not owed gratitude to the King for personal services, is it quite certain that his political engagements would have prevailed over his secret sympathies?'

General Voirol did his duty. Had he been carried away by his sympathies the day would have been won, and the probability is that the example of Strasburg would have been followed at once by the garrisons on the eastern frontier of France; but with the check given to the movement by General Voirol the disaster of the expedition began. Prince Louis again headed the troops, and marched in the direction of the Finckmatt quarters. The dangerous position of these barracks has already been described. The only safe way of approaching them was by the ramparts; but by mistake the column marched to the Pierre quarter, whence the barrack yard could be gained by a narrow lane. This error compelled the Prince to leave half his troops in the wide space beyond the lane to guard his retreat.

He entered the barracks with 400 soldiers. Here he discovered that an important item of his plan had failed. The officer who had been charged with the duty

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of preparing the regiment for his coming had not arrived. Consequently instead of finding the soldiers drawn up in the yard they were in their rooms preparing for the Sunday inspection. They crowded to the windows at the noise made by the Prince's entry, and when they heard the name of Napoleon they flocked into the yard. The Prince addressed them in the confusion. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard rushed forward and kissed his hand. The cries of "Long live Napoleon!" and "Long live the Emperor!" raised by the artillerymen were taken up vigorously by the Line. In short, the beginning of the reception was as warm at the Finckmatt as it had been at the Austerlitz barracks.

While the Prince had been on the march, his lieutenants had not been idle. M. de Persigny at the head of a detachment had arrested the prefect, and had conducted him to the Austerlitz barracks; Lieutenant Laity had won over his soldiers and was on his way with them to head-quarters. Dupenhoet and Gros had also succeeded with their troops; Lieutenant Schaller had made the general of brigade and the colonel of the 3rd Artillery prisoners. M. Lombard was in possession of his printing-offices, and already the compositors had been set to work. The telegraph office was in the hands of the Prince's lieutenant. The 3rd Artillery were on their way to the general rendezvous under the orders of the officers Poggi and Couard. Success seemed now assured on all sides.

In the Finckmatt barracks the Prince and his officers had already formed several companies of infantry. In a few moments Laity's engineers and the 3rd Artillery would have joined his forces outside the barracks. He would have 5,000 men under his command. His cause was won!

At this critical moment a commotion was heard at the farther end of the barrack yard. Colonel Talandier

had arrived. He would not believe in the news. He called to his men: 'Soldiers, you are deceived! the man who is exciting your enthusiasm can be only an adventurer—an impostor!' CHAP. X.

At the same time a staff officer called out: 'It is not the nephew of the Emperor! It is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey! I recognise him!'

Absurd as this ruse was it had an instantaneous effect. The report flew from mouth to mouth. The nephew of the Emperor had not come after all: the young man was only Colonel Vaudrey's nephew. Some of the soldiers, believing themselves to be the victims of an infamous trick, became furious. Colonel Talandier ordered the gates of the barrack yard to be closed, and began to form his men. The Prince, on his side, tried to rally his followers, but all was confusion. Line and artillery had become mingled in an unmanageable mob. The artillery arrest the infantry officers, the infantry seize upon the artillery officers; muskets are loaded, bayonets are fixed, swords are drawn. A word from the Prince or the Colonel and blood would flow. De Querelles and De Gricourt offered to force a passage through the infantry for the Prince; but he would not have a drop of blood shed. Moreover, he could not believe that the soldiers who had hailed him a few moments ago were now his enemies. He threw himself into the midst of them, and they received him with fixed bayonets, even thrusting at him and compelling him to parry the blows with his sword. The faithful artillerymen came to his rescue and carried him off, unfortunately separating him at the same time from his staff. He was now in the midst of soldiers who had not been the first to recognise him. He tried to seize a trooper's horse, that he might terminate the mêlée and be a rallying-point for his column; but he and his artillerymen were repulsed and driven against the barrack

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wall. The infantry, seeing their advantage, threw themselves upon him and made him prisoner. His officers, separated and powerless, successively shared the same fate.

The news of the events which were taking place within the barrack yard spread to the open place where the Prince had left the main body of his column. They now advanced in great anger to the rescue, entered the barrack yard, and drove the infantry to the extremities of it. A formidable crowd gathered on the ramparts (where the Prince and his column should have been) and pelted the Line with stones, crying 'Long live the Emperor!'

Colonel Vaudrey was still free, and in the midst of his men. They would have perhaps changed the fortunes of the day at a word from him. But he saw that bloodshed would put the life of the Prince in danger, and, being deceived by Colonel Talandier's story that the people outside believed that the *émeute* was in favour of Charles X., and would tear him to pieces, even if he escaped to the streets, he decided to dismiss his soldiers to their barracks and constitute himself a prisoner in the Colonel's hands. Colonel Parquin arrived at the Finckmatt barracks only to learn the bad news and to give himself up with the rest. Lieutenant Laity dismissed his companies and followed the example of Colonel Parquin; and the 3rd Artillery, on learning that the Prince was a prisoner, dispersed.

'Thus,' Laity observes, 'the Prince had a corps of three artillery regiments and the population in his favour, and a simple fatality destroyed all.' The 'fatality' was rather a blunder, the gravity of which had even been foreseen and discussed. When the plans were under consideration, on the eve of the undertaking, the danger of approaching the Finckmatt barracks by the narrow lane from the Pierre quarter had been dwelt upon, and

the only safe road had been deliberately adopted. On the ramparts the Prince and his forces could not be caught in a trap. In case of failure there was an easy way of escape. Moreover, from the ramparts the Prince would have commanded the Finckmatt barracks, and have been able to gain over the Line for a moment without endangering the position he had already won.

While the crowd was hooting and stoning the infantry from the ramparts, and the artillerymen were still facing the Line with loaded muskets, the most energetic and far-seeing leader of the movement passed. M. de Persigny had heard of the capture of the Prince, and was on his way to the artillery barracks to get the guns out. But this resource was denied him. All the ammunition was in the arsenal, and Colonel Vaudrey, who alone could order it to be brought forth, was a prisoner. All hope was now over. Hearing this, Lombard, who was at the printing-office, destroyed the proclamations. At the same time De Persigny, assisted by Madame Gordon, committed all the compromising papers that had been left by the Prince to the flames.

The Prince had written two letters to his mother and confided them to a messenger, who was to bear to her the news of his triumph if he succeeded, and of his misfortune if he failed. This messenger, on the first appearance of success at the Austerlitz quarters, carried off the first letter; and the enemies of the Bonapartists amused themselves vastly over the reply sent by Queen Hortense. She recommended moderation and mercy to her victorious son, who was in prison, and under severe treatment,[1]

[1] The Government sent the director of the Paris Conciergerie, Lebel, post-haste to Strasburg, with the men who had been Fieschi's gaolers, to watch over the prisoner. Lebel would not permit the Prince to open his window for fresh air, took his watch from him, and, in short, did his master's business thoroughly.

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when she imagined he was bearing the Imperial eagles back to Paris. The contrast diverted the partisans of Louis Philippe. From the New Prison in Strasburg Prince Louis wrote to his mother on the morrow of his failure:—

'My dear Mother,—You must have been very uneasy, not having received any news from me, since you thought I was at my cousin's. But your anxiety will be doubled when you learn that I have ventured a movement in Strasburg and have failed. I am in prison with other officers. It is for them only that I am anxious, since I, in daring such an enterprise, was prepared for everything. Do not weep, mother; I am the victim of a noble cause—of a French cause; hereafter justice will be rendered to me, and I shall be pitied.

'Yesterday, Sunday, at six o'clock, I presented myself to the 4th Artillery, who received me with cries of "Long live the Emperor!" We had gained many over. The 46th resisted, and we were surrounded in the barrack yard. Fortunately no French blood was shed. This is my consolation in my misfortune. Courage, mother; I shall know how to support with honour to the end the name I bear.

'M. Parquin is also in prison. Have this letter copied for my father, and help to calm his anxiety. Charles has requested to share my captivity, and this has been granted to him. Adieu, my dear mother; do not grieve unnecessarily over my fate. Life is of little value—honour and France are all to me.

'Receive the assurance of my sincere attachment. I embrace you with all my heart.

'Your tender and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS.'

M. de Persigny, who had been the active spirit of the drama; who had established communications with Haguenau, Nancy, Metz, and even Compiègne; and who had shown the reasons why Strasburg should be the starting-point of the insurrection, escaped from the gendarmes, and took a room in an obscure part of the town, where he remained till after nightfall. In the evening he ventured to the Hôtel de la Fleur, where he met Charles Thélin, the Prince's valet. Persigny was about to surrender himself; but through Thélin he was informed that the Prince was opposed to this. He then departed, assuring the Prince through his faithful servant that he would remain in the neighbourhood of Strasburg to watch events.

But the police of Baden as well as of Strasburg were too vigilant. De Persigny escaped from Strasburg, in disguise, with his servant, to find that on all sides there was a keen search after him. He reached a little village near Offenburg, and exhausted with anxiety and bodily fatigue, went to bed at the inn. Here he was surprised by the gendarmes; but while they were parleying with his servant he escaped. He was now alone. His horses and effects had been seized, and he wandered on foot about the Black Forest, and finally reached Baden, where he hid himself in a friend's house, and remained concealed until he had ascertained Prince Louis's fate. Then he repaired, with a false passport, to Switzerland. He remained at Arenenberg for some time, endeavouring to console Queen Hortense, and thence travelled through Germany to England, where he wrote and published a history of the adventures, from the consequences of which he had escaped.

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE LOUIS'S BANISHMENT TO AMERICA.

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THE moment for overthrowing the Government of Louis Philippe was well chosen. The enemies of the Bonapartists admitted this. Conseil's mission had thrown odium on the King; the harsh measures of the Government towards Switzerland had incensed the Liberals; and there was good cause to believe that discontent was as general in the army as it was among the people, the greater part of whom, under cover of the Charter, had been deprived of their first right as citizens. But the best evidence of the sense of insecurity that pervaded the Court and the Government is furnished not by the commentaries of the hostile public press, nor by the energetic, threatening action of officers in the army, but by the account of the reception of the news by the Ministers and Louis Philippe, as described by an illustrious member of the Cabinet—M. Guizot.

Mr. Crowe says that Prince Louis, a prisoner, was a great embarrassment to the Government. Count Molé had been the Minister of Napoleon; he could not be the executioner of his nephew. Nor dared he to assume such a *rôle* had he desired it. The Little Corporal had only lately been hoisted to the summit of the Vendôme Column amid the ringing plaudits of an immense host of Frenchmen. Would it have been safe in the midst of this host to touch a hair of the head of his nephew and his grandson by adoption, of the child of whom he had said to Marshal

Soult before Waterloo: 'He has a noble heart. Perhaps one day he will be the hope of my race'?

Mr. Crowe remarks that Louis Philippe himself was generous and humane. His humanity is as beyond question as his generosity is doubtful. It would be unjust to question the satisfaction with which Louis Philippe saw his way to spare the life of the illustrious enemy who had fallen into his hands; but it would be foolish to deny that the royal clemency was the only possible policy.

Let us now turn to M. Guizot's account of the manner in which the news from Strasburg was received in Paris by his royal master, the Queen and Princes, and his own colleagues:—

'On the 31st of October, in the evening, the Minister of the Interior, M. de Gasparin, brought me a telegraphic despatch which he had just received from Strasburg, dated the evening before, the 30th, and which said:—

'"This morning, about six o'clock, Louis Napoleon, son of the Duchess of Saint Leu, who had the colonel of artillery, Vaudrey, in his confidence, traversed some of the streets of Strasburg with a part of . . . ."

'The despatch ended here; and M. Alphonse Foy, the director of the telegraphic lines, had added this note:—"We are in doubt as to the words underlined. The fog along the line does not allow us either to clear up the doubtful passage or to receive the end of the despatch."

'We proceeded immediately to the Tuileries, where a few moments afterwards the Cabinet was assembled. We talked, conjectured, weighed probabilities, prepared instructions, and discussed measures to be taken under various hypotheses. The Duke of Orleans prepared to leave. We passed nearly all the night there with the King, waiting for news which never came. The Queen, Madame Adélaïde, and the Princes came and went, wanting to know if anything more had been heard. We fell

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asleep from fatigue and woke up again impatient. I was struck by the sadness of the King; not that he appeared uneasy or cast down, but he was preoccupied by uncertainty as to the gravity of the circumstance; and, besides, these repeated plots—attempts at civil war—Republican, Legitimist, and Bonapartist—the continual necessity of struggling, putting down, and punishing, weighed on him with a heavy load. In spite of his long experience and knowledge of men and life, his nature had remained easy, confiding, kindly, and inclined to hopefulness; he was weary of being always obliged to be on his guard, and of defending himself against the many enemies who crossed his path. The next morning, November 1, an aide-de-camp of General Voirol, commanding at Strasburg, brought us the termination of the event, as well as that of the telegraphic message, and the detailed account of the frustrated attempt.

'From his residence in Switzerland and from Baden, to which he often went, Prince Louis carried on large and constant correspondence with France, particularly with Strasburg, but nothing seemed to promise any very great chances of success, whether amongst his adherents or in himself. A few old officers, a few romantic women—without any position in society—old functionaries out of employ, and disaffected stragglers, were not very efficacious agents against a power which could count already six years' duration, and which had conquered in the broad light of day all its enemies—Republicans and Legitimists, conspirators and insurgents. Prince Louis was young, unknown to France, to the army, and to the people; no one had seen him; he had done nothing; a few treatises on military science, some Political Reveries, a Draft of a Constitution, and some panegyrics on some democratic journals were not very powerful titles to the public favour and the Government of France. He had

his name, but even his name would have remained sterile without some hidden and personal strength; he had faith in himself and in his destiny. Whether occupied with his duties as captain of artillery in the canton of Berne, or in publishing pamphlets about which France concerned itself very little, he regarded himself as the heir and representative not only of a dynasty, but of the two ideas which had made the strength of that dynasty—revolution without anarchy, and the glory of arms. Under a calm, gentle, and modest manner he united rather strangely an active sympathy with revolutionary innovations and enterprises. To all the tastes and traditions of absolute power and to the pride of a great race, he added the ambitious instincts of a great future. He felt himself a prince, and with an invincible confidence believed himself destined to be an emperor. It was animated by these sentiments and this faith that, on October 30, 1836, at six o'clock in the morning, without other aid than that of a colonel and a major gained over to the cause, he traversed the streets of Strasburg and presented himself at the barracks of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, where, after two little speeches from Colonel Vaudrey and himself, he was received with cries of "Long live the Emperor!" Some of his partisans, and according to some accounts he himself, then proceeded to the general in command and to the prefect, and not having succeeded in seducing them from their allegiance, caused them to be put under arrest, but ineffectually, in their own houses. On arriving at the second barracks, the Finckmatt barracks, occupied by the 46th Regiment of Infantry, which it was his intention to carry, Prince Louis did not meet with the same welcome. Warned in time, Lieut.-Colonel Talandier firmly repulsed all attempts, and maintained the fidelity of his soldiers; and Colonel Paillot and the other officers of the regiment arrived, equally loyal and resolute, and the

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Prince and those who accompanied him were arrested on the spot. This news soon spread, and the various attempts at insurrection, civil and military, were thus at once stopped. Amongst the known adherents of Prince Louis in this enterprise of a few hours' duration one person only succeeded in escaping; this was M. de Persigny, the confidant and most intimate friend of the Prince. The authorities of Strasburg, in sending in their reports to the French Government, begged to have instructions as to the fate of the prisoners. . . .

'Our deliberation was not long. On learning the result of the enterprise and the captivity of her son, Queen Hortense hastened to France under an assumed name, and proceeded to Viry, near Paris, the residence of the Duchess of Ragusa, from whence she addressed her maternal petitions to the King and to M. Molé. There was no necessity; it had already been resolved not to try Prince Louis at the bar of justice, but to send him to the United States of America. It was the decided wish of the King, and the unanimous advice of the Council. For my own part, I have never served or praised the Emperor Napoleon I., but I respect greatness and genius, even though I may regret the uses to which they are put, and I do not believe that the claims of such a man to the regard of the world descend with him to the tomb. The heir to the name and, according to the Imperial régime, to the throne of the Emperor Napoleon ought to be dealt with as of royal race, and subject only to the exigencies of politics. He was brought from the citadel of Strasburg on November 10, and conducted post to Paris, where he passed several hours in the apartments of the Prefect of Police, receiving no other visit than that of M. Gabriel Delessert. Leaving Paris again for Lorient, he arrived there in the night of the 13th–14th, and embarked on the 15th in the frigate "Andromède," bound for Brazil and

touching at New York. When the frigate was on the point of setting sail, the sub-prefect of Lorient, M. Villemain, while taking leave of Prince Louis, asked him if he had any resources at command on arriving at New York for his immediate wants. "None," replied the Prince. "Well, then, Prince, the King has begged me to deliver over to you 15,000 francs, which are in gold, and contained in this little case." The Prince took the case, the sub-prefect landed, and the ship set sail.

'Twenty-four years (and what years!) have passed since then. Their teachings are clear. Twice, in 1836 and in 1840, with the perseverance born of faith and passion, Prince Louis Napoleon has attempted to overturn a constitutional monarchy; he has failed twice, and from the first moment. In 1851 he destroyed the Republic with one blow, and from that day he has reigned over France.'[1]

This narrative—not an unhandsome one from a political enemy—includes many errors. The officers and adherents who supported the Prince were, with the exception of Colonels Vaudrey and Parquin, young men. Madame Gordon is the only 'romantic' woman who was connected—and this chiefly through Colonel Vaudrey—with the attempt. Prince Louis was better known than the Ministers cared to admit. We have shown him in correspondence with Constant and Lafayette; with De Chateaubriand, Casimir de la Vigne, Vieillard; and the Memoirs of his mother prove that an important section of the Liberals of France were well aware of the capacity and character of her son. The King's spies had made Arenenberg a prominent place in the minds of the disaffected, and according to M. Guizot these were so many that in 1836 the King was getting weary of the struggle against them. M. Guizot himself observes that the failure

[1] Guizot's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*

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of the Prince put an end to other military and civil movements that were ripe. Even in the facts of the Prince's departure for America M. Guizot is incorrect; for the 'Andromède' was held back eight days by contrary winds, and during this time the prisoner was kept closely confined in the citadel of Port Louis, whence, as we shall see, he had time to write one or two important letters.

We turn from the Ministerial history of the Prince's attempt to that of Lieutenant Laity. In this account we have a minute record of every point of the drama after the conspirators had been made prisoners. It shows at any rate, after making every allowance from its partisan colouring, that the Prince not only had gained over a colonel and a major, but was very much nearer success than M. Guizot and his colleagues cared to admit. The first attitude of the citizens as well as of the soldiers was in favour of the conspirators; and when the Line regiment was hustling and endeavouring to seize the Prince and his staff, the people stoned the soldiers from the ramparts. It was good policy on the part of the Government to make the Bonapartist pretender look as ridiculous as possible; but they dared not keep the ridiculous personage in Paris a single day, nor give him time to take a change of clothes with him to America. M. Laity's record is to this effect:—

'When the Prince and his accomplices were conducted before the *juge d'instruction*, he said, turning towards Colonel Vaudrey: "Colonel, do you forgive me for having drawn you into this unfortunate enterprise?" The Colonel replied only by shaking the Prince's hand warmly.

'An officer, in a state of uncontrollable emotion, approached the Prince to condole with him.

'"At any rate," the Prince answered him, "I shall not die in exile."

'The officers who had contrived to escape were engaged in making preparations to save his life in case of a capital condemnation. Nor would it have been possible to cut a single hair of the head of Napoleon's heir.

'Let us now leave the accused under the blow of their defeat, and in the hands of justice, to mark what was taking place in the Tuileries.

'The first news of the insurrection, first conveyed by the telegraph and interrupted by the darkness, spread consternation in the Council of Ministers. The Government, that had hitherto employed the army only in putting down riots, understood all the difficulties they would have to surmount to resist a revolution begun by that very material force on which they relied. But the completion of the news soon calmed their first fears, without, however, removing their uneasiness. The Government had, in reference to the Prince, only three courses open to them. They might try him by court martial, by the Peers, and in the Assize Court; but the same danger presented itself in each case. The greatest danger lay in keeping the Prince in France during several months. His presence would excite general sympathy, and become a continual source of trouble. Another danger lay in the possible refusal of the tribunals to condemn the nephew of Napoleon just after the ceremony of placing the statue of the Emperor upon the Column. Again, there was the risk of riots and attempts at a rescue should the Prince be condemned.

'Facts little known, but of which we guarantee the authenticity,[1] will prove that which we advance. When the upshot of the Strasburg affair became known in Paris, eighty general and superior officers met, and engaged to enter a joint protest against the Prince being put on his

[1] It should be observed that M. Laity's narrative was revised by Prince Louis and adopted by him as the exact truth.

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trial. They entrusted this protest to an influential Deputy, believing that the Goverment would think twice before displeasing them. This Deputy advised them, and adroitly, to wait until the Prince had been arraigned, adding that it would be useless to take a step that would certainly compromise them and which might be unnecessary. On the other hand several peers of France, believing that they would be called upon to try the accused, wrote to the King to protest against such a mission.

'In fine, a plot had been formed among the military at Strasburg to effect the liberation of the prisoners in the event of their being condemned.

'It will be seen, then, how difficult it would have been to keep the Prince in France and try him there, in the midst of the recollections of the Imperial glories, and where the people were still under the spell of the great name. Let us now examine the conduct of the Ministers, and we shall see their fears betraying themselves in the series of petty measures which they adopted.

'The Prince was locked up in the New Prison from October 30. He was kept in the most rigorous solitary confinement (*au secret*) until November 9, when, at eight o'clock in the evening, the prefect and General Voirol entered his prison, and, without listening to his protests,[1] conducted him to a carriage and confided him to two officers of gendarmerie and five subalterns. They even refused to tell him whither he was bound; and he was hurried off so precipitately that he had not time to take a change of clothes, and was ultimately put on board ship in the military overcoat he wore on October 30, and reached America in it.'

His first destination was Paris, whither he was conveyed with all possible speed. The fears of the Ministers and

[1] The Prince never ceased to protest against being separated from the rest of the accused, and not being put upon his trial with them.

of the Court are expressed in the precipitation with which everything was conducted. Only a few hours' rest were allowed him in Paris. The Prefect of Police, M. Delessert, told him that his mother had left Arenenberg on receiving the news of his discomfiture, and had travelled to the château of the Duchess of Ragusa at Viry, near Paris, with Madame Salvage de Faverolles. The Duchess had only just returned from passing a few weeks with the Queen in Switzerland, and was at Arenenberg when the Prince left for Strasburg. The Queen and the Duchess set to work to use every influence within reach to save the Prince's life; and the mother was soon assured that her son's life was not in danger, but M. Delessert would give her no further news. Although the mother and son were within a few miles of each other, and the probability was that they would never have another opportunity of meeting in this world, the Ministers would not yield even the grace given to the vilest malefactors, viz. that of a parting interview.

Prince Louis was informed by Louis Philippe's Minister of Police that in two or three hours he would be on his way to Lorient, where he would embark on board the 'Andromède,' a vessel of the royal navy, for the United States. He protested in vain against the exceptional treatment applied to him. He pointed out how his absence would militate against the accused who remained behind.[1] But his protest was disregarded. The safe course, if not the just one, was to get him out of the way with all possible speed. And accordingly, exhausted with fatigue and intense mental anxiety on account of his mother and his friends, he was sent on his way to

[1] From his prison he wrote a letter to Colonel Vaudrey, addressing his letter to the Procureur-Général Rossée, with useful testimony for the Colonel's defence. This letter was never delivered. 'Quelle infamie!' the Prince wrote afterwards from New York.

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exile across the Atlantic. The same escort that guarded him to Paris took him to Lorient.

The few hours he had at the Paris Prefecture of Police he devoted to writing to his mother and to the King. He besought his Majesty not to treat him unlike the rest. 'I care little for my own life, which you spare me,' he said; 'the fate of my friends is my only anxiety.' If the King would pardon the officers imprisoned at Strasburg, he would be eternally grateful to him. His answer was the post-chaise in readiness and the gendarme holding the door open.

The excuse for the Government is the general perturbation in the public mind. Ministerial papers did their utmost to cover the whole affair with ridicule,[1] keeping all the details carefully in the background. They showed the Prince to the people as a vain and weak young man. They made the public pity or despise him; and this line of argument was blindly taken up by the foreign correspondents resident in Paris, so that in a short time the heir of Napoleon had been ridiculed in half the public journals of Europe. This served the turn of Louis Philippe and his Ministers very well. But the motives of the Monarchy in hastily shipping Prince Louis were not entirely hidden from the people. The 'Nouvelle Minerve' observed, a few days before the Prince was removed from Strasburg: 'It is decided that the Prince shall be placed in an exceptional category: he will not be tried. This

[1] The Prince anticipated all the calumny that would fall upon his head in case of failure. While repairing with a friend to the general meeting of his supporters in Strasburg he said: 'What confidence, what a profound conviction one must have in the nobility of a cause to encounter not the dangers we are about to run, but public opinion, that will tear us to pieces, that will cover us with reproaches, if we fail. And still I call God to witness that it is not to satisfy personal ambition, but because I believe I have a mission to fulfil, that I risk what is dearer to me than life—the esteem of my fellow-citizens.'—Albert Mansfeld's *Napoleon III.*

determination has not been dictated by generosity, but by fear. To begin, who can read the future? Those two renowned advocates M. Mauguin and M. Odilon Barrot had offered themselves to defend the Imperial scion against the charges of the Royalty of August 9. It is easily understood how such a culprit, such defenders, and such pleading, that would have stirred great and dangerous memories and have provoked thorny questions, were only moderately pleasing in anticipation to Doctrinaire statesmen.' The 'Journal des Débats' took the same line of argument:—

'The state of our legislation in regard to the Imperial family, which by its former greatness is excluded from the territory and deprived of the rights accorded to the humblest citizens; the glory, the name, the memory of the head of this family, the honour of the King of France, the public conscience and sense of delicacy, in short, will not permit Prince Louis Bonaparte to be sent before the Court of Assizes. The jury would be bewildered and frightened at having to judge the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, let him have done what he might.'

While the press in France, in England, and elsewhere was busy with his name, the Prince, who had truly estimated the course that would be adopted to his disadvantage, was almost in despair, brooding over the unhandsome advantage which he knew his enemies would take of him. But he had taken a too generous view of the course pursued by the King.

In a letter dated from New York, April 5, 1837, after having expressed his delight at the acquittal of his friends, he observes:—

'I have read all my papers. I had imagined there was as much generosity as policy in the way the Government acted towards me. I now see there was only policy.

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'I have been calumniated when I was not there to defend myself. I appeal to the testimony of General Voirol, of MM. Guinat and Thibouthot, to that of M. Delessert, to say whether I did not protest against being carried off. No condition can have been imposed on my liberty, since I demanded to remain in prison. . . . And then what kind of conduct has been pursued towards my mother? I find her letters full of anxiety. Why did they not tell her that I was to be taken first to Rio? I know her. They must have cruelly tormented her.'

But the trial and the result of it, as we shall presently see, dissipated the ridicule and the calumny, and proved to all France—nay, to all Europe—that Prince Louis, in appealing to the faithful adherents of the Bonapartist cause, had not relied on a reed or a thread.

Before leaving the Paris Prefecture of Police Prince Louis wrote the following letter to his mother:—

'My dear Mother,—I recognise in your adventure all your tenderness for me. You thought of the danger which I had incurred, but you did not think of my honour, which obliged me to share the fate of companions in misfortune. I feel a poignant grief in being separated from men whom I led to their destruction, when my presence and testimony might have influenced the jury in their favour. I am writing to the King to cast a kindly glance upon them. It is the only favour that could touch me.

'I am leaving for America; but, my dear mother, unless you would increase my grief, I implore you, do not follow me. The idea that I permitted my mother to share my exile from Europe would be in the sight of Europe an indelible blot on me, and it would be also a deep sorrow to me. In America I shall do as Achille Murat has done—create an independence for myself. I must have a new interest to be able to live there.

'I beg you, my dear mother, to see that the Strasburg prisoners have everything they want. Take care of Colonel Vaudrey's two sons: they have gone to Paris with their mother. I should easily adopt a course for myself if I knew that the lives of my companions in misfortune were safe. But to have the death of brave soldiers on one's conscience would be a bitter and ineffaceable grief.

'Adieu, my dear mother; receive my thanks for all the marks of tenderness you have shown me. Return to Arenenberg, but do not come to join me in America: it would make me too unhappy. Adieu; receive my tender embraces. I love you always with all my heart.

'Your loving and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS.'[1]

The return of the poor Queen to Arenenberg was precipitated by the formal orders of the Ministers. At first M. Molé endeavoured to force her to go at once to America; but failing in this attempt, he drove her back to exile. He could extract no concession from her in behalf of her son. He wished her to make the Prince promise that he would remain ten years in America. She replied that her son was master of his own actions, and that she would not seek to bind him in any way. Arrived at the citadel of Port Louis in Lorient, Prince Louis was detained by contrary winds; and he had time to complete the following letter to M. Odilon Barrot. After having requested the distinguished advocate to take charge of the defence of the accused, and having described his own fate, he said:—

'Touched as I should be by the generosity of the King, I am deeply afflicted at the idea of leaving my co-accused, believing that my depositions in their behalf

[1] This letter is part of the appendix to M. Laity's pamphlet, and is dated Nov. 15, 1836.

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would have enlightened the jury and disposed them in their favour. Deprived of the consolation of serving men whom I have led to their destruction, I am compelled to confide to an advocate what I cannot say myself before a jury.

'On the part of my co-accused there was no conspiracy. They were suddenly carried away. I alone prepared everything; I alone made the necessary preparations. I had seen Colonel Vaudrey before October 30, but he had entered into no conspiracy with me. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 29th no person, except myself, knew that the movement would take place on the morrow. I saw Colonel Vaudrey later. M. Parquin had arrived in Strasburg on his own private business. In the evening of the 29th only I sent for him. The other persons were aware of my presence in France, but were ignorant of my motives. I assembled the persons accused only on the evening of the 29th, and then for the first time communicated my intentions to them. Colonel Vaudrey was not there; the officers of engineers came and joined us, not knowing at first what was intended. Certainly we are all guilty in regard to the established Government of having taken up arms against it; but I am the most culpable—I who, having long meditated a revolution, came and suddenly tore these men from honourable social positions to throw them into the risks of a popular movement. My associates are guilty before the law of having permitted themselves to be led astray, but never in the sight of the country were there more extenuating circumstances in favour of the accused. I said to Colonel Vaudrey when I saw him, and to the rest, on the evening of the 29th: "Gentlemen, you know all the grievances of the nation against the Government of August 9, but you know also that no party now in existence is strong enough to overthrow it. No party is

strong enough to unite all Frenchmen, if any should succeed in seizing the reins of power. This weakness of the Government, as well as this weakness of parties, happens because each represents the interests of only one class of society. These lean on the clergy and the nobility, those on the aristocratic middle-class, others again on the working classes only. In this state of things there is only one flag which can unite all parties, because it is the flag of France, and not of a party; it is the eagle of the Empire. Under this banner, which recalls so many glorious memories, no class is expelled; it represents the interests and the rights of all. The Emperor Napoleon derived his power from the French people. His authority received the popular sanction four times. In 1804 hereditary power in the family of the Emperor was recognised by 4,000,000 votes; since that time the people have never been consulted.

'"As the eldest of Napoleon's nephews I may therefore consider myself as the representative of popular election. I will not say—of the Empire, for during the last twenty years the ideas and wants of France must have changed. But a principle cannot be destroyed by events—only by another principle. Therefore it is not the 1,200,000 foreigners of 1815, it is not the Chamber of the 221 of 1830, which can nullify the principle of the election of 1804. The Napoleonic system consists in making civilisation advance without discord and without excess, in giving impetus to ideas while developing material interests, in consolidating power by making it respected, in disciplining the masses according to their intellectual faculties—in short, in uniting round the altar of our country Frenchmen of all parties, by giving them as a general impulse honour and glory. Let us give back to the people," I said to them, "their rights, the eagle upon our standards and stability in our institutions.

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What!" I exclaimed, "princes of Divine right find men who die for them in attempting to re-establish abuses and privileges; and I, whose name represents the glory, the honour, and the rights of the people, shall I alone die in exile?" "No," my brave companions in misfortune answered, "you shall not die alone. We will die with you, or we will conquer together for the cause of the French people."

'You see then, monsieur, that it is I who drew them on by speaking of all that could most touch French hearts. They spoke to me of their oath, but I recalled to them that in 1815 they had sworn fidelity to Napoleon II. and his dynasty. "The invasion alone," I said, "broke your oaths. Well, force can re-establish what force alone destroyed." I even went so far as to say to them that there were rumours of the death of the King—you see how guilty I was towards the Government. Well, the Government has been generous towards me. They have understood that my position as an exile, that my love for my country, that my relationship to the great man were extenuating causes. But will the jury not find stronger extenuating causes in favour of my accomplices, in the memories of the Empire, in the intimate relations between some of them and me, in the excitement of the moment, in the example of Labédoyère—in short, in that generous sentiment which made it impossible for soldiers of the Empire to see the eagle without emotion? Soldiers of the Empire, they preferred to sacrifice their existence rather than abandon the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, than deliver him up to his executioners—for we were far from anticipating mercy in the event of failure.'

In this letter Prince Louis, in his ardour for those whom he was leaving behind, overstated his own share in the movement, and glossed over the culpability of Commandant

Parquin, Colonel Vaudrey, and M. de Persigny. His anxiety was to suggest every possible point to the advocate whom he appointed to defend them. He willingly took upon himself odium in order to lighten the burden to his accomplices. It is probable, although it was not touched upon at the trial of the prisoners, that the death of the King was a rumour which was used, when the conspirators were surrounded in the barrack yard, at the moment when an officer endeavoured to make Vaudrey give himself up by saying that he would be torn to pieces by the populace if he escaped to the street, for they believed that the attempt had been one for the restoration of Charles X.

The Prince wrote to his old friend and counsellor M. Vieillard,[1] from the citadel of Port Louis, on November 19:—

'My dear M. Vieillard,—I will not leave Europe without thanking you for the generous offers of service that you have made me under my unfortunate circumstances. I received your letter in the prison of Strasburg, and have not been able to answer it before to-day. I am leaving, heart-broken at not being able to share the fate of my companions in misfortune. I wished to be treated as they were treated. My enterprise having failed, my intentions being unknown, my fate being, in spite of my remonstrances, different from that of the men whose lives I have compromised, I shall pass in the eyes of everybody for a fool, a self-seeking man, a coward.

'Before I set foot in France I expected that, in case of failure, the two first qualities would be applied to me; but the third is too cruel!

'I am awaiting a favourable wind to sail, in the frigate

[1] M. Vieillard had been the governor of Prince Louis's elder brother Napoleon.

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"Andromède," for New York: you can write to me there—to the post office. I shall know how to bear this new exile with resignation; but I am in despair at the thought to leave in irons men whose devotion to the Napoleonic cause has been so fatal to them. I should have wished to be the only victim. . . . I shall never forget the touching marks of your friendship you have given me.

'I embrace you with all my heart,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

'P.S. It is false that they have asked me to give the least word that I would never to return to Europe.'[1]

The Prince's last words were to his mother:—

'Port Louis, Lorient, November 15, 1836.

'I leave to-morrow in the frigate "Andromède." . . . Forgive me if, at the moment of leaving Europe, when I owe you already so much gratitude, my last prayers are for the companions of my misfortune. I think —— will be defended by M. Odilon Barrot. As he is not rich, have the kindness to pay the advocate, after the trial, the amount of his damages, taking it from my balance at the banker's. I shall want very little in America. I shall become a farmer. I shall beg my uncle Joseph to sell me some bits of land, and I shall cultivate them.

'*November* 19.—The wind keeps us in the fort of Lorient.

'P.S. *November* 21.—I am leaving in an hour. The weather is splendid. Watch over the poor prisoners, I implore you! Adieu!'

Day by day the Government telegraphed to know whether the Prince was on board the 'Andromède,' and

[1] See Appendix, *Prince Louis's Letters from his Prison.*

whether she had set sail. The authorities were ordered to despatch him out of France with all possible speed.

Accordingly on November 21 the drawbridge of the citadel was lowered; and Prince Louis, accompanied by the sub-prefect of Lorient, the commander of the garrison, and gendarmes, was led by a secret way (to avoid the crowd) to the boat that was to carry him to the frigate. On taking leave of his prisoner the sub-prefect asked the Prince if he were provided with money for his immediate use on landing in America. The Prince had none with him. The sub-prefect then handed him a box containing 6,000*l.* according to Crowe, but 600*l.* according to other authorities: an act of thoughtfulness which is greatly to the credit of Louis Philippe.

Mr. Kinglake, in his 'Invasion of the Crimea,' represents Prince Louis before the troops at Strasburg as a young man 'with the bearing of a weaver—a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop, and keeps the eyes downcast.' He adds 'but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo.' Prince Louis was not in a masquerade costume, as we have shown; he did not stoop, but had a firm, erect carriage, and looked every inch a soldier, as his Swiss commander Dufour could testify. Then Mr. Kinglake represents the Prince cowering before Colonel Talandier. This is an imaginary picture. But what is to be said of the following:—

'One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet, without striking a blow, he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and *all his other decorations*.[1] According to

[1] He wore only the Grand Cordon.

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one account, the angry colonel inflicted this dishonour with his own hands, and not only pulled the Grand Cordon from the Prince's bosom, but tore off his epaulettes, and trampled both epaulettes and grand cordon under foot. When the Prince had been thus stripped he was locked up.'

Colonel Talandier was, it is true, very anxious to make the most of his exploits; but he never pretended to have done any of these things to Prince Louis. We shall see that the person upon whose collar he asserted he had laid his valiant hand indignantly denied the outrage, and that Colonel Talandier was very much discomfited in the end. Nor did the Prince, we repeat, cower. No witness gave testimony to anything like this effect. On the contrary, all evidence on the subject went to show that Prince Louis was brave and calm, before, during, and after the Strasburg insurrection. To represent, without the least evidence to prove the assertion, that a man acted under danger as a poltroon, that he stopped dead in his enterprise at the first shock of peril, is a proceeding not to be excused, because the slander is spread in glittering phrases. In his unfaithful description of the insurrection at Strasburg, Mr. Kinglake prepares a background for his central figure at Solferino. His cruel caricatures have delighted the enemies of Napoleon III., and have charmed the large class of readers who love to see a hero pulled to pieces by a master in the arts of detraction. But Mr. Kinglake's judgments are as far removed from justice as the slanders of Rochefort or the rhodomontades of Hugo.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIAL.

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THE French public had warmly espoused the cause of Prince Louis's accomplices long before the day of their trial dawned. The injustice of the Government was glaring. The chief of the Strasburg military insurrection had been banished untried, while his companions in an attempt to overthrow the dynasty of July had been kept in close confinement, and were to be put on their trial for their lives before the assizes of the Lower Rhine. This roused the indignation of all who sympathised with the discomfited cause, while it excited the reprobation even of the opponents of the Bonapartes whose sense of justice was not warped by party passions.

The sensation which the trial produced in the city where the attempt at military insurrection had taken place was extraordinary, and went far towards proving that the conspirators had not overestimated the Napoleonic proclivities of the people of Alsace. The French press, that had caluminated Prince Louis, cried shame on the Government which liberated him and sought to wreak its vengeance upon his dupes.

When, on January 6, 1837, the trial of the persons implicated in the military insurrection was opened at Strasburg, the Palace of Justice was besieged by an eager crowd. Ladies, elegantly dressed, stood from an early hour in the courtyard, which was inundated by a rapid thaw, waiting ticket in hand to obtain good positions in

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the court. The people unprovided with tickets were in great force, and long before the judges took their seats had filled every available space. The accused were led by a subterranean passage to the dock. The appearance of the court was striking, with the *pièces à conviction* for the central point of interest. These included uniforms, epaulettes, swords, spurs, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, military hats and caps—a glittering mass of the finery of war.

The accused, wearing in some instances uniforms and decorations, sat in a row, Colonel Vaudrey having the first place, and Madame Gordon being placed near M. de Gricourt. The sympathy of the crowded court was openly expressed for the accused when they appeared. Seven prisoners were put on their trial, viz. Colonel Vaudrey, Commandant Parquin, Lieutenant Laity, M. de Querelles, M. de Gricourt, Madame Gordon, and Captain de Bruc. The counsel for the defence, whose appearance Queen Hortense had ensured as prayed by her son, were MM. Ferdinand Barrot, Thieriet, and Parquin—the latter the brother of the Commandant. The most notable witness in the court was General Excelmans, who had come to tell how he had rejected Prince Louis's overtures.

The challenging of the jurymen occupied a long time, the Crown making nine objections and the defence ten; and when the jury was at last empannelled, it was found that it included men who did not understand French. The consequence was that the proceedings had to be translated throughout by an interpreter.

The prosecution of Thélin, Prince Louis's faithful valet, Lieutenants Couard, Poggi, and others had been abandoned; and the rest of the conspirators were safe beyond the frontier.

The Procureur-Général of the King read the general

act of accusation against the accused absent and present. He began by observing that among all the members of the Bonaparte family the two sons of King Louis of Holland had distinguished themselves by the perseverance with which they had nursed the chimerical dream of regaining in France, the place of the man who had shed so much glory on their name. He hinted that they had taken up their abode near the French frontier in order that they might be always in readiness to take advantage of events. But the quiet of the Restoration fatigued and abated their ardour; and it was only when the Revolution of July happened that they took fresh life, and assumed an eager attitude, at the sound of the commotions which seemed to threaten the disruption of old Europe. They were attracted by the revolutionary convulsions of Italy. Italy was the birthplace of their uncle's glory; they might make it again the highway to France. They were among the first to give form and direction to the troubles that broke out. They were unfortunate. One died at the work, and the other, broken down with disease and suffering, owed his life a second time to his mother. But the sting and remembrance of misfortune were not enough to master him. The generosity of the French Government towards him bore no fruit.[1] But a second time he has been the object of an act of clemency destined to occupy one of the brightest pages of contemporary history.

'From the month of May 1832 he began to bring himself before the public. The young soldier whose sword had just been broken in Italy seized his pen. To the activity of the warrior succeeded that of the legislator. Louis Bonaparte published his "Political Reveries," followed by the "Draft of a Constitution." The "Reveries" are

[1] An allusion to Louis Philippe's forbearance when Queen Hortense and her son passed through Paris.

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the exposition of an idea that France can be regenerated only by men of Bonaparte blood, and that only they can reconcile republican principles with a warlike spirit. The "Constitution" is in harmony with the introduction. It is democratic. Some of it appears to have been written under Saint Simonian inspiration. But the first article makes an Emperor necessary, and the last re-establishes the Imperial Guard. The swords stamped with the eagle and the words *Garde Impériale* that were discovered before October 30 prove that Louis Bonaparte was bent on the realisation of his Constitution.

'It is true that the Duke of Reichstadt was living early in 1832; but he was doomed, and everything tends to show that Louis Bonaparte, under the veil of a family mission, had personal designs. From 1832 he wrote political and military works, and sent copies of them to France, and so pushed himself forward that his biography was published as one of the men of the time. This biography was scattered far and wide. Then he sought adherents on all sides and in all classes of society. In a country deeply ploughed by revolutions he easily found discontented men. He showed considerable perseverance and activity in getting in contact with military officers. He courted them, gave them banquets, and warmed their imaginations by dwelling on the glories of the Empire.

'He used the prestige which belongs to a great name, whatever may be the character of the man who bears it; and was on the look-out for troubles, to get his own personal profit out of them.

'A horrible crime is about to happen. Dark forebodings precede it. He waits the opportunity. He has the accused Persigny and De Gricourt with him—men who took so active a part in the attempt of October 30. Afterwards a conflict arises between France and a neigh-

bouring country,[1] and is embittered by hateful passions. Louis Bonaparte endeavours to profit by the circumstance, and is prepared to make Switzerland the starting-point of his movement. But Providence watches over the life of the King, and Reason resumes her seat in the councils of a nation so often renowned for her wisdom. Louis Bonaparte turned his hopes in another direction. He looked towards the army; he began to meditate a military revolution. He calls to mind the Prætorian Guard. The deeds of Brumaire 18 and of March 20 belong to his family. A military revolution has just broken out in Spain, and another in Portugal. He hopes that his own will be as fortunate. He feeds himself on the hopes common to all conspirators. He nurses himself in the belief that what a few daring spirits venture will be approved by many and borne by all.'

The act of accusation proceeds to the end in this tone. Although it must have been known to the authorities that the Prince wore his Swiss artillery uniform, he is represented as having travestied himself in a costume closely resembling that of the great captain. He is presented at last, his clothes torn and his decorations snatched from his breast, shut up in a room of the Finckmatt barracks. The exaggerations and falsities included in this act, and directed against one who was unable to contradict them, are, however, unimportant in comparison with the infamous innuendo by which the mouthpieces of the Government sought to connect the name of Prince Louis with the crime of Fieschi.

The part taken on and before October 30 by each of the accused was described by the prosecution, and was coloured to influence the jury against the prisoners. Colonel Vaudrey was represented as a vain and an immoral

[1] The Conseil difficulty.

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man of pleasure, whom Prince Louis and De Persigny selected on account of his weakness, and whom they approached through his vices. Madame Gordon was described as an immoral, intriguing, moneyless woman—an adventuress and a public singer! This last reproach was admirably taken up in the course of the defence. Then some of the accused were ridiculed as having enjoyed a convivial supper offered by De Persigny to the Prince on the eve of the 30th—a statement which the defence proved to be a pure invention. They were all described as men who had been bribed by brilliant promises of place, promotion, or money. Not a worthy motive was admitted in any instance. It was remarked significantly that the accused De Gricourt was with Prince Louis at the time of Fieschi's attempt on the life of the King. De Bruc, ex-Gentleman of the Chamber to Charles X., was painted as a man in difficulties who engaged in the plot for money and for nothing else. He too was at Arenenberg when the infernal machine exploded in Paris!

The reading of the act of accusation in French occupied two hours. It was then translated into German by the official interpreter for the benefit of the German jurymen. Then the Procureur-Général Rossée addressed the jury on the part of the Crown. He described Prince Louis as a foreigner, and he called upon the jury to judge the accused severely, since such attempts against the Government had become frequent. This crime was a capital one (except in De Bruc's case), and he pressed for a death sentence.

Eighty-seven witnesses had been summoned, and the first called was a young captain of the 16th Light Infantry, M. Raindre. He was a friend of Professor Masuyer, father of Queen Hortense's reader, Mademoiselle Masuyer, who accompanied the Queen and the Prince in their flight after the Romagna insurrection. M. Raindre related how

he had been invited, in company with M. de Franqueville (the husband of Mademoiselle Masuyer's sister), to meet the Prince on the frontier at Offenburg; how he had spent a pleasant day, had talked about Napoleon, military subjects, artillery, but not a word of politics; and how he had returned to Strasburg delighted with his day's pleasure. Three weeks afterwards a stranger placed a letter from the Prince in Captain Raindre's hand. The Prince invited him to a meeting on the morrow at Kehl. He was a little surprised, but he promised to attend. He was punctual, and was conducted to a room in an inn. Presently he saw the Prince approaching, with a handkerchief to his face to hide it, and his clothes in disorder. He went up to the room, carefully closed the door, and then said with a mysterious air that he felt he might confide in his visitor. Captain Raindre, who had anticipated a simple invitation to dinner, was surprised; but he allowed the Prince to continue. Then he heard that a military insurrection was contemplated, with the Prince for its chief, and that he was invited to be one of the conspirators.

Whereupon Captain Raindre gave a magnificent account of his loyalty to the King—of the grand way in which he confounded the Prince, and of the endeavour he made to dissuade him from his rash project. According to the Captain's account he told the Prince some hard truths—among others that he was less known in France than the Bourbons were in 1815—and he so far worked upon him that when he left him he imagined that he had determined him to give up his enterprise.

'I thought all I had heard so foolish,' said the Captain to the court, 'that I imagined there was no danger in keeping it a secret. But again, it seemed to me that the Prince was capable of throwing himself into the first enterprise that presented itself, or of undertaking one as

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soon as he might find a seconder. So I held it to be my duty to put myself in communication with the authorities. I was anxious not to compromise the Prince, so I put myself in communication with my friend Commandant Franqueville, who was aide-de-camp to General Voirol.'

M. de Gricourt contradicted Captain Raindre, saying that the Prince had told him that the Captain had manifested great enthusiasm for the Empire and devotion to the Prince personally, and in this way had led the Prince to confide in him. The court, however, stopped the discussion, observing that Captain Raindre's evidence did not affect any of the accused. Why, then, was it presented by the prosecution in the absence of the person whom it did affect? The reason was that it threw ridicule on Prince Louis. The counsel for the defence showed how all the proceedings were vitiated by the absence of the conspirator-in-chief, but since he had been removed untried it was necessary that the defence should be permitted to rebut evidence which affected him, and consequently his accomplices.

M. de Franqueville then gave evidence. He related how General Voirol showed him on the evening of August 14 a letter he had just received from Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. The General sent by him a verbal answer to the bearer of the letter. It was to the effect that he honoured the memory of the Emperor, that he deplored the misfortunes of his family, but that before all he respected the laws of his country. Since one of these laws prohibited the return of the Bonaparte family to France, he could not accede to Prince Louis's request; and if the Prince were himself the bearer of his letter, he gave him half an hour to cross the Rhine. This testimony closed the proceedings of the first day.

On the morning of the second day of the trial the

crowd was immense, and on all sides people were discussing the unfairness of the proceedings conducted in the absence of the person who should be the chief of the accused. His acts were constantly the subject of evidence which he was not present to meet. De Geslin's depositions were read. He asserted that De Persigny and De Gricourt had endeavoured to bribe him more than a year before October 30 to take part in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. He was to have the rank of general; and he observed, by the way, that the plot had missed fire twice before it actually broke out. De Gricourt replied that De Geslin was an usurer who got young men in his clutches, that his deposition was false, and that it was not likely he should confide in such a man.

There was great excitement in the court when all the accused with the exception of Colonel Vaudrey were removed, and he was ordered by the presiding judge to stand up for examination. He gave his evidence in a bright and brave way. He knew none of the rest of the accused except Madame Gordon. He first heard of the plot from the mouth of the Prince at Baden in June. He had just been introduced to him. The Prince told him that he was in communication with the officers of many regiments, that he could reckon on several regiments, and that he was assured of the sympathy of a vast number of Frenchmen. He sought to dissuade the Prince from his project, and told him that his position in the army would not permit him to enter into his plans. The Colonel protested that he resisted to the very eve of the 30th, when he permitted himself to be carried away. He had allowed the Prince to see the strength of his feeling for the Empire.

The Colonel deposed that he had first known Madame Gordon at the houses of M. de Franqueville and General

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Voirol. She was about to give a concert. He declined to say anything about his relations with the lady or his travels with her to Dijon, Colmar, and Fribourg. He only saw the Prince late in the evening of October 29. The interview lasted two hours. The Prince told him that he could count on many regiments and general officers; but he uttered no names except, he thought, that of General Voirol.

When the president asked the prisoner whether the Prince had divulged his ulterior plans to him, he answered:

'The Prince wished to make an appeal to the people.'

There was considerable perturbation in court at this reply; for it was an answer to the reports which had been industriously circulated that Prince Louis intended to seize the reins of power, and under cover of the military to make himself Emperor. Then the president asked the prisoner what the Prince had promised him as the reward of his co-operation; to which question Colonel Vaudrey answered with a disdain which, according to the reporters, thrilled the court: 'The Prince, sir, promised me nothing. I am not of the class of men who sell themselves.'

The examination of Lieutenant Laity followed. He candidly confessed his part in the insurrection. He had been engaged in it since July. He was told that the Prince was preparing a democratic republican revolution. 'I am a democrat and a republican,' said the young officer, 'and I joined. There were twelve officers in it already. I became the thirteenth.' He was told that the Prince could rely on France and the army. 'I believed it,' he added, 'and believe it still!' The attempt had failed only through blunders. When the Prince read his proclamation at a meeting in August there were fifteen officers present, but he refused to

name them. When told by the president that as he put on his uniform on the morning of October 30 he should have remembered his oath and the fidelity he owed to the King; Laity answered boldly:

'I had sworn fidelity to my country, but not to the Prince who misgoverns it.'

The next witness was the Prince's old friend and neighbour Parquin, who told the court that he had known Prince Louis since 1822, when he married Mademoiselle Cochelet. He had lived within a quarter of an hour's walk of Arenenberg—at the château of Wolfsberg—ever since. In 1830 he took active service again. In 1836 he accepted a command in the Municipal Guard of Paris. When the president turned upon the old soldier and asked him how he could bear to break his oath, the accused answered:

'Thirty-three years ago I was bound by oath to the Emperor and his dynasty. That oath has remained graven in my heart. I respect an oath. I am not like a certain great diplomatist who has sworn thirteen. The oaths I have sworn since are oaths *de fait*; but the day when the eagle reappeared, the day when the nephew of the Emperor came to me and summoned me to keep my oath, I regarded myself as bound by that I swore in 1804.' Parquin described his first knowledge of the plot. It was on the eve of its execution. 'I saw the Prince at noon. "Parquin," he said, "I have broken bounds. I have brought my head here. To-morrow I raise the standard of the Imperial eagle. May I reckon on you?" "Prince," I replied, "wherever you run any danger you may rely on me."'

'So,' said the president, 'you took part in this felony.'

The old soldier firmly answered: 'I have told you that I always considered myself bound by the oath which

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I took in 1804. I don't think that foreigners and traitors have had the right to bind me by another; nor have I seen that since that time four millions of votes have sanctioned one.' Parquin described the way in which the night of the 29th was passed. They had no fire and it was very cold. The Prince dictated his proclamations. They were all impatient for the morning to dawn, for all were convinced of success. And, when they got to the Austerlitz quarters the artillerymen shouted 'Long live the Emperor!' as he had never heard it shouted even by the old Imperial Guard. When the examination dealt with his arrest, Parquin showed the glove soiled with blood from a bayonet thrust he received, and described the scene with a vigour and earnestness which seemed to make a marked impression on the jury and the public.

M. de Querelles followed. He had been in the plot since the previous May, and said that they reckoned on the discontent which was almost general in the army; but he refused to name any regiments or garrisons. When asked how he who was too young to have served under the Empire could lend himself to such a project, he said:

'It is not necessary to have served the Emperor to admire his memory. The entire life of the young Prince, filled with good deeds and elevated sentiments, inspired me with strong sympathy for a noble young man.'

It was he who obtained the eagle from a founder, who happened to have an old one that had belonged to the 4th Line—Labédoyère's regiment. He had received many officers at dinner; but it would argue a thorough ignorance of French officers in the man who should imagine they were to be bribed by bottles of Champagne. He acknowledged that his only business in Strasburg was to help forward the plot. There was no supper at De Persigny's. The Prince's dinner was a slice of bread and

some cold fowl. Nothing had been promised to him nor to his companions: they had not sold their swords.

M. de Gricourt was the next prisoner examined. He was connected with the family of Louis Bonaparte, and had been on a visit at Arenenberg last summer. Saint Leu was sold to Queen Hortense by his grandmother. Asked by the court whether Prince Louis Napoleon had communicated to him the measures he intended to take to upset the Government and place himself upon the throne of France, the prisoner answered:

'Prince Louis never thought of placing himself on the throne. Love of country is the most powerful feeling that animates him.'

Pressed to give evidence concerning his associates, M. de Gricourt replied firmly that he would answer all questions which affected himself, but none which affected others—a remark that was received with applause in the court. He admitted all the accusations directed against himself.

Madame Gordon, who was the next prisoner examined, admitted very little save that she had helped De Persigny to burn the Prince's papers. Then M. de Bruc was introduced, and he began by swearing that he had never had any communication with the Prince. He had only once seen him, and that for a few minutes at Aarau. On this occasion the Prince gave him a letter for General Excelmans, which he delivered to the General in Paris on October 30. The General remarked that if the letter was on a political subject he would have nothing to do with it. As for all the mysterious allusions in letters between M. de Bruc, De Persigny, and others, he asserted that they referred to an expedition to Tripoli in which he was interested.

Before the third day of the trial opened the court was crowded; and, waiting the entrance of the judges,

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the barristers and jurymen amused themselves examining the *pièces de conviction.* The Star of the Legion which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, the Grand Cordon which he used to wear at great ceremonies, the broken sword of Colonel Talandier, and the eagle were fruitful subjects of conversation.

This day was given to the examination of M. de Geslin, and to the examination of landlords, servants, deligence conductors, in support of the charges against the prisoners. The messenger who carried the first letter to the Queen Hortense telling her the day was won deposed that he received two hundred francs with the letter. Then General Excelmans entered the witness box.

He stated that when M. de Bruc presented himself in Paris with a letter from Prince Louis and an invitation to Arenenberg, he declined the invitation, and observed that the Prince was not to rely on him in any political movement. He added that he also said to M. de Bruc :

'If I saw the Prince I should endeavour to dissuade him from any such project. I should advise him, for the peace of his family and for his own, to remain quiet, for if he thinks there is a party in France for them he is mistaken. There is a profound respect, a rational admiration for the memory of the Emperor, but nothing more. This is, I think, what I said to M. de Bruc. I added, however, I believe, that I had committed a discourtesy towards the Prince. He had sent me his "Manuel de l'Artillerie," and I had not acknowledged the receipt of it. "Present my apologies to him if you be going to Switzerland." I believe that was all that passed.'

The General then handed the following—the Prince's letter—to the court :—

'Arenenberg, October 11, 1836.

'General,—I profit by a safe opportunity to tell you how glad I should be to be able to speak with you.

Your brilliant antecedents and your civil and military reputation bid me hope that you will enlighten me with your advice on this trying occasion. The nephew of the Emperor addresses himself frankly and with confidence to an old soldier as to an old friend. He hopes that the end he has in view will excuse the step he has taken, which might appear violent to any but you, General, who are made to understand every noble sentiment.

'Lieutenant-Colonel de Bruc, who deserves my entire confidence, is good enough to arrange with you the place where I can see you. In the meantime I beg you, General, to receive the expression of friendly sentiments and of my esteem.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

This letter shows that the Prince had been led to believe in the co-operation of General Excelmans, for he infers that the General was privy to the expedition. The Prince was deceived unwittingly in many directions by those who surrounded him. The General in the course of his examination observed that M. de Bruc made no allusion to a plot, and that if he had he should probably have caused him to be arrested or have treated him as a madman. Yet in the letter there is a distinct allusion to the 'trying occasion' in which the Prince found himself.[1]

The fourth day of the trial drew an immense course of people in and around the court to see and hear the prefect and General Voirol. The proceedings were opened with a severe cross-examination of M. de Bruc, who could give no very satisfactory explanation of his original deposition. It became clear that he was thoroughly behind the scenes; that the Prince had trusted him as a relation and intimate friend of the

[1] Prince Louis, having become President of the French Republic, created General Excelmans a marshal of France.

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Beauharnais; that he had been discouraged by the attitude of General Excelmans, and that he had written to the Prince to put off the movement till the month of March. M. de Bruc pretended that he had broken his arm, and he kept out of the way at the last moment.

A number of officers and soldiers were then examined; and the prosecution endeavoured to show that the artillery had been seduced by promises of promotion, an accusation which both Vaudrey and Laity vigorously denied.

The fourth day came to a close without the appearance of prefect or general, but on the morning of the 5th extraordinary precautions were taken. The police and military forces in and about the court were doubled. The way from the witness-room to the court was lined with soldiers.

The deposition of the prefect, M. Augustin Choppin d'Arnouville, was received with eager attention. He said that about six o'clock on October 30 a troop of twenty-five artillerymen, commanded by a staff-officer, or somebody who pretended to be one, rushed into his bedroom brandishing naked swords. The officer approached him and said: 'I arrest you in the name of the Emperor Louis Napoleon.' The prefect replied that he knew neither the officer nor his sovereign, and that he would not submit. The officer retorted that he gave him three minutes to dress. The prefect then described how he was dragged from his rooms; how he clung to everything within his reach, but was overpowered and forcibly taken along the streets to the Austerlitz barracks, when he was thrown into a room and imprisoned with a sergeant, who told him that this outrage had been committed upon him by the orders of Colonel Vaudrey and General Voirol. The prefect replied that the soldier was adding falsehood to crime. But soon after some of the officers came, and he was set at liberty. The whole

affair, the prefect added, lasted about an hour and a half. CHAP. XII.

But the important part of the prefect's testimony was to the effect that General Voirol had never spoken to him about Captain Raindre's interview with the Prince, nor of the letter he had himself received. He went farther, and stated that from the 15th to the 30th of October neither the civil nor the military police had received a single item of information about the plot; and finally he affirmed that on the morning of the 30th the authorities were as completely taken by surprise as the citizens themselves.

General Voirol, Peer of France and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, was the next witness. He described the manner in which he was surprised in his bedroom on the morning of October 30. His coachman first told him that Colonel Vaudrey was in the streets with his soldiers shouting 'Long live the Emperor! Long live Napoleon the Second!' and fortunately he had time to send a messenger to warn General Lalande before his bedroom was invaded. Colonel Vaudrey entered at the head of a group of officers.

'A young man,' said the General, 'in a costume similar to that which the Emperor used to wear, advanced towards me, and said: "Come, brave General Voirol, that I may embrace you, and recognise in me Napoleon the Second." I rejected with indignation, by word and action, a proposition which, had I accepted it, would have dishonoured me, and perhaps would have thrown the country into anarchy and civil war. I addressed Colonel Vaudrey in severe terms; I reproached him with his abuse of the authority he held; I held him responsible with his head for the discipline of his soldiers. He replied that all the garrison were with them. I told him he was in error, and that he would soon find it out. They retired silent and confounded.'

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Colonel Vaudrey then requested the court to ask the General whether the Prince did not appear surprised when he repulsed him, and the General answered that he looked terrified. He denied that he had ever had any communication with the Prince or his emissaries, except on the occasion when he sent him the letter which was in the possession of the court. He had spoken to the prefect, who observed that he had a police agent watching all who approached the Prince. The prefect hereupon said that the agent was only a common officer, who could not possibly get into the Prince's society, and could only see him in public places. His reports were just what anybody in Baden could have sent him.

The court ordered the Prince's Baden letter, dated August 14, 1836, to be read. The Prince hoped to see the General before leaving the frontiers of France for Switzerland. He said the morrow was the Emperor's fête, and he should pass it in the midst of strangers. In embracing the General he would for a moment forget the ingratitude of men and the cruelty of fate. He asked pardon for speaking so openly and warmly to one whom he did not know, but he knew that his heart had not grown old.

To this appeal General Voirol not only replied by a verbal rebuff through his aide-de-camp to the Prince's messenger; he wrote the following to the Marshal Minister of War:—

'Strasburg, August 18, 1836.

'Marshal,—I have received a letter from Prince Napoleon Bonaparte which I deem it a duty to submit to you and to the King. This letter will appear to you, at first sight, unimportant; but its gravity will be apparent when considered in its relation to the steps which this Prince has taken towards other officers. One of these officers—M. Raindre, captain in the 16th Light Infantry

and bearer of my despatch, who had a long interview at Kehl with the young Napoleon—will tell you all that passed at it. He will tell you that this Prince flatters himself that he has a great party in France, and that if another shock were to come all the partisans of the Emperor would rally round him. He believes, moreover, that a military movement is imminent. The knowledge of this grave circumstance sufficiently explained to my mind the end the Prince had in view in asking to see me. Nothing less than the certainty of this would have determined me to trouble you with this affair. I should have contented myself with this message, which I delivered to the Prince's messenger:—

'"I honour the memory of the Emperor, I respect and pity the misfortunes of his family; but there is something I respect before all, and that is the laws of my country, and one of them forbids the return of the family of Napoleon Bonaparte to France. I cannot comply with the wishes of the Prince. . . ."

'M. Raindre conducted himself in the noblest manner, and what he said may have convinced Louis Napoleon that he has not the least chance of success in France, let future events be what they may. . . .'

The General added that he trusted the Marshal would consider his communication a strictly confidential one. He assured the Ministers that the more he saw of the various corps of the army the more thoroughly was he convinced of its devotion to the dynasty of King Louis Philippe, and that any attempt to overturn the actual Government would be destroyed by the patriotism, the discipline, and the honour of the troops. For the defence both the prefect and M. Raindre were asked what steps the Government took on receipt of General Voirol's despatch, but both declined to answer.

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The prefect had admitted already that the official measures had failed, and that the authorities had been caught napping. M. Guizot virtually allows in his personal history that if Ministers sent a number of the *haute police* to play Conseil's part over again their agents failed, for Prince Louis succeeded in casting dismay through the Tuileries for a night at any rate.

The proceedings of the sixth day were opened by a conversation between the court and the counsel for the defence on the removal of the Prince from Strasburg, the defence maintaining that it was illegal and prejudicial to their clients. The removal was conducted by the prefect and General Voirol, by the order of the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of State; and the defence remarked to the jury that it was so far removed from the ordinary and legal course that the Government had previously sent a docile gaoler from Paris to take command of the prison in which the precious prisoner was locked up.

But this was not the only trouble the Strasburg authorities had while Prince Louis remained a captive in the city.

Two days after the failure of the insurrection the Prince was suddenly removed from the Maison Neuve by a military escort. Poor Charles Thélin, his valet, was left behind, and alone, in a state of consternation. The guard had said nothing; and it was his belief—and it appeared to be that of the Prince himself—that a military execution was about to take place.

Thélin remained in a state of suspense, not knowing what was the fate of the master to whose person he had been attached since 1811 until the next day, when he was himself conducted to the citadel.

He found the Prince installed in an officer's quarters and the object of the attention of everybody. The

captains and lieutenants vied with one another in offering the captive a piece of furniture or an ornament for his room. In short, he felt himself surrounded with ardent friends. The band in the barrack yard halted under his windows; but this was not to be endured. The enthusiasm became so marked and general that a rumour was spread that the regiment in the citadel was about to set the Prince free; whereupon he was suddenly carried back to the Maison Neuve.[1]

The main incident of the sixth day was the refusal of the presiding judge to allow the Prince's proclamations to be read, although they had been put in by the prosecution. This refusal created a strong and angry feeling in the body of the court. In the course of the examination of the military witnesses the accused De Gricourt, interrupting, observed that he could have forced the gates of the Finckmatt barracks and made an escape for the Prince; but the Prince would not permit him, saying: 'Not a drop of French blood shall be shed.'

Some of the soldiers entertained the court greatly with their blunt histories of the affair. Each had been a hero. A fusilier and a drum-major who had been decorated for their loyal energy were especially amusing. Fusilier Morvan appropriated to himself the whole glory of the arrests, in the style of Thackeray's drummer and the Marshal Turenne. He wound up his exploits with the phrase: 'The Prince and the Colonel were collared, and there was an end of it.' A drummer, asked whether he beat the charge, replied with a shrug of the shoulders that he beat 'everything'—a remark that conveys a vivid idea of the confusion which prevailed in the barrack yard while the arrests were proceeding.

The officers who figured in the Finckmatt barrack

[1] We have this from the lips of one who was an actor on the scene described.

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scene gave their testimony with a loyal unction. Colonel Talandier described how he had torn an epaulette from the shoulder of M. Parquin, to show that he made no truce with the insurrectionists; and then admitted that he had persuaded Colonel Vaudrey to surrender by telling him that the people outside were convinced that the revolt was in favour of Charles X., and would therefore tear him to pieces even if he succeeded in passing the barrack gates. This ingenious ruse, while it overcame the hesitation of Colonel Vaudrey, strongly recommended the inventor of it to the good-will of the House of Orleans. This witness asserted that he seized Colonel Vaudrey by the collar, which the Colonel vehemently denied, his denial being supported by Crown witnesses, whose testimony created a strong feeling against him. Parquin with equal vehemence remarked that Colonel Talandier only snatched his epaulette from his shoulder when he was his prisoner.

Maître Ferdinand Barrot now asked to call two witnesses, remarking in reply to the hesitation of the bench that when ninety-one witnesses had been called for the prosecution, surely it was not asking too much to beg that two witnesses for the defence might be heard. The last witness of the day was the surgeon-major who saw the meeting of the Prince and Colonel Vaudrey immediately after they had been made prisoners.

This closed the evidence.

On the morrow, the seventh day of the trial, the doors of the tribunal were besieged as early as six o'clock in the morning, although it was bitterly cold and the snow had been falling all night. The hall porter admitted a number of ladies into the vestibule of the court long before daylight. At seven every seat in the public part of the court was occupied. The public prosecutor Rossée was to address the court for the Crown.

He began by affirming that it had been established by the evidence that the accused had long contemplated the overthrow of the King's Government—a remark that applied really and truly only to the Prince and M. de Persigny, who were not present. He then attacked Colonel Vaudrey as an officer who owed more to the King's favour than to his own deserts, and who had in return added perjury to treason. The Colonel started at this assault, but was restrained by Ferdinand Barrot, his counsel. The life of Prince Louis was then passed in review, every incident being turned to his disadvantage. He had received all the malcontents of France in his Swiss château; he had been plotting against the Government since 1835. M. Rossée insinuated that the Prince's confederates were in the secret of Fieschi's attempt; and then, having touched upon the part taken by each of the accused, he turned to the absence of the Prince, on which the counsel for the defence had laid great stress, arguing that it was unjust and immoral to pardon the chief and punish his instruments.

'The King has pardoned him,' said the public prosecutor; 'it was his right. The mercy of the King can be appreciated only by men who have the sentiment of French honour in their breasts.' He showed that the press first recommended the royal clemency on account of the youth, ignorance, and inexperience of the Prince, and that when mercy had been extended to the culprit the papers turned round and blamed it. The fact was that journalists claimed mercy for the humble as well as the illustrious. 'The representative system,' said the prosecutor, 'it must be admitted, is in itself corrupt. The aim of the Opposition has been to turn out those who are in high places. Hence the charges of unfairness brought against the Sovereign. We (the prosecution) say that it was the only equitable one, and that there has been

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neither illegality nor partiality.' The sovereign has the right to pardon; this, after all, was the answer of the prosecution to the protest of the counsel for the defence.

'What,' M. Rossée asked, 'was the position of Louis Bonaparte? Louis Bonaparte has been banished from France by one of those laws which can be explained by political necessity. The event has fully justified the foresight of the legislators. Louis Bonaparte thought that he was banished unjustly. After he had been so near the source of power he could not resign himself to be parted from it. Embittered by pain, he emitted complaints. They were listened to by a few intriguing mediocrities who did not know that in France merit alone wins distinction, and that titles of nobility do not suffice to obtain social favours. These intriguers conceived guilty hopes, and worked upon the disposition that they saw would serve their end. A revolution brings about fresh combinations. There are opportunities for pushing into the foremost rank. A stranger to France, surrounded by men who are as ignorant of her as he is himself, Louis Bonaparte found himself at their mercy. Gifted with a vivid and an excitable imagination, as one of the witnesses informed you, he conceived the idea of re-establishing the Imperial dynasty on the throne. It was with this idea that he responded to the appeal of the Italian insurgents, and that he was going over to the Poles, when the fall of Varsovia arrested his footsteps.

. . . . . .

'Yes, gentlemen, if Louis Bonaparte played the leading part, it was because a name was wanted to head the revolt, a flag to show to the soldiers who could make it successful. It results from all the evidence that if Louis Bonaparte was the seducer it was because he himself had been seduced; it is in vain, then, that the accused pretend to have submitted to an irresistible influence.

Such a system of defence is repugnant to common sense. Louis Bonaparte could not possibly know the feeling nor the opinion of France. It is beyond question that he was led into error. They alone who hoped to profit by his enterprise deceived him. It must be observed, then, that if he had not found traitors and perjurers among the accused, he would not have formed his guilty projects. A great personage indeed must he be who chooses for the depositaries of his confidence in a conspiracy a Gricourt, a De Bruc, a public singer! One must shut one's eyes to the most obvious truth in order to adopt such statements. You say you were the seduced; yes, but your seduction was of that base and ignoble kind where the temptation is money. Such motives cannot lead the jury to acquit you.'

The prosecutor went on to say that Vaudrey wanted the epaulettes of a lieutenant-general, or perhaps the bâton of a marshal of France; and the rest, sudden promotion or full purses. He concluded by saying that had the accused been successful, pillage, civil war, and perhaps a European war, would have been the result; and that should France and the army behold the scandal of an acquittal, the consequences would be disastrous. He should despair of his country. It would only remain for magistrates to close the book of the laws and to veil the image of justice, and for the people to resign themselves to every calamity.

While the interpreter was reading the German translation of the prosecutor's speech M. Ferdinand Barrot suddenly rose and interrupted him. He held a letter in his hand. It had just reached Colonel Vaudrey through the post. The Procureur du Roi should have opened it; but he had passed it on, the seal unbroken, to the Colonel. M. Barrot read the letter:—

'Friend, you have failed in your attempt; but I shall

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not miss my blow, for only one is wanted to kill—a single blow! After Meunier it is I who am charged with the affair: this is enough.

(Signed) 'PERSIGNY.[1]

'Long live the Emperor!'

M. Barrot said, his voice trembling with indignation: 'This odious letter[2] bears within it the mark of its ignoble origin. Its object is to blacken the accused and to compromise their cause.'

The advocate demanded that it should be entered upon the minutes of the trial, a course which the prosecution opposed, saying that they attached no importance to it. But it was important to the defence in a sense not designed by its authors, who were obviously of that Government department which despatched Conseil to Switzerland. Maître Parquin, who was present to defend his brother, rose and insisted that the letter should not be lost. In an energetic speech he demanded for the safety of the King, for whom he would give his own life, for the repose and peace of the country, that the letter should be given into the hands of a *juge d'instruction.* This incident closed the day's proceedings, and before the court met on the following day MM. Barrot and Parquin had despatched the letter to the Keeper of the Seals.

On the eighth day of the trial the proceedings were opened by the Procureur du Roi in support of the prosecution. He was followed by his deputy. In the speeches of both these Crown officers the jury were be-

[1] 'Ami, tu as échoué dans ta tentative; mais moi, je ne manquerai pas mon coup, car il ne faut qu'un coup pour tuer, un seul coup. Après Meunier c'est à moi à faire l'affaire: c'est dit.' (Signé) 'PERSIGNY.'

Et plus bas: 'Vive l'Empereur!'

[2] M. de Persigny a few days later wrote from London to repudiate the letter.

sought to find the prisoners guilty. The King's clemency might come afterwards. The deputy's speech was remarkable in this, that he admitted that if the son of Bonaparte had presented himself in France in 1830, 'when France was driving a perjured King beyond her frontiers,' he might have been successful.

In the midst of profound silence Maître Ferdinand Barrot, counsel for Colonel Vaudrey, rose to open the defence. In his solemn exordium he vindicated the character of Prince Louis, who had been removed from the common fate of the Strasburg conspirators against his will.

'Why is he absent?' said the advocate. 'Why does his necessary mission remain unaccomplished, and why is his voice absent from our debates? Has he fled? Has he sought to evade your justice, leaving as hostages for popular vengeance those who followed his lead in an adventurous enterprise? No, gentlemen, a thousand times no. He desired your justice; he demanded it. He had understood that in any social state the man who appeals to force and fails owes a reckoning to the law. Born a Prince, he felt the Imperial blood flowing in his veins, blood the most illustrious of modern times. And yet he never thought that his head was placed above the laws, that the laws should bend before him. He had resolved to submit to the common fate, and was ready to bear his part in the solemn expiation which is demanded from you. But others have been found, jealous guardians of unknown rights and superannuated privileges, who have hastened to save from human justice, as from a stain, this nephew of an Emperor, to whom they have opened the doors. . . . If Prince Napoleon has attempted a revolution in France, he did it understanding that he should accept all the consequences of his act; and to-day he rejects, with all the energy of a generous

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heart, the illegal benefit which has been imposed upon him.'

M. Barrot then replied to the assertion of the prosecution that Colonel Vaudrey owed his honours rather to the bounty of the King than to his own merit. He described his services from the year 1804. He was in the campaign of 1809. In 1813, covered with wounds, he was promoted by the Emperor on the field of battle. He obtained three of his grades in six years under the Empire. Passing from the Colonel's brilliant military achievements under the Empire, the advocate touched upon the life of Prince Louis. He said that he did not find, at any rate, in the Prince's writings, the assertion which had emanated from the prosecution, viz. that constitutional government is essentially corrupting. Referring to Madame Gordon, he observed that he would not dwell on the case of the accused, whom the prosecution tried to disgrace by calling her disdainfully a public singer. 'It is an unfortunate expression,' said M. Barrot, 'in the mouth of an officer of the Crown at the very time when an English city is contending against foreign Ambassadors for the body of an illustrious singer.[1]

The prosecution had said that the accused had conspired for gain. 'I will answer this,' said M. Barrot, 'by revealing a fact told to me in confidence. The Prince arrived with the firm intention of securing the Colonel.

'"We are bound on a dangerous enterprise," he said, "and perhaps we shall lose our lives. You have two children; here is a deed giving 10,000 francs a year to each. My mother, who loves me, will honour this dying bequest."

'The Colonel took the deed and tore it in pieces, saying: "I give you my life, and I give you my blood; I don't sell them."'

[1] Malibran.

In the peroration of his address M. Barrot drew a picture of Prince Louis landing in America and opening up a new life. His mother was going to join him. Perhaps he had still a happy career before him, while his accomplices were before a jury of their countrymen, and in danger of the scaffold. He claimed equal justice for all, and therefore the acquittal of the accused.

The ninth day of the trial was taken up by the speech of Maître Thieriet in behalf of Laity, and of that by Maître Parquin in behalf of his brother. M. Thieriet passed the points of the prosecution in review one by one. He touched felicitously on the opprobrium sought to be cast upon Madame Gordon as a public singer.

'A republic existed in Greece in ancient times, and the republicans in the austerity of their manners—alas very unlike ours—feared the influence of singers as tending to soften men's natures. Well, the singers who appeared were conducted to the frontier crowned with flowers: they were not disgraced.'

He denounced the prosecution for hinting that there was complicity between some of the accused and the crimes of Fieschi and Alibaud; he maintained that the magic of Napoleon's name had not died out of all Frenchmen's hearts, and he insisted that inasmuch as Prince Louis had been the author of and chief actor in the insurrection, his accomplices could not be condemned when he had been pardoned.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'if you saw on the bench of the accused a Prince of the blood of Napoleon, a nephew of the conqueror of Austerlitz, for the honour of France you would not condemn him, and he would in his acquittal carry us along with him; but they have thought that if we were left by ourselves we should not be strong enough to escape condemnation.'

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The impassioned oration of Maître Parquin when imploring the life of his brother produced the most touching scene of the trial. The vehemence of the speaker, the agitation of the brother whom he was defending, and the excitement of the audience as they felt that the supreme moment was coming must have exercised a powerful influence over the jury. Maître Parquin's speech took special authority from the known fact that he was an ardent Orleanist. While he recounted his brother's splendid exploits under the Empire even the prosecution could not doubt his loyalty. The prosecution had stated that Prince Louis and his brother had bought Arenenberg as a convenient position for maturing their revolutionary designs; he reminded the jury that when the château was purchased Prince Louis was seven years old, and his brother conspirator about nine. He drew a touching picture of his own experiences at Arenenberg when he attended his brother's marriage with Mademoiselle Cochelet in the chapel of the château. He demonstrated by the failure of the plot that the relatives of Napoleon had no hold on France.

'If ever,' he said, 'there was a young Prince who, through the solid education given to him under his mother's direction, his kindly nature, his rare and brilliant qualities, his affection for the country in which he was born, his resemblance to the valiant captain whose nephew and adopted son he was, could hope to revive the prestige which once belonged to the name he bears, it is assuredly Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte.' And his hopes were wrecked in an hour! Therefore the jury might acquit the accused with safety. He implored them to inscribe on their banner 'Equal justice for all.'

This speech was received with rounds of cheering, and the day closed in great excitement.

On the tenth day the counsel of M. de Querelles, M.

de Gricourt, and Madame Gordon were heard. They followed the line of argument of the advocates who had preceded them, protesting against the low motives attributed to the accused by the prosecution, and pointing to the general corruption in high places. CHAP. XII.

On the eleventh day, after an address in defence of M. de Bruc, the Advocate-General Devaux reviewed the speeches of the counsel for the defence, and declined to admit a single error in the act of accusation. Maître Parquin replied for his colleagues and himself. He accused the Government of having done not an act of grace, but a politic act, in sending Prince Louis to America; and it would be for the Chambers to judge it. He read the Prince's letter of November 11, written in prison, in which he protested that he desired to remain with his companions in misfortune, and that he felt his absence would weaken their defence. He concluded with a passionate appeal, in which he apostrophised the Prince's mother, bidding her be calm, for an Alsatian jury would give back her son to her.

We are told that many of the audience retired that day in tears.

On the twelfth and last day the president of the court summed up, and called upon the jury to be firm, and show themselves the vigilant guardians of the peace and security of their fellow-citizens.

When the jury rose to retire, to consider their verdict, they were met by loud cries of 'Acquit them!' and the court ordered the gendarmes to remove the delinquents.

In twenty minutes the jury returned, and the foreman said: 'Before God and before men, on my soul and on my conscience, the declaration of the jury is, on all the questions, No, the accused are not guilty.'

This verdict was received with loud applause, and the

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accused were set at liberty amid the congratulations of their friends and the bar. Outside the court there was a great demonstration. The accused had to be got away by a private door to escape the noisy enthusiasm of the mob. The jury received an ovation; and long after the trial was over, and the doors of the court had been closed, crowds lingered in the vicinity, in spite of the piercing cold, to talk over the great event.

As a measure of the interest which the trial excited in the popular mind we may note that during the twelve days which it occupied 8,000 copies of the biography of Prince Louis were sold. The liberated prisoners were entertained at a banquet in the city they had attempted to take, and were everywhere received with marks of cordial sympathy, which must have been gall and wormwood to the authorities.

There lives in New York an old soldier of Napoleon I. who wears the medal of Saint Helena, and is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and who, although condemned to death after 1815, is touching his eightieth year in good health. He went to meet Prince Louis on his arrival in America. On seeing him the Prince said:

'Your face recalls to me that of the officer of the gendarmes who conducted me from Paris to Brest.'

They talked about this officer, and the Prince added: 'I said to him how grieved I was to be separated from my friends in misfortune, who had compromised themselves for me.

'"Ah!" the officer replied, "don't be cast down. France now knows that the Emperor has an heir."'

The officer of gendarmes was a shrewd reader of the event.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALONE AT ARENENBERG.

CHAP. XIII.

WHEN Madame Salvage arrived at Viry as the faithful friend and companion of Queen Hortense, it was speedily arranged that she should at once repair to the influential colony of L'Abbaye-au-Bois. From Madame Récamier's 'Souvenirs et Correspondance' we learn without surprise that the intrepid lady's sudden arrival caused a great stir in the quiet colony. Although Madame Récamier had not much affection for her guest, she received her, gave her her own bedroom, and used all the influence she possessed on behalf of the Duchess of Saint Leu. The circle of L'Abbaye-au-Bois had no sympathy for the authors of the Strasburg insurrection; but both M. Récamier and M. de Chateaubriand were touched by the grief of the hostess of Arenenberg, and could not help admiring the devotion if they disliked the tone and bearing of her devoted friend. Madame Salvage retired early to rest, leaving upon the sofa a bulky portfolio between M. Ampère and M. Lenormant. Presently the stately figure of Madame Salvage reappeared, and she cried with some alarm: 'I have forgotten my papers.' She left the company laughing over the wonderful prize they might have snatched.

On the morrow Madame Récamier went to Viry to pay Queen Hortense a visit. She found her in an inconsolable condition. She had already learned that her son's life was to be spared, but the idea of his deportation to

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America was so heavy a blow to her that she declared she should never recover from it. She felt that it had brought her very near her grave. Madame Récamier noticed a marked change in the Queen's face, and when she left her she felt that she should never see her again.

Madame Salvage accompanied Queen Hortense back to the now desolate château of Arenenberg. They were compelled to travel in great haste beyond the French territory, and the fatigue aggravated the mortal disease under which the Queen was suffering. When they reached home it became clear that the Queen's days were numbered. It is sad indeed to reflect that they were embittered by the barbarity of the French Government, who would not tell the Queen that they had sent her son on a long cruise before landing him in the United States, and that this was the reason why she did not hear from him. She was left in a state of cruel suspense till March 30, 1837. Madame Salvage was implored to give the circle of L'Abbaye-au-Bois constant accounts of her poor friend's progress. Her letter to Madame Récamier of April 13 describes the gloomy days that had fallen upon Arenenberg:—

'I wrote to you, dear friend, four days ago a long letter telling you how unhappy I am. I received yesterday yours of the 7th, and I thank you for it. It was necessary to me: it was a consolation.

'I told Madame the Duchess of Saint Leu how you sympathised with her in her sufferings: I gave her all your messages. She was much touched by them, and wept, and she has asked me again and again to thank you.

'I have not answered you before, because I have hoped to give you better news. Alas! it is the contrary. After a consultation of the Constance and Zürich doctors with Dr. Conneau, the doctor in ordinary, Professor Lisfranc, of Paris, has been summoned as the most skilful

performer of the operation which two of these gentlemen have decided to be necessary.

'Well, after a close examination, three times renewed, the opinion of M. Lisfranc and the three doctors who remained in consultation with him was that it was impossible to perform the operation. They have unanimously pronounced an irrevocable sentence. In short, they have left us no hope in human skill. I trust in the infinite mercy of God, and I pray ardently for it.

'The moral state of the Duchess is as calm as could be wished in her state. She was told that the operation was not necessary, and that with time and patience the treatment adopted would lead to a perfect cure. She was resigned, with admirable courage, to bear the operation; now she is delighted that she is not to suffer it, and is full of lively hopes.

'While waiting for the operation to be performed—and they had told her of it, against my wish, a fortnight before M. Lisfranc's arrival—she had prayed and made her will.

'On March 30, in the morning, about an hour after she had received the Communion, she had the joy, which she attributed to God, to receive a big parcel containing news—the first since the departure from Lorient—written by her son. His letter, which is very long, contains an account of all he has done and all that has happened to him, and of nearly all his emotions since he left Arenenberg to the date of writing, January 14, on board the frigate 'Andromède,' in the roads before Rio Janeiro, where he is not permitted to land. The works of M. de Chateaubriand were on board He re-read them during a frightful storm which lasted a fortnight, and left him no resource save reading, and this with difficulty. I beg you to tell this to M. de Chateaubriand, recalling me at the same time to his kind notice.

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'Think sometimes of me. Think of my cruel position. To give to a person whom we love, and whom we know we are about to lose, cares that we know to be unavailing, to try to alleviate, and with little success, sharp pains that are almost incessant, to keep a calm face when your heart is torn, to deceive, to give continually hopes which we cannot share—ah! believe me, this is dreadful. One would willingly give up one's own life. Adieu, adieu, dear friend; you know how I love you.'

These are some fragments from the packet received by Queen Hortense:—

'In sight of the Canaries, December 14, 1836.

'Every man bears within himself a world composed of all that he has seen and loved, and to which he continually returns, even while traversing a strange country; I hardly know which is the most painful, to remember our sorrows or the happiness which we no longer possess. We have got through the winter and are again in summer. The Trade Winds have succeeded to storms which allow me to remain the greater part of the time on deck. Seated on the poop, I reflect on all that has happened to me, and think of you and Arenenberg.

'Our condition depends on our affections. Two months ago I did not care ever to return to Switzerland; and now, if I yielded to my feelings, I should have no other wish than to find myself back in my little room, in that lovely country where it seems to me now that I was so happy! Alas! when we feel strongly we pass our days either weighed down by inaction or agitated by the most painful impressions. . . .

'. . . . Do not accuse me of weakness if I indulge myself in telling you all I feel. One may regret what one has lost without repenting of what one has done. Our sensations, besides, are not independent enough of internal influences for our ideas not to be modified a

little according to that which surrounds us. Sunshine and changes of the wind exercise an influence on our moral condition. When it is fine, as to day, and the sea is calm like the Lake of Constance when we used to sail about on it in the evening, and when the moon—the same moon—shines on us both, and when the air is as soft as in the month of August in Europe; it is then that I am more than usually sad. Every souvenir, gay or melancholy, falls with equal weight on my heart. At such times one is more impressionable, one's heart dilates, while bad weather contracts it. Only passion defies the change of seasons.'

'January 1, 1837.

'My dear Mother,—To-day is the first of the year; I am fifteen hundred leagues' distance from you—in another hemisphere. Happily thought travels that distance in less than a second. In fancy I am near you. I express my regret for all the anxiety I have occasioned you, and renew the expressions of my tenderness and gratitude. This morning the officers came in a body to wish me a happy new year; I was very pleased with their attention.

'At half-past four we were at table, and as we are at seventeen degrees of longitude farther west than Constance, it was at that time seven o'clock at Arenenberg. You were most likely at dinner; I thought of you and drank to your health. You perhaps did the same by me; at least I pleased myself by thinking so. I thought also of my companions in misfortune. Alas! *I am always thinking of them!* I fancied they were more unhappy than I, and that again made me more unhappy than they. Give my kindest compliments to good Madame Salvage, to her daughters, to poor little Claire, and to M. Cottrau and Arsène.

'January 5.

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'We had a hurricane yesterday, which broke over us with great violence. Had not the sails been torn to pieces by the wind the frigate might have been in great danger. There was a mast broken, and the rain fell in such torrents that the sea was quite white. To-day the sky is as bright as ever, the damage is repaired, the bad weather is already forgotten; why is it not the same with the storms of our lives? Apropos of the frigate, the commander tells me that the vessel which bore your name is at present in the South Seas, and is called "La Flore."

'January 10.

'We have just arrived at Rio Janeiro. The *coup d'œil* of the roadstead is superb. I shall make a drawing of it to-morrow. I hope that this letter will soon reach you. Do not think of coming to join me. I do not even yet know where I shall be settled; perhaps I may find it suit me better to live in South America. Work, to which the uncertainty of my fate obliges me to devote myself to create a position, will be the only consolation I shall know.

'Adieu, mother; remembrances to our old servants and to our friends of Thurgau and Constance.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LANDING OF PRINCE LOUIS AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

It is not surprising that by the time he had reached New York, and had read his letters and papers from Europe, Prince Louis had altered his estimate of the conduct of King Louis Philippe towards him, and that he saw in it only a cunning policy instead of the generous treatment of a magnanimous enemy. The French Government through its organs had loudly vaunted the clemency of the King, and had at the same time exhausted their ingenuity in lowering the character of the Prince who had been the object of it. While the organised process of official defamation was proceeding, the subject of it was a prisoner at sea.

The 'Andromède' sailed from Lorient with sealed instructions. She encountered much stormy weather immediately after her departure, and this fact caused great anxiety to the Prince's friends. Months passed and there were no tidings of the ship. The state of mind of Queen Hortense may be easily imagined. She had been told that her son had sailed for New York, and there had been more than time for him to reach his destination and give news of himself from that city. The answer of the Government when addressed for information was that they had no news to report. Four weary months were spent in this way by the Prince's friends and relatives, and many were left to fear that in the storms which

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prevailed immediately after her departure the frigate had foundered.

It would have been an act of common kindness to tell the solitary mother left 'upon her mountain' in Switzerland that the 'Andromède' had sailed with sealed orders, which were to be opened only below the Line, and that in this packet the captain was ordered to repair to Rio Janeiro, and when there to keep the Prince a close prisoner on board and suffer no communication with the shore. The frigate was to spend some time in that latitude before conveying the Prince to his ultimate destination. The object of the long voyage was to keep the prisoner beyond the reach of any communications until the trial of his accomplices was over. The Prince's eyes were opened to the craft of the Government long before he landed. His letters and papers only confirmed the opinion he had formed during the weary days and nights at sea in the most tempestuous season of the year.

Prince Louis was put ashore at last at Norfolk in Virginia, and was greeted with the welcome news of the acquittal of the Strasburg prisoners. He was received with marked distinction, the municipal authorities turning out to bid him welcome. M. Coudert, an old officer of the Empire, who is still living at New York, remembers paying the Prince a visit immediately after his landing, and finding him surrounded by the notabilities of the city.

Before parting from the officers of the 'Andromède' Prince Louis invited them to a banquet, at which several American officers assisted. After dinner one of these rose and in a warm speech proposed his health, a toast that was drunk heartily by all present. The newspapers, commenting on this, observed that it did not occur to anybody present to toast King Louis Philippe.

From Norfolk the Prince travelled to New York, and

took up his residence at the Washington Hotel, Broadway. Thence he addressed the following letters to Europe.

The first is to Colonel Vaudrey, and is dated April 15, 1837:—

'My dear Colonel,—You cannot imagine how happy I was, on my landing in the United States, to hear of your acquittal. During four months and a half I have never ceased to be painfully anxious about you. From the moment when I was cast into prison till my departure from France I never ceased to do all in my power to alleviate the position of the companions of my misfortune; but while interceding in their favour I have done nothing, as you may believe, contrary to the dignity of the name which I bear. Before embarking I wrote to you, addressing my letter through the Procureur-Général Rossée. He did not give it to you, for it would have been of service in your defence. How infamous! As for myself, they made me journey far in order to prevent my communicating with you before the trial was over. But I will not complain; I was on a French ship, and that is one's country afloat. . . . How wayward are human emotions! Throughout my unfortunate enterprise, my grief has only twice broken out in tears—when I was dragged away from you and heard that I should not be tried, and when, on leaving the frigate, I recovered my liberty.

'Your letter has given me the greatest pleasure. I am gratified to think that all you have suffered has not changed your friendship for me, which I so highly value.

'For two months I sailed in the tropics with the wind from Saint Helena. Alas! I could never catch sight of the historic rock; but it always seemed to me that on the breeze floated the last words of the Emperor to the com-

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panions of his exile—"I have sanctioned all the principles of the Revolution; I have infused them into my laws, into my acts. There is not one which I have not consecrated; but unfortunately circumstances were overwhelming. . . . France judges me with indulgence; she gives me credit for my intentions, she cherishes my name, my victories: imitate her, be faithful to the opinions which we have defended, to the glory which we have acquired; without this there is only shame and confusion."

'You understand, Colonel, these great words.

'Here I am, then, in America, far from all who are dear to me. I cannot yet tell what I shall do, or how long I shall remain. In any event, Colonel, and in any country in which I may be, you will always find in me a friend on whom you may rely, and who will be proud to give you proofs of his friendship.

'Adieu, Colonel. Serve France again; I can only offer up vows for her. Adieu; do not forget me.

'Your Friend,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

'P.S.—I need not clear myself in your eyes from the calumnies of which I have been the object. They could not make me sign any engagement, since all I asked was to remain in prison. Indeed, I was not asked. I am accused of having intrigued; but M. Thiers will defend me, for he says, vol. ii. p. 119: "Every party that is compelled to act in the shade is reduced to steps which are intrigues when they are not successful."

'They curse my enterprise; but M. Thiers will defend me, since he, in speaking of the honours paid to the coffin of Marat, expresses himself thus:—"And if history recalls such scenes, it is to teach men to dwell on the effects of passing events, and to urge them to thorough

self-examination when they weep for the powerful or blame the defeated of the day." [1]

'When the future vanishes before us, it is in the past we find consolation. Adieu! adieu!'

The Strasburg enterprise had been undertaken unknown to any member of Prince Louis's family; but he and King Joseph, who had been in England since the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, were in agreement so complete on all political and family subjects that he anticipated less blame from his uncle than from his father. The Prince knew that King Joseph was content to wait, that he would risk nothing to forward the fortunes of his family. For this reason he had not consulted him. When the enterprise had failed, and Prince Louis was in prison, he wrote to his uncle Joseph (November 15, 1836), saying that he was prepared to be blamed by his family, and that he would not endeavour to exculpate himself. In his letter he observed that the hero of an unsuccessful expedition must be prepared to be misrepresented and calumniated; but he begged a few letters of introduction for Philadelphia and New York, and asked his uncle to let him know through his American agent what land he would sell him. He had determined to turn farmer; and perhaps, he added, he should never return to Europe.

Prince Louis found on his arrival in New York that his uncle Joseph was more incensed against him than he had anticipated. He had not written him a word. Hence the following letter from the Washington Hotel, dated April 22, 1837:—

'My dear Uncle,—I hoped to find a letter from you on arriving in the United States. I must own that I have been deeply pained on learning that you are angry

[1] Thiers's *History of the French Revolution.*

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with me; I have been even astonished, knowing your judgment and your heart. Yes, uncle, you must have been strangely misinformed in regard to me to repulse as enemies the men who have sacrificed themselves for the cause of the Empire.

'If, triumphant at Strasburg (and we were very near it), I had marched towards Paris, drawing with me the people, fascinated by the memory of the Empire, and, arriving in the capital as a pretender, I had seized upon the legal power, then to disavow my conduct and break with me would have shown greatness and nobility of soul. But how stands the case? I make one of those bold attempts which alone can re-establish what twenty years of peace have thrown into oblivion. I throw myself into it at the risk of my life, persuaded that even my death would be useful to our cause. I escape, against my will, from bayonets and the scaffold, and, arrived in port, I find on the part of my family only contempt and disdain!

'If the sentiments of respect and esteem which I feel for you were not so sincere as they are, I should not be so moved by your conduct towards me, for I venture to say public opinion cannot admit a schism between you and me. Nobody will understand why you should discard your nephew because he exposed himself for your cause, nobody will understand why the men who had risked their lives and fortunes to replant the eagle upon our standards should be treated by you as enemies, more than people would have understood Louis XVIII. repulsing the Prince of Condé or the Duke of Enghien because they had been unfortunate in their venture.

'I know you too well, my dear uncle, to doubt your heart, and not to believe that you will take a juster view of me and of those who compromised themselves for our cause. As for myself, let your behaviour be what it may

towards me, my line of conduct will always remain the same. The sympathy of which so many people have given me proofs, my conscience, which does not reproach me, and the persuasion that if the Emperor looks down upon me from heaven he will be satisfied with me, are so many compensations for all the enmity and injustice I have experienced. My enterprise has failed, it is true; but it has made known to France that the family of the Emperor is not dead, and that it can still reckon upon devoted friends; nay more,—that its pretensions are not limited to demands of pittances from the Government, but that it seeks to re-establish in favour of the people what foreigners and the Bourbons had destroyed. This is what I have done: is it for you to blame me?

'I send you herewith an account of my conveyance from the Strasburg prison, so that you may be familiar with all my movements, and that you may know I have done nothing to derogate from the name I bear.

'I beg you to present my respects to my uncle Lucien; I count on his judgment and his friendship for me to be my advocate before you.

'I beg you, my dear uncle, not to be offended at the laconic manner in which I represent to you the facts as they stand. Never doubt of my unalterable attachment to you.

'Your affectionate and respectful Nephew,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS.

'P.S.—I had not written to you for some time past because you had not answered the letters I sent to you from Europe; but in this, I admit, I was in the wrong.'

Prince Louis's own account of his treatment after he was taken from Strasburg is, of course, substantially that of M. Laity. He describes, however, how he burst into tears when the officers who rode with him in the carriage

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told him that he was on his way to Paris, for then he understood that he was not to share the fate of his accomplices, and that he would have no opportunity of explaining his intentions to his countrymen. The letters he continued to write at Lorient were penned secretly, the Government having given strict orders that he should not write a word until he had set sail.

Prince Louis's faith in his mission and in the Napoleonic cause was not to be diminished either by the faint-heartedness of his family or by the thousands of miles put between him and France.

APPENDICES.

I.

Au Roi de Hollande.

Finkenstein, 4 avril 1807.

APP. I.

Je reçois votre letter du 24 mars. Vous dites que vous avez 20,000 hommes à la Grande Armée. Vous ne le croyez pas vous-même ; il n'y en a pas 10,000, et quels hommes ! Ce ne sont pas des maréchaux, des chevaliers et des comtes qu'il faut faire, ce sont des soldats. Si vous continuez ainsi, vous me rendrez ridicule en Hollande.

Vous gouvernez trop cette nation en capucin. La bonté d'un roi doit toujours être majestueuse et ne doit pas être celle d'un moine. Rien n'est plus mauvais que ce grand nombre de voyages faits à la Haye, si ce n'est cette quête faite par votre ordre dans votre royaume. Un roi ordonne et ne demande rien à personne ; il est censé être la source de toute puissance et avoir des moyens pour ne pas recourir à la bourse des autres. Toutes ces nuances, vous ne les sentez pas.

Il me revient des notions sur le rétablissement de la noblesse, dont il me tarde bien d'être éclairci. Auriez-vous perdu la tête à ce point, et oublieriez-vous jusque-là ce que vous me devez ? Vous parlez toujours dans vos lettres de respect et d'obéissance : ce ne sont pas des mots, mais des faits qu'il me faut. Le respect et l'obéissance consistent à ne pas marcher si vite, sans mon conseil, dans des matières si importantes ; car l'Europe ne peut s'imaginer que vous ayez pu manquer assez aux égards pour faire certaines choses sans mon conseil. Je serai obligé de vous désavouer. J'ai demandé la pièce du rétablissement de la noblesse. Attendez-vous à une marque publique de mon excessif mécontentement.

Ne faites aucune expédition maritime, la saison est passée. Levez les gardes nationales pour défendre votre pays. Soldez mes troupes. Levez beaucoup de conscrits nationaux. Un prince qui, la première année de son règne, passe pour être si

APP. I.

bon, est un prince dont on se moque à la seconde. L'amour qu'inspirent les rois doit être un amour mâle, mêlé d'une respectueuse crainte et d'une grande opinion d'estime. Quand on dit d'un roi que c'est un bon homme, ou un bon père, si vous voulez, peut-il soutenir les charges du trône, comprimer les malveillants, et faire que les passions se taisent ou marchent dans sa direction? La première chose que vous deviez faire et que je vous avais conseillée, c'était d'établir la conscription. Que faire sans armée? Car peut-on appeler armée un ramassis de déserteurs? Comment n'avez-vous pas senti que, dans la situation où est votre armée, la création des maréchaux était une chose inconvenante et ridicule? Le roi de Naples n'en a point. Je n'en ai pas nommé dans mon royaume d'Italie. Croyez-vous que, quand quarante vaisseaux français seront réunis à cinq ou six barques hollandaises, l'amiral Ver Huell, par exemple, en sa qualité de maréchal, puisse les commander? Il n'y a pas de maréchaux chez les petites puissances; il n'y en a pas en Bavière, en Suède. Vous comblez des hommes qui ne l'ont pas mérité. Vous marchez trop vite et sans conseils; je vous ai offert les miens; vous me répondez par de beaux compliments et vous continuez à faire des sottises.

Vos querelles avec la Reine percent aussi dans le public. Ayez dans votre intérieur ce caractère paternel et efféminé que vous montrez dans le gouvernement, et ayez dans les affaires ce rigorisme que vous montrez dans votre ménage. Vous traitez une jeune femme comme on mènerait un régiment. Méfiez-vous des personnes qui vous entourent; vous n'êtes entouré que de nobles. L'opinion de ces gens-là est toujours en raison inverse de celle du public. Prenez-y garde: vous commencez à ne plus devenir populaire à Rotterdam ni à Amsterdam. Les catholiques commencent à vous craindre. Comment n'en mettez-vous aucun dans les emplois? Ne devez-vous pas protéger votre religion? Tout cela montre peu de force et de caractère. Vous faites trop votre cour à une partie de votre nation; vous indisposez le reste. Qu'ont fait les chevaliers auxquels vous avez donné des décorations? Où sont les blessures qu'ils ont reçues pour la patrie, les talents distingués qui les rendent recommandables, je ne dis pas pour tous, mais pour les trois quarts? Beaucoup ont été recommandables dans le

parti anglais et sont la cause des malheurs de leur patrie ; fallait-il les maltraiter ? Non, mais tout concilier. Moi aussi j'ai des émigrés près de moi ; mais je ne les laisse point prendre le haut du pavé, et lorsqu'ils se croient près d'emporter un point ils en sont plus loin que lorsqu'ils étaient en pays étranger, parce que je gouverne par un système et non par faiblesse.

Vous avez la meilleure femme et la plus vertueuse, et vous la rendez malheureuse. Laissez-la danser tant qu'elle veut, c'est de son âge. J'ai une femme qui a quarante ans : du champ de bataille je lui écris d'aller au bal ; et vous voulez qu'une femme de vingt ans, qui voit passer sa vie, qui en a toutes les illusions, vive dans un cloître, soit comme une nourrice, toujours à laver son enfant ? Vous êtes trop vous dans votre intérieur et pas assez dans votre administration. Je ne vous dirais pas tout cela sans l'intérêt que je vous porte. Rendez heureuse la mère de vos enfants. Vous n'avez qu'un moyen, c'est de lui témoigner beaucoup d'estime et de confiance. Malheureusement vous avez une femme trop vertueuse ; si vous aviez une coquette, elle vous mènerait par le bout du nez. Mais vous avez une femme fière, que la seule idée que vous puissiez avoir mauvaise opinion d'elle révolte et afflige. Il vous aurai fallu une femme comme j'en connais à Paris. Elle vous aurait joué sous jambe et vous aurait tenu à ses genoux. Ce n'est pas ma faute, je l'ai souvent dit à votre femme.

Quant au reste, vous pouvez faire des sottises dans votre royaume, c'est fort bien ; mais je n'entends pas que vous en fassiez chez moi. Vous offrez à tout le monde vos décorations ; beaucoup de personnes m'en ont écrit qui n'ont aucun titre. Je suis fâché que vous ne sentiez pas que vous manquez aux égards que vous me devez. Mon intention est que personne ne porte ces décorations chez moi, étant résolu de ne les pas porter moi-même. Si vous m'en demandez la raison, je vous répondrai que vous n'avez encore rien fait pour mériter que les hommes portent votre portrait, que d'ailleurs vous l'avez institué sans ma permission, et qu'enfin vous le prodiguez trop. Et qu'ont fait toutes les personnes qui vous entourent, auxquelles vous le donnez ?

NAPOLÉON.

II.

À la Reine de Hollande.

Finkenstein, 20 mai 1807.

APP. II.

MA FILLE,—Tout ce qui me revient de la Haye m'apprend que vous n'êtes pas raisonnable; quelque légitime que soit votre douleur, elle doit avoir des bornes. N'altérez pas votre santé; prenez des distractions, et sachez que la vie est semée de tant d'écueils et peut être la source de tant de maux, que la mort n'est pas le plus grand de tous.

Votre affectionné père,

NAPOLÉON.

Again on the 26th :—

'Je reçois ta lettre du 16. J'ai vu avec plaisir qu'Hortense est arrivée à Laeken. Je suis fâché de ce que tu me mandes de l'espèce de stupeur où elle est encore. Il faut qu'elle ait plus de courage et qu'elle prenne sur elle. Je ne conçois pas pourquoi on veut qu'elle aille aux eaux; elle serait bien plus dissipée à Paris, et trouverait plus de consolations. Prends sur toi, sois gaie et porte-toi bien. Ma santé est fort bonne.

'NAPOLÉON.'

Again on June 2 he writes from Dantzig :—

'Mon Amie,—J'apprends ton arrivée à la Malmaison. Je n'ai pas de lettres de toi; je suis fâché contre Hortense; elle ne m'écrit pas un mot. Tout ce que tu me dis d'elle me peine. Comment n'as-tu pas pu un peu la distraire? Tu pleures! J'espère que tu prendras sur toi afin que je ne te trouve pas toute triste.

'Je suis à Danzig depuis deux jours; le temps est fort beau; je me porte bien. Je pense plus à toi que tu ne penses à un absent.

'Adieu, mon amie; mille choses aimables. Fais passer cette lettre à Hortense.

'NAPOLÉON.'

Facsimile of Letter of Napoleon I. to Queen Hortense.

APP. III.

This was the letter :—

'Danzig, 2 juin 1807.

'Ma Fille,—Vous ne m'avez pas écrit un mot dans votre juste et grande douleur. Vous avez tout oublié, comme si vous n'aviez pas encore des pertes à faire. L'on dit que vous n'aimez plus rien, que vous êtes indifférente à tout; je m'en aperçois à votre silence. Cela n'est pas bien, Hortense! ce n'est pas ce que vous vous promettiez. Votre fils était tout pour vous. Votre mère et moi ne sommes donc rien! Si j'avais été à Malmaison, j'aurais partagé votre peine, mais j'aurais voulu aussi que vous vous rendissiez à vos meilleurs amis.

'Adieu, ma fille ; soyez gaie : il faut se résigner. Portez-vous bien, pour remplir tous vos devoirs. Ma femme est toute triste de votre état ; ne lui faites plus de chagrin.

'Votre affectionné père,

'NAPOLÉON.'

'Friedland, 16 juin 1807.

'Ma Fille,—J'ai reçue votre lettre datée d'Orléans. Vos peines me touchent, mais je voudrais vous savoir plus de courage ; vivre c'est souffrir, et l'honnête homme combat toujours pour rester maître de lui. Je n'aime pas à vous voir injuste envers le petit Napoléon-Louis et envers tous vos amis. Votre mère et moi avions l'espoir d'être plus que nous ne sommes dans votre cœur.

'J'ai remporté une grande victoire le 14 juin. Je me porte bien, et je vous aime beaucoup.

'Adieu, ma fille ; je vous embrasse de cœur.

'NAPOLÉON.'

III.

Correspondence with M. de Chateaubriand.

'MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE SAINT-LEU (1832).

'EN rentrant à Constance nous avons aperçu madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu et son fils, Louis-Napoléon : ils venaient au-devant de madame Récamier. Sous l'Empire je n'avais

APP. III.

point connu la reine de Hollande ; je savais qu'elle s'était montrée généreuse lors de ma démission à la mort du duc d'Enghien et quand je voulus sauver mon cousin Armand ; sous la Restauration, ambassadeur à Rome, je n'avais eu avec madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu que des rapports de politesse ; ne pouvant aller moi-même chez elle, j'avais laissé libres les secrétaires et les attachés de lui faire la cour, et j'avais invité le cardinal Fesch à un dîner diplomatique de cardinaux. Depuis la dernière chute de la Restauration le hasard m'avait fait échanger quelques lettres avec la reine Hortense et le prince Louis : ces lettres sont un assez singulier monument des grandeurs évanouies ; les voici :

'(*Madame de Saint-Leu après avoir lu la dernière lettre de M. de Chateaubriand.*)

'Arenenberg, 15 octobre 1831.

'M. de Chateaubriand a trop de génie pour n'avoir pas compris toute l'étendue de celui de l'empereur Napoléon. Mais à son imagination si brillante il fallait plus que de l'imagination ; des souvenirs de jeunesse, une illustre fortune, attirèrent son cœur, il y dévoua sa personne et son talent, et, comme le poète qui prête à tout le sentiment qui l'anime, il revêtit ce qu'il aimait des traits qui devaient enflammer son enthousiasme. L'ingratitude ne le découragea pas, car le malheur était toujours là qui en appelait à lui ; cependant son esprit, sa raison, ses sentiments vraiment français en font malgré lui l'antagoniste de son parti. Il n'aime des anciens temps que l'honneur qui rend fidèle, et la religion qui rend sage, la gloire de sa patrie, qui en fait la force, la liberté des consciences et des opinions, qui donne un noble essor aux facultés de l'homme, l'aristocratie du mérite, qui ouvre une carrière à toutes les intelligences— voilà son domaine plus qu'à tout autre. Il est donc libéral, napoléoniste et même républicain plutôt que royaliste. Aussi la nouvelle France, ses nouvelles illustrations sauraient l'apprécier, tandis qu'il ne sera jamais compris de ceux qu'il a placés dans son cœur si près de la Divinité ; et s'il n'a plus qu'à chanter le malheur, fût-il le plus intéressant, les hautes infortunes sont devenues si communes dans notre siècle que sa

brillante imagination, sans but en sans mobile réel, s'éteindra faute d'aliments assez élevés pour inspirer son beau talent.

'HORTENSE.

'(*Après avoir lu une note signée "Hortense."*)

'M. de Chateaubriand est extrêmement flatté et on ne peut plus reconnaissant des sentiments de bienveillance exprimés avec tant de grâce dans la première partie de la note; dans la seconde se trouve cachée une séduction de femme et de reine qui pourraient entraîner un amour-propre moins détrompé que celui de M. de Chateaubriand.

'Il y a certainement aujourd'hui de quoi choisir une occasion d'infidélité entre de si hautes et de si nombreuses infortunes; mais, à l'âge où M. de Chateaubriand est parvenu, des revers qui ne comptent que peu d'années dédaigneraient ses hommages: force lui est de rester attaché à son vieux malheur, tout tenté qu'il pourrait être par de plus jeunes adversités.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

'Arenenberg, 4 mai 1832.

'Monsieur le Vicomte,—Je viens de lire votre dernière brochure. Que les Bourbon sont heureux d'avoir pour soutien un génie tel que le vôtre! Vous relevez une cause avec les mêmes armes qui ont servi à l'abattre; vous trouvez des paroles qui font vibrer tous les cœurs français. Tout ce qui est national trouve de l'écho dans votre âme; ainsi quand vous parlez du grand homme qui illustra la France pendant vingt ans, la hauteur du sujet vous inspire, votre génie l'embrasse tout entier et votre âme alors, s'épanchant naturellement, entoure la plus grande gloire des plus grandes pensées.

'Moi aussi, monsieur le vicomte, je m'enthousiasme pour tout ce qui fait l'honneur de mon pays; c'est pourquoi, me laissant aller à mon impulsion, j'ose vous témoigner la sympathie que j'éprouve pour celui qui montre tant de patriotisme et tant d'amour de la liberté. Mais, permettez-moi de vous le dire, vous êtes le seul défenseur redoutable de la vieille royauté; vous la rendriez nationale si l'on pouvait croire qu'elle pensât comme vous; ainsi, pour la faire valoir, il ne suffit pas de vous déclarer de son parti, mais bien de prouver qu'elle est du vôtre.

APP. III.

'Cependant, monsieur le vicomte, si nous différons d'opinions, au moins sommes-nous d'accord dans les souhaits que nous formons pour le bonheur de la France.

'Agréez, je vous prie, etc. etc.,

'LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

'Monsieur le Comte,—On est toujours mal à l'aise pour répondre à des éloges; quand celui qui les donne avec autant d'esprit que de convenance est de plus dans une condition sociale à laquelle se rattachent des souvenirs hors de pair, l'embarras redouble. Du moins, monsieur, nous nous rencontrons dans une sympathie commune; vous voulez avec votre jeunesse, comme moi avec mes vieux jours, l'honneur de la France. Il ne manquait plus à l'un et à l'autre, pour mourir de confusion ou de rire, que de voir le *Juste-Milieu* bloqué dans Ancone par les soldats du Pape. Ah! monsieur, où est votre oncle? À d'autres que vous je dirais: Où est le tuteur des rois et le maître de l'Europe? En défendant la cause de la Légitimité, je ne me fais aucune illusion; mais je pense que tout homme qui tient à l'estime publique doit rester fidèle à ses serments; lord Falkland, ami de la liberté et ennemi de la cour, se fit tuer a Newbury dans l'armée de Charles I^er^. Vous vivez, monsieur le comte, pour voir votre patrie libre et heureuse; vous traverserez des ruines parmi lesquelles je resterai, puisque je fais moi-même partie de ses ruines.

'Je m'étais flatté un moment de l'espoir de mettre cet été l'hommage de mon respect aux pieds de madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu: la fortune, accoutumée à déjouer mes projets, m'a encore trompé cette fois. J'aurais été heureux de vous remercier de vive voix de votre obligeante lettre; nous aurions parlé d'une grande gloire et de l'avenir de la France, deux choses, monsieur le comte, qui vous touchent de près.

'CHATEAUBRIAND.'

Chateaubriand hereupon remarks: 'Les Bourbon m'ont-ils jamais écrit de lettres pareilles à celles que je viens de produire? Se sont-ils jamais doutés que je m'élevais au-dessus de tel faiseur de vers ou de tel politique de feuilleton? Lorsque, petit garçon, j'errais compagnon des pâtres par les bruyères de

APP. III.

Combourg, aurais-je pu croire qu'un temps viendrait où je marcherais entre les deux plus hautes puissances de la terre, puissances abattues, donnant le bras d'un côté à la famille de Saint-Louis, de l'autre à celle de Napoléon; grandeurs ennemies qui s'appuient également, dans l'infortune qui les rapproche, sur l'homme faible et fidèle, sur l'homme dédaigné de la Légitimité?'

On August 29, 1832, M. de Chateaubriand found himself, contrary to his expectations in May, at Arenenberg. Having described the view from the château as *triste*, he says:—'Là, après avoir été assise sur un trône, après avoir été outrageusement calomniée, la reine Hortense est venue se percher sur un rocher; en bas est l'île du lac où l'on a, dit-on, retrouvé la tombe de Charles le Gros, et où meurent à présent des serins qui demandent en vain le soleil des Canaries. Madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu était mieux à Rome: elle n'est pas cependant descendue par rapport à sa naissance et à sa première vie: au contraire, elle a monté; son abaissement n'est que relatif à un accident de sa fortune; ce ne sont pas là de ces chutes comme celle de madame la Dauphine, tombée de toute la hauteur des siècles.

'Les compagnons et les compagnes de madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu étaient son fils, madame Salvage, madame ——. En étrangers il y avait madame Récamier, M. Vieillard et moi. Madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu se tirait fort bien de sa difficile position de reine et de demoiselle de Beauharnais.

'Après le dîner, madame de Saint-Leu s'est mise à son piano avec M. Cottrau, grand jeune peintre à moustaches, à chapeau de paille, à blouse, au col de chemise rabattu, au costume bizarre. Il chassait, il peignait, il chantait, il riait, spirituel et bruyant.

'Le prince Louis habite un pavillon à part, où j'ai vu des armes, des cartes topographiques et stratégiques; industries qui faisaient, comme par hasard, penser au sang du conquérant sans le nommer: le prince Louis est un jeune homme studieux, instruit, plein d'honneur et nuturellement grave.

'Madame la duchesse de Saint-Leu m'a lu quelques fragments de ses Mémoires: elle m'a montré un cabinet rempli de dépouilles de Napoléon. Je me suis demandé pourquoi ce

APP. IV.

vestiaire mé laissait froid; pourquoi ce petit chapeau, cette ceinture, cet uniforme porté à telle bataille, me trouvaient si indifférent: j'étais bien plus troublé en racontant la mort de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène. La raison en est que Napoléon est notre contemporain; nous l'avons tous vu et connu: il vit dans notre souvenir; mais le héros est encore trop près de sa gloire. Dans mille ans ce sera autre chose: il n'y a que les siècles qui aient donné le parfum de l'ambre à la sueur d'Alexandre; attendons: d'un conquérant il ne faut montrer que l'épée.'—*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*

IV.

Extracts from Madame de Vaudet's Journal.

'*À Aix-la-Chapelle, le* 14 *août* 1804.—Je suis resté ce matin assez longtemps seule avec Joséphine; elle m'a parlé avec une confiance dont je serais très-flattée, si je ne m'apercevais chaque jour que cet abandon lui est naturel et nécessaire. Le jugement que je porte de son caractère est peut-être prématuré, puisque je la connais depuis bien peu de temps; mais cependant je ne crois pas me tromper; elle est tout à fait comme un enfant de dix ans, elle en a la bonté, la légèreté, elle s'affecte vivement, pleure et se console dans un instant: on pourrait dire de son esprit ce que Molière disait de la probité d'un homme, qu'il en avait justement assez pour n'être pas pendu. Elle en a précisément ce qu'il en faut pour n'être pas une bête; ignorante comme le sont en général toutes les créolles, elle n'a rien, ou presque rien, appris que par la conversation, mais ayant passé sa vie dans la bonne compagnie, elle y a pris de très-bonnes manières, de la grâce et ce jargon qui dans le monde tient lieu quelquefois d'esprit. Les événements de la société sont un cavenat qu'elle brode, qu'elle arrange, qui fournit à sa conversation. Elle a bien un quart d'heure d'esprit par jour; ce que je trouve charmant en elle c'est cette défiance d'elle-même qui, dans sa position, est d'un grand mérite. . . . Joséphine, très-bonne, très-facile, très-faible même dans presque toutes les circonstances, a un courage

extrême, et beaucoup de fermeté, pour tout ce qui concerne ses enfants.'

'*Mayence, le* 19 *septembre.*—La princesse de Hesse d'Armestat, son fils le prince héréditaire et la jeune princesse Willemin de Bade, qu'il vient d'épouser, arrivent demain.

'Joséphine ne peut dissimuler une vive curiosité de voir cette jeune femme; c'est elle dont monsieur de Talleyrand parlait à l'Empereur comme de la plus jolie princesse de l'Europe lorsqu'il l'engageait dernièrement à divorcer. J'entendais ce soir Joséphine qui faisait à son père le prince héréditaire une foule de questions sur sa sœur; on voit que quoique rassurée sur les craintes d'un divorce, elle serait fâchée que sa vue pût donner quelques regrets à l'Empereur.'

'*Le* 20 *septembre.*—Enfin nous avons vu cette princesse si vantée, et jamais n'y eut surprise si générale; on ne peut imaginer comment on a pu lui trouver quelque agrément; elle est je ne dirai pas d'une grandeur, mais d'une longueur démesurée; il n'y a pas la moindre proportion dans sa taille, beaucoup trop mince et dépourvue tout à fait de grâces. Ses yeux sont petits, sa figure longue et sans expression. Elle a la peau très-blanche, peu de coloris; il est possible que dans quelques années, étant plus formée, elle soit assez belle femme, mais quant à présent elle n'est nullement séduisante. J'étais charmée que Joséphine ait eu ce petit triomphe, dont elle a bien joui. Jamais peut-être elle n'a eu autant de grâces qu'elle en a mis dans cette réception; en général on est si bienveillant, si gracieux quand on est heureux. On voyait qu'elle était ravie de trouver la princesse si peu agréable et si différente de ce qu'on avait dit à Napoléon. La princesse mère a dû être charmante; elle a la physionomie la plus spirituelle et la plus agréable, elle a beaucoup de vivacité et d'esprit; c'est elle qui gouverne entièrement ses petits états et son mari. Son fils le prince héréditaire est très-grand, très-beau, mais je crois que lorsqu'on a dit cela de lui on a tout dit.'

V.

Queen Hortense's Letters.

APP. V.

"Tous les jours notre solitude devient plus grande, mais le temps nous permet de jouir d'un plaisir qui n'est pas ordinaire dans votre grande capitale. Les bords du lac sont gelés et la fureur de patiner a pris à tout le monde. Pour moi, j'ai le courage, bien enveloppée, de me mettre sur un petit traîneau et de me laisser conduire assez loin ; mais c'est après avoir été beaucoup priée et après m'être laissée persuader que cela m'amuserait beaucoup. Cela me fait retrouver le coin de mon feu avec un véritable plaisir. Pour Louis, cet exercice lui fait du bien, car il travaillait trop ; mais les temps sont changeant et le dégel si redouté pourra bientôt faire rentrer chacun dans l'ordre accoutumé de ses occupations. Le soir le billard a toujours du succès, et la lecture des journaux aide aussi à faire passer la soirée. Dans vos débats politiques je remarque à quel point tout le monde a de l'esprit pour attaquer, pour se défendre ; mais, ce que je voudrais, et ce qui est difficile dans nos temps de bouleversement, c'est que la position, le caractère de l'homme qui est appelé à figurer dans de tels débats fût toujours désattaquable dans sa moralité comme dans ses antécédents politiques. Comme avec de l'esprit on devient fort alors ! Mais après toutes nos révolutions voilà ce qui nous manque en France, ou du moins ce qu'il est difficile de rencontrer ! Mais il existe un grand bien qui a manqué de notre temps, et qui devient de plus en plus nécessaire à l'humanité ; c'est la paix. Si j'étais bourboniste ce serait mon grand cheval de bataille. Au lieu de m'établir sur un principe de liberté qui est absurde avec le droit divin, je dirais la véritable propriété d'un pays c'est son bonheur matériel. Le plus profitable développement de son intelligence c'est lorsqu'il s'applique à l'industrie. La paix seule permet de tels bienfaits, et avec les Bourbon seuls la paix de l'Europe est assurée. Ne niez pas il y a de la logique là-dedans, mais les républicains qui veulent tout bouleverser, qui prêchent le règne de l'industrie, le désarmement, l'économie, c'est une inconséquence dont l'Europe les ferait bien vite revenir s'ils arrivaient à la

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…er from Queen Hortense to M Vieillard

Whitmore & Sons, Litho to the Queen, 256, Holborn, London.

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Facsimile of Letter from Queen Hortense to M Vieillard

Wellcome Trust Gallery of the Queen 210, Holborn, London

qui vous mangea un peuple ou dansons en gaîté
et d'efforts de rencontrer mais il existe un grand
bien qui a manqué de notre temps et qui doit nous
de plus en plus nécessaire à l'humanité
est la paix. Si jadis Bonaparte a donné
mon grand chemin de bataille autour de
m'établir sur un principe de liberté qui est
absorbé avec le droit divin, je dirais la véritable
prospérité d'un pays est son bonheur national
le plus profitable à développement de son intelligence
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désarmements, l'économie, ont une incohérence
dont l'Europe les front bien rire aussi
arrivent à la puissance ils ont fait l'effet
d'être aussi simples ou d'aussi mauvaise foi que
les bourbons prêchant la liberté en désirs
ont mieux l'avantage de dire avec la paix je pais
vous en donnes un petit grain sans offenser nos
voisins touchés de vous contenter de la sorte en
sorte que si la nation le juste milieu a la prétention
de participer de ces deux causes sa position est
difficile est une balance penche tantôt d'un côté
tantôt de l'autre mais elle est parvenu à avoir
un peu de paix, un peu de liberté, un peu

J'admire son habileté fait de force
de même que la politique ou le diable en fait autant
gratis. mais je pense fait et beaucoup
plus tôt que je ne croyais j'ai toujours mon
projet d'aller passer deux mois à Genève
mais pendant que je retarde à cause de
son travaux et mon qui ne fait est effet
de quitter me retraite que pour huit
jours environ, cependant j'ai peur
que mon appartement ne soit déjà loué
pour que vous n'êtes pas trop absorbé
dans votre opéra étudier ne que vous
n'oubliez pas le jour de mon
Soleil sur nos beaux bas pentes, j'ai tellement
le grand de mon état je ne donne que le pauvre
les jouissances le Soleil la possibilité de revoir
cette belle nature dont nous étions si charmé
ah toute ce pauvre humanité ne voit ici pas
qu'en pensant de mes seuls désirs, il en vient
un gros galeux oublie ce qui malheureusement
n'est nécessaire est celui de gaîté de nourriture
pour être vrai que je fais mention mais ce
souvenir me reporte dans la vie réelle ne pas avoir
à l'oublier un instant Mille amitiés pour vous
et votre femme sa boîte de bonbons a eu le
plus grand succès
A.
ang 7 juin 1835

qui
et d'autres son habitat fait de forces
boëan en à l'opposition entre division des autres
de partis je pense gait est beaucoup
cent fois qu'on se croit j'ai toujours mieux
mon d'aller passer deux mois à genève
m'ét fière que je retarde à aller de
vais en mai j'ai entier est effet
absu ter me retraite, que pour les
jours vers volontiers, cependant j'ai peur
le pl appartement ne soit déjà loué
cest que vous n'aiez pas trop absorbé
sent être opéra stelien et que vous
bows pas les jouissances du coucher de
attra sur nos beaux lac suisse, j'ai d'ailleurs
mais de mon état je ne dirai que le printemps
ou gu le soleil la possibilité de revoir
nature dont nous étions si charmés
déjà humanité ne vaut pas
dout tant de mes sens divers il n'en vient
arriv allais oublier ce qui malheureusement
d'ét certain est celui du gain de mon procès
les bien vrai que j'en fais mention mais ce
ont une rejette dans la vie réelle et j'ai mis
vous un instant. Mille amitiés pour vous
veisinten une boîte de bonbons a cette
sans cad succès.

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puissance; et ils me font l'effet d'être aussi simple ou d'aussi mauvaise foi que les bourbonistes prêchant la liberté. Ces derniers ont encore l'avantage de dire: Je puis vous en donner un petit grain sans effrayer mes voisins; tâchez de vous contenter de la dose, car sans cela je la retire. Le Juste-Milieu a la prétention de participer de ces deux causes. Sa position est difficile, car une balance penche tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre; mais il est parvenu à avoir un peu de paix, un peu de liberté, un peu d'industrie. Son habileté fait sa force de même que la faiblesse et la division des autres parties. Aussi je pense qu'il est beaucoup plus solide qu'on ne croit. J'ai toujours mon projet d'aller passer deux mois à Genève. Louis préfère que je retarde à cause de son travail; et moi, qui ne fait cet effort de quitter ma retraite que pour lui, j'y consens volontiers. Cependant j'ai peur qu'un appartement ne soit déjà loué. J'espère que vous n'êtes pas trop absorbé dans votre opéra italien et que vous n'oubliez pas les jouissances du coucher du soleil sur nos beaux lacs suisses. J'ai réellement la grâce de mon état. Je ne désire que le printemps, les feuilles, le soleil, la possibilité de revoir cette belle nature dont nous étions si charmés. Oh, triste et pénible humanité! ne voilà-t-il pas qu'en parlant de mes seuls désirs il m'en vient un que j'allais oublier et qui malheureusement m'est nécessaire?—c'est celui du gain de mon procès. C'est pour être vraie que j'en fais mention, mais ce souvenir me rejette dans la vie réelle, et j'aimais à l'oublier un instant. Mille amitiés pour vous et votre femme. Sa boîte de bonbons à eu le plus grand succès.

'H.

'Ce 9 janvier, 1835.'

'Je me trouve très-bien de mon retour chez moi: nous y sommes seuls, mais le temps passe très-vite entre l'occupation et les promenades. Louis achève son ouvrage avec courage; il commence un fameux pont sur un ravin dont M. Cottrau vous aura peut-être parlé. Ce sont des améliorations dont j'aurais pu me passer; mais il faut avouer, pourtant, que d'arriver aussi haut qu'Arenenberg est placé, sans monter presque, est vraiment un bienfait pour les chevaux comme pour les hommes. Je vais à présent, tout en flanant, jusqu'à Ermatingen, et

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Louis jouit de sa nouvelle route en me disant d'un air triomphant : " Vous n'alliez avant que jusqu'à la tente ; voyez le bienfait de la civilisation ! " Enfin, pendant que vous êtes occupés des grands événements de ce monde, nous passons tranquillement notre vie à n'avoir d'émotion que celui du bateau à vapeur quand il passe, et de discussion que la pose d'un piquet plus ou moins bien placé pour tracer une route. Mon Dieu ! n'est-ce pas là le bonheur ? C'est au moins un bien doux repos après tant d'orages, et ce n'est pas moi qui ferait des vœux pour que rien vînt changer notre position. Genève m'a plu ; les enfants ont voulu réparer les erreurs de leurs pères, et puis en 1815 il y avait un petit grain de folie dans la tête de chacun ; d'ailleurs j'ai eu tant à user d'indulgence envers des amis, pourquoi n'en ferais-je pas autant pour des indifférents ? J'ai trouvé là de l'intérêt au moment de mon nouveau malheur. Tout le pays offre l'aspect de l'ordre, de la morale, et d'un grand bienêtre ; tout y est grave et sérieux. À Paris vous riez de tout, et vous avez de la grâce. À Genève on approfondit tout sans rire, mais comme école cela n'en est pas plus mauvais. Louis, qui est un peu paresseux d'esprit, est forcé de faire des frais quand il va dans le monde. Moi, je ne sors pas de chez moi ; ses succès me reviennent, et je n'en demande pas davantage. Il a laissé là une bonne renommée ; chacun trouve qu'il est dignement et convenablement dans sa position : qu'il est modeste, spirituel, et instruit. Vous voyez que ses juges sont favorables, et ne vaut-il pas mieux être jugé par le sérieux que par la légèreté ? Enfin, j'ai fixé trois mois d'hiver pour passer à Genève, et rien de plus. Cela fera une diversion dans notre vie, et il n'y aurait que de revenir avec grand plaisir chez soi, qu'il ne faut pas négliger ces émotions-là. Il n'y a heureusement rien de vrai dans le récit de mes nouvelles pertes ; c'était sans doute de l'histoire ancienne dont on parlait. Mille choses tendres à votre femme ; elle doit donc prendre des bains de mer cette année ? J'espère qu'elle s'en trouvera bien. Je dois une réponse à M. Bailly. Dites-lui de ne pas m'en vouloir. J'use toujours trop de mes yeux ; et j'ai eu tant de lettres à écrire à ma famille dans ces tristes circonstances, je ne suis pas encore à la fin de ces pénibles correspondances. Ils savent bien tous que personne ne les comprendra comme moi ! M. Moquard est donc

toujours à Paris? Dites-lui bien des choses de ma part. Louis retouche ses épreuves. Il s'est levé à trois heures du matin il y a quelques jours pour pouvoir les expédier encore par la poste, qui partait à huit. Il espère que tout sera fini dans deux mois; mais vous voyez qu'il n'a guère le temps d'écrire. Adieu; vous connaissez nos sentiments pour vous et le plaisir que j'ai toujours à vous renouveler l'assurance que je vous ai vouée.

'H.

'Ce 26 juin 1835.

'Ce n'est que depuis mon retour que M. Parquin m'a remis la lettre et l'écran de Madame Vieillard. Il est charmant, et j'offre tous mes remercîments. Il est placé dans le cabinet à clochettes.'

VI.

Rêveries politiques.

L'ÉPOQUE où nous vivons est faite pour développer les facultés comme pour encourager tous les amours-propres. La liberté de la presse permettant à chacun de faire connaître ses opinions, on écrit aujourd'hui ce qu'on se serait contenté de penser autrefois, et la persuasion d'un meilleur avenir stimule toutes les capacités, quelque faibles qu'elles soient. Une des raisons qui engagent les patriotes à écrire, c'est le désir ardent d'améliorer la condition des peuples; car si l'on jette une coup d'œil sur les destinées des diverses nations, on recule d'épouvante et l'on élève alors la voix pour défendre les droits de la raison et de l'humanité. En effet, que voit-on partout? Le bien-être de tous sacrifié non aux besoins, mais aux caprices d'un petit nombre; partout deux partis en présence, l'un qui marche vers l'avenir pour atteindre l'utile, l'autre qui se cramponne au passé pour conserver les abus. Là, on voit un despote qui opprime; ici, un élu du peuple qui corrompt; là, un peuple esclave qui meurt pour acquérir son indépendance; ici, un peuple libre qui languit parce qu'on lui dérobe sa victoire. Là où il n'y a pas eu de révolution, il est aisé de comprendre que le pouvoir soit rétif aux innovations et s'entoure de priviléges; mais là où il y a eu révolution, là où

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le peuple a renversé un pouvoir odieux pour ramener la gloire et la liberté, voir les vaincus profiter de la victoire, étouffer l'enthousiasme et relever ce que le peuple avait détruit dans sa colère, c'est ce qui surpasse l'imagination et ce qui doit servir de leçon à la postérité. Le plus difficile n'est pas d'acquérir la liberté, c'est de la conserver ; et comment la conserver lorsque ceux qui devraient la défendre l'attaquent sans cesse ? Ce n'est plus seulement la force brutale qui commande ou la trahison qui tue, c'est un esprit de doctrine qui détruit tout germe vital. C'est un esprit qui, peu inquiet de l'honneur de la France, a tout abandonné à la peur d'une anarchie qui n'était point à craindre, ou d'une guerre que nous ne pouvions redouter. C'est une fausse idée d'utilité que celle qui sacrifie mille avantages réels pour un inconvénient ou imaginaire ou de peu d'importance. Elle tendrait donc à priver les hommes du feu parce qu'il incendie et de l'eau parce qu'elle inonde. Ah ! pourquoi la belle révolution de juillet a-t-elle été flétrie par des hommes qui, redoutant de planter l'arbre de la liberté, ne veulent qu'en greffer des rameaux sur un tronc que les siècles ont pourri, et dont la civilisation ne veut plus ?

Le malaise général qu'on remarque en Europe vient du peu de confiance que les peuples ont en leurs souverains. Tous ont promis, aucun n'a tenu. Les besoins que la civilisation fait naître se font sentir dans tous les pays ; partout les peuples demandent, partout les rois refusent. C'est donc à la force à décider. Malheur aux souverains dont les intérêts ne sont pas liés à ceux de la nation, quand la gloire de l'un ne fait pas la gloire de l'autre, quand la conservation de l'un est au détriment de l'autre, et lorsqu'ils ne peuvent se fier réciproquement ni à leurs promesses ni à leurs serments ! Les rois défendent leur trône comme leur propriété personnelle. Toute concession leur paraît un vol, toute amélioration un commencement de révolte. Les despotes qui gouvernent le sabre à la main et qui n'ont de lois que leurs caprices, ceux-là du moins ne dégradent pas l'espèce humaine ; ils l'oppriment sans la démoraliser. La tyrannie retrempe les hommes ; mais les gouvernements faibles qui, sans un masque de liberté, marchent à l'arbitraire, qui ne peuvent que corrompre ce qu'ils voudraient abattre, qui sont injustes envers les faibles et humbles envers les forts, ces

gouvernements-là conduisent à la dissolution de la société ; car ils endorment par leurs promesses tandis que les autres réveillent par leurs martyrs.

'Chaque gouvernement se compose de deux éléments distincts, sa nature et son principe. Sa nature est ce qui le fait être tel, et son principe ce qui le fait agir ; l'une est sa structure particulière, l'autre les passions humaines qui le font mouvoir.'[1]

Un gouvernement ne peut donc être fort que lorsque ses principes sont d'accord avec sa nature. C'est ainsi que la nature de la République fut d'établir le règne de l'égalité et de la liberté ; et les passions qui la firent agir, l'amour de la patrie et l'extermination de tous ses ennemis.

La nature de l'Empire fut de consolider un trône sur les principes de la Révolution, de cicatriser toutes les plaies de la France, de régénérer les peuples ; ses passions, l'amour de la patrie, de la gloire, de l'honneur. La nature de la Restauration fut une liberté octroyée pour faire oublier la gloire ; et ses passions, le rétablissement des anciens priviléges et la tendance à l'arbitraire. La nature de la royauté de 1830 fut la renaissance des gloires françaises, la souveraineté du peuple, le règne du mérite ; ses passions, la peur, l'égoïsme et la lâcheté.

L'agitation qui règne dans tous les pays, l'amour de la liberté qui s'est emparé de tous les esprits, l'énergie que la confiance en une bonne cause a mise dans toutes les âmes, tous ces indices d'un désir impérieux nous mèneront à un heureux résultat. Oui, le jour viendra, et peut-être n'est-il pas loin, où la vertu triomphera de l'intrigue, où le mérite aura plus de force que les préjugés, où la gloire couronnera la liberté. Pour arriver à ce but, chacun a rêvé des moyens différents ; je crois qu'on ne peut y parvenir qu'en réunissant les deux causes populaires, celle de Napoléon II et celle de la République. Le fils du grand homme est le seul représentant de la plus grande gloire, comme la République celui de la plus grande liberté. Avec le nom de Napoléon on ne craindra plus le retour de la Terreur ; avec le nom de la République on ne craindra plus le retour du pouvoir absolu.

Français, ne soyons pas injustes et rendons grâces à celui

[1] Montesquieu, *Esprits des Lois.*

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qui, sorti des rangs du peuple, fit tout pour sa prospérité, qui répandit les lumières et assura l'indépendance de la patrie. Si un jour les peuples sont libres, c'est à Napoléon qu'ils le devront. Il habituait le peuple à la vertu, seule base d'une république. Ne lui reprochez pas sa dictature : elle nous menait à la liberté, comme le soc de fer qui creuse les sillons prépare la fertilité des campagnes. C'est lui qui porta la civilisation depuis le Tage jusqu'à la Vistule ; c'est lui qui enracina en France les principes de la République. L'égalité devant les lois, la supériorité du mérite, la prospérité du commerce et de l'industrie, l'affranchissement de tous les peuples : voilà où il nous menait au pas de charge. Jeunesse française, d'où vient cette ardeur qui vous enflamne, cet amour de la liberté et de la gloire qui fait de vous les fermes soutiens et l'espoir de la patrie? C'est que l'aurore de votre vie fut éclairée par le soleil d'Austerlitz, que l'amour de la patrie fut votre premier sentiment, et que l'instruction solide que vous puisiez sous le ailes de la victoire donnait de bonne heure accès dans votre âme aux nobles passions qui font palpiter un cœur. Le malheur du règne de l'Empereur c'est de n'avoir pu recueillir tout ce qu'il avait semé, c'est d'avoir délivré la France sans avoir pu la rendre libre.

Mais les hommes sont souvent injustes envers ceux qui leur ont fait le plus de bien ; ils s'enthousiasment des noms et négligent les choses réelles. 'Sylla, homme emporté, mène violemment les Romains à la liberté ; Auguste, rusé tyran, les conduit doucement à la servitude. Pendant que sous Sylla la République reprenait ses forces tout le monde criait à la tyrannie, et pendant que sous Auguste la tyrannie se fortifiait on ne parlait que de liberté.' Nul doute qu'il ne faille aujourd'hui des lois immuables qui assurent à jamais le bonheur et les libertés du pays ; mais n'oublions pas qu'il y a des moments de crise d'où la patrie ne saurait sortir triomphante qu'avec le génie d'un Napoléon ou la volonté immuable d'une Convention ; car il faut une main forte qui abatte le despotisme de la servitude avec le despotisme de la liberté, qui sauve la patrie avec les mêmes moyens qui l'auraient asservie. Chaque époque a ses besoins impérieux ; chaque convulsion de la société demande un remède différent. 'C'est ainsi que les lois, dont l'effet naturel était de faire des Romains un

grand peuple, leur devinrent à charge lorsqu'ils furent agrandis.'[1]

Plus il y a dans un pays d'intelligences qui se montrent, plus il y a d'hommes capables de commander aux autres, plus les institutions doivent être républicaines : aussi, marchons-nous à grands pas vers le règne des capacités. Les premiers besoins d'un pays sont l'indépendance, la liberté, la stabilité, la suprématie du mérite et l'aisance également répandue. Le meilleur gouvernement sera celui où tout abus du pouvoir pourra toujours être corrigé, où, sans bouleversement social, sans effusion de sang, on pourra changer et les lois et le chef de l'état, car une génération ne peut assujettir à ses lois les générations futures.

Pour que *l'indépendance* soit assurée, il faut que le gouvernement soit fort, et pour qu'il soit fort il faut qu'il ait la confiance du peuple, qu'il puisse avoir une armée nombreuse et bien disciplinée sans qu'on crie à la tyrannie, qu'il puisse armer toute la nation sans crainte de se voir renversé.

Pour être libre, ce qui n'est qu'une conséquence de l'indépendance, il faut que tout le peuple indistinctement puisse concourir aux élections des représentants de la nation ; il faut que la masse, qu'on ne peut jamais corrompre, et qui ne flatte ni ne dissimule, soit la source constante d'où émanent tous les pouvoirs. Pour que *l'aisance* se répande dans toutes les classes il faut non-seulement que les impôts soient diminués, mais encore que le gouvernement ait un aspect de stabilité qui tranquillise les citoyens et permette de compter sur l'avenir. Le gouvernement sera *stable* lorsque les institutions ne seront point exclusives, c'est-à-dire lorsque, ne favorisant aucune classe, elles seront tolérantes pour tous et surtout en harmonie avec les besoins et les désirs de la majorité de la nation. Alors le mérite sera la seule raison pour parvenir, les services rendus à la patrie la seule cause de récompenses.

D'après les opinions que j'avance, on voit que mes principes sont entièrement républicains. Eh ! quoi de plus beau, en effet, que de rêver à l'empire de la vertu, au développement de nos facultés, au progrès de la civilisation ? Si, dans mon Projet

[1] Montesquieu, *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains.*

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de Constitution, je préfère la forme monarchique, c'est que je pense que ce gouvernement conviendrait plus à la France, en ce qu'il donnerait plus de garanties de tranquillité, de force et de liberté.

Si le Rhin était une mer, si la vertu était toujours le seul mobile, si le mérite parvenait seul au pouvoir, alors je voudrais une république pure et simple. Mais, entourés comme nous le sommes d'ennemis redoutables, qui ont à leurs ordres des milliers de soldats qui peuvent renouveler chez nous l'irruption des barbares, je crois que la république ne pourrait repousser l'invasion étrangère et comprimer les troubles civils qu'en ayant recours aux moyens de rigueur qui nuisent à la liberté. Quant à la vertu et au mérite, on voit souvent dans une république qu'ils ne peuvent atteindre qu'un certain degré : ou l'ambition les corrompt ou la jalousie les perd. C'est ainsi que tous les génies transcendants sont souvent écartés par la défiance qu'ils inspirent, et l'intrigue alors triomphe du mérite qui pouvait illustrer la patrie. Je voudrais un gouvernement qui procurât tous les avantages de la république sans entraîner les mêmes inconvénients ; en un mot, un gouvernement qui fût fort sans despotisme, libre sans anarchie, indépendant sans conquêtes.

Voici les bases de ce Projet de Constitution. Les trois pouvoirs de l'état seraient le Peuple, le Corps Législatif et l'Empereur.

Le Peuple aurait le pouvoir électif et de sanction.

Le Corps Législatif aurait le pouvoir délibératif.

L'Empereur le pouvoir exécutif.

Le pays serait heureux tant qu'il y aura harmonie parmi ces trois pouvoirs, c'est-à-dire lorsque l'opposition, qui doit toujours exister dans un état libre, ne sera que comme les dissonances de la musique qui concourent à l'accord total.

L'harmonie entre le gouvernement et les gouvernés ne peut exister que de deux manières—lorsque le peuple se laisse gouverner par la volonté d'un seul ou lorsque le chef gouverne d'après la volonté de tous. Dans le premier cas c'est le despotisme ; dans le second c'est la liberté. La tranquillité de l'un est le silence des tombeaux ; la tranquillité de l'autre est la sérénité d'un ciel pur.

Le pouvoir sera toujours obligé de régner d'après les désirs

du peuple, puisque les deux Chambres seront immédiatement élues par la masse. Il n'y aura plus de distinction de rang ni de fortune : chaque citoyen concourra également à l'élection des députés. Il n'y aura plus ni aristocratie de naissance ni aristocratie d'argent ; il n'y aura plus que celle du mérite. La seule condition pour être électeur ou éligible sera l'âge, différence qui ne repose que sur les capacités, puisque celles-ci ne développent qu'avec les années. La seconde Chambre repose sur la même base ; on ne pourra être sénateur que lorsqu'on aura rendu un service éminent à la patrie. Ces services reconnus par l'Assemblée Nationale, les hommes choisis par les colléges électoraux, il ne sera rien laissé au caprice d'un seul. Ainsi donc la nation sera représentée par deux Chambres ; l'une sera composée des hommes que le peuple aura jugés les plus dignes de discuter ses intérêts, l'autre de ceux que la nation aura reconnus comme ayant bien mérité de la patrie. La forme du gouvernement est stable lorsqu'elle est appuyée sur toute la nation, parce qu'alors aucune classe n'est repoussée, parce que la carrière est ouverte à tous les mérites sans donner de prise aux ambitions funestes des factions, parce qu'enfin le pouvoir a la force nécessaire pour protéger sans avoir celle d'empiéter sur les droits du peuple.

La souveraineté du peuple est garantie, parce qu'à l'avènement de chaque nouvel empereur la sanction du peuple sera demandée ; s'il refuse, les deux Chambres proposeront un nouveau souverain. Le peuple n'ayant pas le droit d'élection, mais seulement celui d'approbation, cette loi ne présente pas les inconvénients de la royauté élective, source constante de dissensions ; elle sera, au contraire, une sûreté contre les explosions politiques. Alors on ne verra plus la terre ensanglantée, le monde ébranlé par la chute d'un seul homme ; les lois, en suivant l'opinion, commanderont aux passions et devanceront les besoins.

Je me flatte que les idées que je viens d'émettre sont plus ou moins en rapport avec celles que professe la partie la plus énergique de la France, cette portion qui ne se laisse jamais corrompre par le pouvoir et qui envoie à la tribune nationale, ou au champ d'honneur, des héros ou des hommes d'état, suivant les dangers de la patrie.

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Cette grande portion de la nation ce sont les patriotes, et les patriotes d'aujourd'hui sont en grande partie républicains. Mais, quoique chacun se soit fait un beau idéal de gouvernement, croyant telle ou telle forme mieux appropriée à la France, cependant la conséquence des principes de liberté est de reconnaître qu'au-dessus des convictions partielles il y a un juge suprême, qui est le peuple. C'est à lui à décider de son sort, c'est à lui à mettre d'accord tous les partis, à empêcher la guerre civile et à proclamer hautement et librement sa volonté suprême. Voilà le point où doivent se rencontrer tous les bons Français, de quelque parti qu'ils soient, tous ceux qui veulent ce bonheur de la patrie et non le triomphe de leurs doctrines. Que ceux des Carlistes qui ne font pas cause commune avec les traitres et les ennemis de la France, mais qui suivent les idées généreuses de Chateaubriand ; que ceux des Orléanistes qui ne se sont pas associés aux meurtres de la Pologne, de l'Italie et des patriotes français : que tous les Républicains et Napoléonistes se réunissent devant l'autel de la patrie pour attendre la décision du peuple. Alors nous présenterons à l'Europe le spectacle imposant d'un grand peuple qui se constitue sans excès, qui marche à la liberté sans désordre. Si les puissances qui veulent partager la France nous faisaient la guerre, elles verraient alors le peuple libre se lever tout entier comme un géant au milieu des pygmées qui voudraient l'attaquer.

On parle de combats éternels, de luttes interminables, et cependant il serait facile aux souverains de consolider la paix pour toujours : qu'ils consultent les rapports et les mœurs des diverses nations entre elles, qu'ils leur donnent leur nationalité et les institutions qu'elles réclament, et ils auront trouvé la vraie balance politique. Alors tous les peuples seront frères, et ils s'embrasseront à la face de la tyrannie détrônée, de la terre consolée et de l'humanité satisfaite.

VII.

Proclamations du Prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte.

(*Au Peuple Français.*)

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FRANÇAIS,—On vous trahit ; vos intérêts politiques, vos intérêts commerciaux, votre honneur, votre gloire, sont vendus à l'étranger.

Et par qui ? Par les hommes qui ont profité de votre belle Révolution et qui en renient tous les principes. Est-ce donc pour avoir un gouvernement sans parole, sans honneur, sans générosité, des institutions sans force, des lois sans liberté, une paix sans prospérité et sans calme, enfin un présent sans avenir, que nous avons combattu depuis quarante ans ?

En 1850 on imposa à la France un gouvernement sans consulter ni le peuple de Paris, ni le peuple des provinces, ni l'armée française ; tout ce qui a été fait sans vous est illégitime.

Un Congrès National, élu par tous les citoyens, peut seul avoir le droit de choisir, ce qui convient le mieux à la France.

Fier de mon origine populaire, fort de quatre millions de votes qui me destinaient au trône, je m'avance devant vous comme représentant de la souveraineté du peuple.

Il est temps qu'au milieu du chaos des partis une voix nationale se fasse entendre ; il est temps qu'aux cris de la liberté trahie vous renversiez le joug honteux qui pèse sur notre belle France ; ne voyez-vous pas que les hommes qui règlent nos destinées sont encore les traitres de 1814 et 1815, les bourreaux du maréchal Ney ?

Pouvez-vous avoir confiance en eux ?

Ils font tout pour complaire à la Sainte-Alliance ; pour lui obéir ils ont abandonné les peuples nos alliés ; pour se soutenir ils ont armé le frère contre le frère, ils ont ensanglanté nos villes, ils ont foulé aux pieds nos sympathies, nos volontés, nos droits.

Les ingrats ! ils ne se souviennent des barricades que pour préparer les forts détachés ; méconnaissant la Grande Nation, ils rampent devant les forts et insultent les faibles. Notre vieux

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drapeau tricolore s'indigne d'être plus longtemps entre leurs mains! Français! que le souvenir du grand homme qui fit tant pour la gloire et la prospérité de la patrie vous ranime! Confiant dans la sainteté de ma cause, je me présente à vous, le testament de l'Empereur Napoléon d'une main, son épée d'Austerlitz de l'autre. Lorsqu'à Rome le peuple vit les dépouilles ensanglantées de César, il renversa ses hypocrites oppresseurs. Français, Napoléon est plus grand que César; il est l'emblême de la civilisation du XIX^e^ siècle.

Fidèle aux maximes de l'Empereur, je ne connais d'intérêts que les vôtres, d'autre gloire que celle d'être utile à la France et à l'humanité. Sans haine, sans rancune, exempt de l'esprit de parti, j'appelle sous l'aigle de l'Empire tous ceux qui sentent un cœur français battre dans leur poitrine.

J'ai voué mon existence à l'accomplissement d'une grande mission. Du rocher de Sainte-Hélène un rayon du soleil mourant a passé dans mon âme. Je saurai garder ce feu sacré, je saurai vaincre ou mourir pour la cause du peuple.

Hommes de 1789, hommes du 20 mars 1815, hommes de 1830, levez-vous! voyez qui vous gouverne, voyez l'aigle, emblême de gloire, symbole de liberté, et choisissez!

Vive la France! Vive la liberté!

NAPOLÉON.

(*A l'Armée.*)

Soldats,—Le moment est venu de recouvrer votre ancienne splendeur. Faits pour la gloire, vous pouvez moins que d'autres supporter plus longtemps le rôle honteux qu'on vous fait jouer. Le gouvernement, qui trahit nos intérêts civils, voudrait aussi ternir notre honneur militaire. L'insensé! croit-on que la race des héros d'Arcole, d'Austerlitz, de Wagram, soit éteinte?

Voyez le lion de Waterloo encore debout sur nos frontières; voyez Huningue privé de ses défenses; voyez les grades de 1815 méconnus; voyez la Légion d'Honneur prodiguée aux intrigants et refusée aux braves; voyez notre drapeau .... il ne flotte nulle part où nos armes ont triomphé. Voyez enfin partout trahison, lâcheté, influence étrangère, et écriez-vous avec moi: Chassons les barbares du capitole! Soldats, reprenez

ces aigles que nous avions dans nos grandes journées ; les ennemis de la France ne peuvent en soutenir les regards ; ceux qui vous gouvernent ont déjà fui devant elles ! Délivrer la patrie des traitres et des oppresseurs, protéger les droits du peuple, défendre la France et ses alliés contre l'invasion : voilà la route où l'honneur vous appelle ; voilà quelle est votre sublime mission !

Soldats français, quels que soient vos antécédents, venez tous vous ranger sous le drapeau tricolore régénéré. Il est l'emblême de vos intérêts et de votre gloire. La patrie divisée, la liberté trahie, l'humanité souffrante, la gloire en deuil, comptent sur vous. Vous serez à la hauteur des destinées qui vous attendent.

Soldats de la République, soldats de l'Empire, que mon nom réveille en vous votre ancienne ardeur ! Et vous, jeunes soldats, qui êtes nés comme moi au bruit du canon de Wagram, souvenez-vous que vous êtes les enfants des soldats de la Grande Armée. Le soleil de cent victoires a éclairé notre berceau. Que nos hauts faits ou notre trépas soient dignes de notre naissance ! Du haut du ciel la grande ombre de Napoléon guidera nos pas, et contente de nos efforts, elle s'écriera : 'Ils étaient dignes de leurs pères !'

Vive la France ! Vive la liberté !

NAPOLÉON.

(*Aux Habitants de Strasbourg.*)

Alsaciens,—Ayons l'honneur d'avoir les premiers renversé une autorité qui, esclave de la Sainte-Alliance, compromettait chaque jour davantage notre avenir de peuple civilisé. Le gouvernement de Louis-Philippe vous détestait particulièrement, braves Strasbourgeois, parce qu'il déteste tout ce qui est grand, généreux, national. Il a blessé votre honneur en cassant vos légions ; il a froissé vos intérêts en consacrant les droits d'entrée et en permettant l'établissement de douanes étrangères qui paralysent votre commerce.

Strasbourgeois, vous avez mis la main sur vos blessures, vous m'avez appelé au milieu de vous pour qu'ensemble nous vainquions ou mourions pour la cause du peuple. Guidé par vous et par les soldats, je touche enfin, après un long exil, le

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sol sacré de la patrie. Grâces vous en soient rendues, Alsaciens! Mon nom est un drapeau qui doit vous rappeler de grands souvenirs; et ce drapeau, vous le savez inflexible devant les partis et l'étranger, ne s'incline que devant la majesté du peuple. Honneur, patrie, liberté, voilà notre mobile et notre but. Paris en 1830 nous a montré comment on renverse un gouvernement impie; montrons-lui, à notre tour, comment on consolide les libertés d'un grand peuple.

Strasbourgeois, demain nous marchons sur Paris pour délivrer la capitale des traitres et des oppresseurs. Reformez vos bataillons nationaux qui effrayent un gouvernement impopulaire. Gardez pendant notre absence votre ville, ce boulevard de l'indépendance de la France, aujourd'hui le berceau de sa régénération. Que l'ordre et la paix règnent dans vos murs, et que le génie de la France veille avec vous sur vos remparts.

Alsaciens, avec un grand peuple on fait de grandes choses. J'ai une foi entière dans le peuple français.

NAPOLÉON.

VIII.

M. Guizot's Account of the Strasburg Expedition.

LE 31 octobre, au soir, le Ministre de l'Intérieur, M. de Gasparin, m'apporta une dépêche télégraphique qu'il venait de recevoir de Strasbourg, datée de la veille, le 30, et qui portait:—

'Ce matin, vers six heures, Louis-Napoléon, fils de la duchesse de Saint-Leu, *qui avait dans sa confidence* le colonel d'artillerie Vaudrey, a parcouru les rues de Strasbourg avec une partie de . . . .'

La dépêche s'arrêtait là, et le chef de l'administration des lignes télégraphiques, M. Alphonse Foy, y avait ajouté cette note:—'Les mots soulignés laissent des doutes. Le brumaire survenu sur la ligne ne permet ni de recevoir la fin de la dépêche ni d'éclairer le passage douteux.' Nous nous rendîmes sur-le-champ aux Tuileries, où, peu de moments après, tout le cabinet se trouva réuni. Nous causions, nous conjecturions, nous pesions les chances, nous préparions des instructions éventuelles, nous

discutions les mesures qui seraient à prendre dans les diverses hypothèses. M. le duc d'Orléans se disposait à partir. Nous passâmes là, auprès du Roi, presque toute la nuit, attendant des nouvelles qui n'arrivaient pas. La Reine, Madame Adélaïde, les princes, allaient et venaient demandant si l'on savait quelque chose de plus. On s'endormait de lassitude ; on se réveillait d'impatience. Je fus frappé de la tristesse du Roi ; non qu'il parût inquiet ou abattu, mais l'incertitude sur la gravité de l'événement le préoccupait, et ces complots répétés, ces tentatives de guerre civile républicaines, légitimistes, bonapartistes, cette nécessité continuelle de lutter, de réprimer, de punir, lui pesaient comme un odieux fardeau. Malgré sa longue expérience et tout ce qu'elle lui avait appris sur les passions des hommes et le chances de la vie, il était et restait d'un naturel facile, confiant, bienveillant, enclin à l'espérance. Il se lassait d'avoir sans cesse à se garder, à se défendre, et de rencontrer sur ses pas tant d'ennemis.

Le lendemain matin, le 1er novembre, un aide-de-camp du général Voirol, commandant à Strasbourg, nous apporta la fin de l'événement comme de la dépêche télégraphique et le récit détaillé de la tentative avortée. De la Suisse, où il résidait, et des eaux de Baden, où il se rendait souvent, le prince Louis entretenait en France, et particulièrement à Strasbourg, des relations assidues. Ni parmi ses adhérents ni en lui-même rien ne semblait lui promettre de grandes chances de succès ; des officiers vieillis, des femmes passionnées, mais sans situation dans le monde, d'anciens fonctionnaires sans emploi, des mécontents épars, n'étaient pas des agents bien efficaces contre un pouvoir qui comptait déjà six ans de durée et qui avait vaincu au grand jour tous ses ennemis, républicains et légitimistes, conspirateurs et insurgés. Le prince Louis était jeune, inconnu en France et de l'armée et du peuple ; personne ne l'avait vu ; il n'avait jamais rien fait ; quelques écrits sur l'art militaire, des 'Rêveries politiques,' un 'Projet de Constitution' et les éloges de quelques journaux démocratiques n'étaient pas des titres bien puissants à la faveur publique et au gouvernement de la France. Il avait son nom, mais son nom même fût demeuré stérile sans une force cachée et toute personnelle. Il avait foi en lui-même et dans sa destinée. Tout en faisant son

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service comme capitaine dans l'artillerie du canton de Berne et en publiant ses pamphlets, dont la France s'occupait peu, il se regardait comme l'héritier et le représentant non-seulement d'une dynastie, mais des deux idées qui avaient fait la force de cette dynastie—la révolution sans l'anarchie et la gloire des armes. Sous des formes calmes, douces et modestes il alliait un peu confusément une sympathie active pour les innovations et les entreprises révolutionnaires aux goûts et aux traditions du pouvoir absolu, et l'orgueil d'une grande race s'unissait en lui à l'instinct ambitieux d'un grand avenir. Il se sentait prince et se croyait, avec une confiance invincible, prédestiné à être empereur. Ce fut avec ce sentiment et cette foi que le 30 octobre 1836, à six heures du matin, sans autre appui qu'un colonel et un chef de bataillon gagnés d'avance à sa cause, il traversa les rues de Strasbourg et se présenta à la caserne du 4e régiment d'artillerie, où, après deux petites allocutions du colonel Vaudrey et de lui-même, il fut reçu au cris de 'Vive l'Empereur!' Quelques-uns de ses partisans, et selon quelques rapports lui-même, se portèrent aussitôt chez le général commandant et chez le préfet, et n'ayant pas réussi à les séduire, ils les firent assez mal garder dans leur hôtel. En arrivant à la seconde caserne qu'il voulait enlever, la caserne Finckmatt, occupée par le 46e régiment d'infanterie de la ligne, le prince Louis n'y trouva pas le même accueil; prévenu à temps, le lieutenant-colonel Talandier repoussa fermement toutes les tentatives et maintint la fidélité des soldats. Le colonel Paillot et les autres officiers du régiment arrivèrent, également loyaux et résolus. Sur le lieu même le prince et ceux qui l'accompagnaient furent arrêtés. A ce bruit, bientôt répandu, les mouvements d'insurrection tentés dans divers corps et sur divers points de la ville cessèrent à l'instant; le général et le préfet avaient recouvré leur liberté et prenaient les mesures nécessaires. Parmi les adhérents connus du prince Louis dans cette entreprise de quelques heures un seul, M. de Persigny, son confident et son ami le plus intime, réussit à s'échapper. Les autorités de Strasbourg, en envoyant au gouvernement du Roi leurs rapports, lui demandaient ses instructions sur le sort des prisonniers. . . .

Quant à la conduite à tenir envers les divers prisonniers,

notre délibération ne fut pas longue. En apprenant l'issue de l'entreprise et la captivité de son fils, la reine Hortense accourut en France sous un nom supposé, et s'arrêtant près de Paris, à Viry, chez la duchesse de Raguse, elle adressa de là, au Roi et à M. Molé, ses instances maternelles.

Elle n'en avait pas besoin ; la résolution de ne point traduire le prince Louis devant les tribunaux et de l'envoyer aux États-Unis de l'Amérique était déjà prise. C'était le penchant décidé du Roi, et ce fut l'avis unanime du cabinet. Pour mon compte, je n'ai jamais servi ni loué l'empereur Napoléon Ier ; mais je respecte la grandeur et le génie, même quand j'en déplore l'emploi, et je ne pense pas que les titres d'un tel homme aux égards du monde descendent tous avec lui dans le tombeau. L'héritier du nom et, selon le régime impérial, du trône de l'empereur Napoléon devait être traité comme de race royale et soumis aux seules exigences de la politique. Il fut extrait le 10 novembre de la citadelle de Strasbourg et amené en poste à Paris, où il passa quelques heures dans les appartements du préfet de police, sans recevoir aucune autre visite que celle de M. Gabriel Delessert. Reparti aussitôt pour Lorient, il y arriva dans la nuit du 13 au 14, et fut embarqué le 15 à bord de la frégate 'l'Andromède,' qui devait se rendre au Brésil en touchant à New-York. Quand la frégate fut sur le point d'appareiller le sous-préfet de Lorient, M. Villemain, en rendant ses devoirs au prince Louis et avant de prendre congé de lui, lui demanda si, en arrivant aux États-Unis, il y trouverait, pour les premiers moments, les ressources dont il pourrait avoir besoin. 'Aucune,' lui dit le prince. 'Eh bien, mon prince, le Roi m'a chargé de vous remettre quinze mille francs, qui sont en or dans cette petite cassette.' Le prince prit la cassette, le sous-préfet revint à terre et la frégate fit voile.

Vingt-quatre années (et quelles années !) se sont écoulées depuis cette époque. Leurs enseignements sont clairs. Deux fois, en 1836 et en 1840, avec la persévérance de la foi et de la passion, le prince Louis-Napoléon a tenté de renverser la monarchie constitutionnelle ; il a échoué deux fois et dès les premiers pas. En 1851 il a renversé du premier coup la République, et depuis ce jour il règne sur la France.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*

IX.

Prince Louis's Letters from his Prison, 1836.

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Ma chère Mère,—Vous avez dû être bien inquiète de ne pas recevoir de mes nouvelles, vous qui me croyez chez ma cousine; mais votre inquiétude redoublera lorsque vous apprendrez que j'ai tenté à Strasbourg un mouvement qui a échoué. Je suis en prison, ainsi que d'autres officiers: c'est pour eux seuls que je suis en peine; car moi, en commençant une telle entreprise, j'étais préparé à tout. Ne pleurez pas, ma mère; je suis victime d'une belle cause, d'une cause toute française; plus tard on me rendra justice et l'on me plaindra. Hier, dimanche, à six heures, je me suis présenté devant le 4e d'artillerie, qui m'a reçu aux cris de 'Vive l'Empereur!' Nous avions détachés du monde. Le 46e a résisté; nous nous sommes trouvés pris dans la cour de la caserne. Heureusement il n'y a pas eu de sang français répandu. C'est ma consolation dans le malheur. Courage, ma mère; je saurai soutenir jusqu'au bout l'honneur du nom que je porte.

M. Parquin est aussi arrêté. Faites copier cette lettre pour mon père, et contribuez à calmer son inquiétude. Charles a demandé à partager ma captivité; on le lui a accordé. Adieu, ma chère mère; ne vous attendrissez pas inutilement sur mon sort. La vie est peu de chose; l'honneur et la France sont tout pour moi.

Recevez l'assurance de mon sincère attachement. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

Votre tendre et respectueux fils,

Napoléon-Louis.

Strasbourg, le 1er novembre 1836.

(*Écrite de Paris de la Préfecture de Police.*)

Ma chère Mère,—Je reconnais à votre démarche toute votre tendresse pour moi; vous avez pensé au danger que je courais, mais vous n'avez pas pensé à mon honneur, qui m'obligeait à partager le sort de mes compagnons d'infortune. J'éprouve une douleur bien vive en me voyant séparé des hommes que j'ai entraîné à leur perte, lorsque ma présence et mes dépositions

auraient pu influer sur le jury en leur faveur. J'écris au Roi pour qu'il jette sur eux un regard de bonté. C'est la seule grâce qui puisse me toucher.

Je pars pour l'Amérique; mais, ma chère mère, si vous ne voulez pas augmenter ma douleur, je vous en conjure ne me suivez pas. L'idée de faire partager à ma mère mon exil de l'Europe serait aux yeux du monde une tache indélébile pour moi, et pour mon cœur cela serait un chagrin cuisant. Je veux en Amérique faire comme Achille Murat, me créer moi-même une existence. Il me faut un intérêt nouveau pour pouvoir m'y plaire.

Je vous prie, ma chère mère, de veiller à ce qu'il ne manque rien aux prisonniers de Strasbourg; prenez soin des deux fils du colonel Vaudrey, qui sont à Paris avec leur mère. Je prendrais bien facilement mon parti si je savais que mes autres compagnons d'infortune auront la vie sauve; mais avoir sur la conscience la mort de braves soldats, c'est une douleur amère qui ne peut j'amais s'effacer.

Adieu, ma chère mère. Recevez mes remercîments pour toutes les marques de tendresse que vous me donnez. Retournez à Arenenberg, mais ne venez pas me rejoindre en Amérique; j'en serais trop malheureux. Adieu. Recevez mes tendres embrassements; je vous aime toujours de tout mon cœur.

Votre tendre et respectueux fils,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS.

Citadelle de Port-Louis, 19 novembre 1836.

Mon cher M.,[1]—Je ne veux pas quitter l'Europe sans venir vous remercier des généreuses offres de service que vous m'avez faites dans une circonstance bien malheureuse pour moi. J'ai reçu votre lettre à la prison de Strasbourg; je n'ai pu vous répondre avant aujourd'hui. Je pars le cœur déchiré de n'avoir pas pu partager le sort de mes compagnons d'infortune. J'aurais voulu être traité comme eux. Mon entreprise ayant échoué, mes intentions ayant été ignorées, mon sort ayant été, malgré moi, différent de celui des hommes dont j'avais compromis l'existence, je passerai aux yeux de tout le monde pour ou fou, un ambitieux, un lâche.

[1] Monsieur Vieillard.

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Avant de mettre le pied en France je m'attendais bien, en cas de ma réussite, aux deux premières qualifications. Quant à la troisième, elle est trop cruelle.

J'attends les vents pour partir sur la frégate 'l'Andromède' pour New-York. Vous pouvez m'y écrire *poste restante*. Je saurai supporter ce nouvel exil avec résignation; mais ce qui me désespère c'est de laisser dans les fers des hommes auxquels le dévouement à la cause napoléonienne a été si fatal.

J'aurais voulu être la seule victime.

Adieu, mon cher M.; bien des choses de ma part à Madame ——. Je n'oublierai jamais les marques si touchantes que vous m'avez données de votre amitié pour moi.

Je vous embrasse de cœur.

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

P.S.—Il est faux qu'on m'ait demandé le moindre serment de ne plus revenir en Europe.

(*Extrait d'une Lettre écrite de Port-Louis à M. Odilon Barrot, en date du* 15 *novembre* 1836.)

Malgré mon désir de rester avec mes compagnons d'infortune et de partager leur sort, malgré mes réclamations à ce sujet, le Roi, dans sa clémence, a ordonné que je fusse conduit à Lorient, pour delà passer en Amérique. Touché comme je le dois de la générosité du Roi, je suis profondément affligé de quitter mes coaccusés, dans l'idée que, moi présent à la barre, mes dépositions en leur faveur auraient pu influer sur le jury et l'éclairer sur leur compte. Privé de la consolation d'être utile à des hommes que j'ai entraînés à leur perte, je suis obligé de confier à un avocat ce que je ne puis pas dire moi-même devant le jury.

De la part de mes coaccusés il n'y a pas eu de complot; il n'y a eu que l'entraînement du moment; moi seul ai tout combiné; moi seul ai fait les préparatifs nécessaires. J'avais déjà vu le colonel Vaudrey avant le 30 octobre, mais il n'avait pas conspiré avec moi. Le 29, à huit heures du soir, personne excepté moi ne savait que le mouvement aurait lieu le lendemain; je ne vis le colonel Vaudrey que plus tard. M. Parquin était venu à Strasbourg pour ses affaires; le 29 au soir seulement

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je le fis appeler ; les autres personnes connaissaient ma présence en France, mais en ignoraient le motif. Je ne réunis que le 29 au soir les personnes actuellement accusées, et ne leur fis part de mes intentions que dans ce moment. Le colonel Vaudrey n'y était pas ; les officiers de pontonniers sont venus se joindre à nous, ignorant d'abord de quoi il s'agissait. Certes nous sommes tous coupables, aux yeux du gouvernement établi, d'avoir pris les armes contre lui ; mais le plus coupable c'est moi, c'est celui qui, méditant depuis longtemps une révolution, est venu tout-à-coup arracher ces hommes à une position sociale honorable pour les livrer à tous les hasards d'un mouvement populaire. Devant les lois mes compagnons d'infortune sont coupables de s'être laissés entraîner, mais jamais, aux yeux du pays, il n'y eut plus de causes atténuantes en leur faveur. Je tins au colonel Vaudrey, lorsque je le vis, et aux autres personnes, le 29 au soir, le langage suivant :—' Messieurs, vous connaissez tous les griefs de la nation envers le gouvernement du 9 août, mais vous savez aussi qu'aucun parti existant aujourd'hui n'est assez fort pour le renverser, aucun assez puissant pour réunir tous les Français, si l'un d'eux parvenait à s'emparer du pouvoir. Cette faiblesse du gouvernement, comme cette faiblesse des partis, vient de ce que chacun ne représente que les intérêts d'une seule classe de la société. Les uns s'appuient sur le clergé et la noblesse, les autres sur l'aristocratie bourgeoise, d'autres enfin sur les prolétaires seuls. Dans cet état des choses il n'y a qu'un seul drapeau qui puisse rallier tous les partis, parce qu'il est le drapeau de la France et non celui d'une faction : c'est l'aigle de l'Empire. Sous cette bannière, qui rappelle tant de souvenirs glorieux, il n'y a aucune classe expulsée : elle représente les intérêts et les droits de tous. L'Empereur Napoléon tenait son pouvoir du peuple français. Quatre fois son autorité reçut la sanction populaire ; en 1804 l'hérédité dans la famille de l'Empereur fut reconnue par quatre millions de votes ; depuis le peuple n'a plus été consulté. . . . Comme l'aîné des neveux de Napoléon je puis donc me considérer comme le représentant de l'élection populaire ; je ne dirai pas de l'Empire, parce que depuis vingt ans les idées et les besoins de la France ont dû changer. Mais un principe ne peut être annulé par des faits, il ne peut l'être que par un autre principe ; or ce ne

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sont pas les douze cent mille étrangers de 1815, ce n'est pas la Chambre des 221 de 1830, qui peuvent rendre nul le principe de l'élection de 1804. Le système napoléonien consiste à faire marcher la civilisation sans discorde et sans excès, à donner l'élan aux idées tout en développant les intérêts matériels, à raffermir le pouvoir en le rendant respectable, à discipliner les masses d'après leurs facultés intellectuelles, enfin à réunir autour de l'autel de la patrie les Français de tous les partis, en leur donnant pour mobile l'honneur et la gloire. Remettons,' leur dis-je, 'le peuple dans ses droits, l'aigle sur nos drapeaux et la stabilité dans nos institutions. Eh quoi!' m'écriai-je enfin, 'les princes du droit divin trouvent bien des hommes qui meurent pour eux dans le but de rétablir les abus et les priviléges; et moi, dont le nom représente la gloire, l'honneur et les droits du peuple, mourrai-je donc seul dans l'exil?' 'Non,' m'ont répondu mes braves compagnons d'infortune, 'vous ne mourrez pas seul; nous mourrons avec vous ou nous vaincrons ensemble pour la cause du peuple français!'

Vous voyez donc, monsieur, que c'est moi qui les ai entraînés en leur parlant de tout ce qui pouvait le plus émouvoir des cœurs français. Ils me parlèrent de leur serment, mais je leur rappelai qu'en 1815 ils avaient prêté serment à Napoléon II et à sa dynastie. 'L'invasion seule,' leur dis-je, 'vous a déliés de ce serment. Eh bien, la force peut rétablir ce que la force seule a pu détruire.' J'allai même jusqu'à leur dire qu'on parlait de la mort du Roi. Vous voyez combien j'étais coupable aux yeux du gouvernement. Eh bien, le gouvernement a été généreux envers moi; il a compris que ma position d'exilé, que mon amour pour mon pays, que ma parenté avec le grand homme étaient des causes atténuantes. Mais le jury n'en trouvera-t-il pas de bien plus fortes en faveur de mes complices dans les souvenirs de l'Empire, dans les relations de plusieurs d'entre eux à mon égard, dans l'entraînement du moment, dans l'exemple de Labédoyère, enfin dans ce sentiment de générosité qui fit que, soldats de l'Empire, ils n'ont pu voir l'aigle sans émotion; que, soldats de l'Empire, ils ont préféré sacrifier leur existence plutôt que d'abandonner le neveu de l'Empereur Napoléon, que de le livrer à ses bourreaux? car nous étions loin de penser à une grâce en cas de ma réussite.

(*Au Comte de Survilliers.*)

Lorient, 15 novembre 1836.

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Mon cher Oncle,—Vous aurez appris avec surprise l'événement de Strasbourg. Lorsqu'on ne réussit pas on dénature vos intentions, on vous calomnie ; on est sûr d'être blâmé, même par les siens. Aussi n'essayerai-je pas aujourd'hui de me disculper à vos yeux.

Je pars demain pour l'Amérique. Vous me feriez plaisir de m'envoyer quelques lettres de recommandation pour Philadelphie et New-York. Ayez la bonté de présenter mes respects à mes oncles et de recevoir l'expression de mon sincère attachement.

En quittant l'Europe, peut-être pour toujours, j'éprouve le plus grand chagrin, celui de penser que même sans ma famille je ne trouverai personne qui plaigne mon sort.

Adieu, mon cher oncle ; ne doutez jamais de mes sentiments à votre égard.

Votre tendre neveu,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

P.S.—Ayez la bonté de faire savoir à votre chargé d'affaires en Amérique quelles seraient les terres que vous consentez à me vendre.

(*A MM. les Jurés.*)

Messieurs,—Ce n'est pas ma vie que je viens défendre devant vous, j'y ai renoncé en mettant le pied sur le territoire français, mais c'est mon honneur et mon droit.

Oui, messieurs, mon droit ! Après 1830 j'ai demandé à rentrer en France comme citoyen, on m'a repoussé ; j'ai demandé à servir comme simple soldat, on ne m'a pas répondu, on m'a traité en prétendant. Ne croyez pas cependant que je ne prétendisse qu'au désir de m'asseoir sur une chaise recouverte de velours ; mes idées étaient plus élevées : je voulais remettre le peuple dans ses droits ; je voulais convoquer un Congrès National, qui, consultant les antécédents et les besoins de chacun, eût fait des lois françaises sans emprunter

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à l'Angleterre ou à l'Amérique des constitutions qui ne peuvent nous convenir.

L'Empereur a accompli sa mission civilisatrice ; il a préparé les peuples à la liberté, en introduisant dans les mœurs les principes d'égalité et en faisant du mérite la seule raison pour parvenir. . . . Tous les gouvernements qui se sont succédés ont été exclusifs, les uns s'appuyant sur la noblesse et le clergé, les autres sur une aristocratie bourgeoise, d'autres enfin uniquement sur les prolétaires. Le gouvernement de l'Empereur, au contraire, s'appuyait sur le peuple comme un général sur son armée. . . .

J'ai cru avoir une mission à remplir ; je saurai garder mon rôle jusqu'à la fin.

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À la Reine Hortense.

En vue des Canaries, le 14 décembre.

CHAQUE homme porte en lui un monde, composé de tout ce qu'il a vu et aimé, et où il rentre sans cesse, alors même qu'il parcourt un monde étranger ; j'ignore alors ce qui est le plus douloureux, de se souvenir des malheurs qui vous ont frappé ou du temps heureux qui n'est plus. Nous avons traversé l'hiver et nous sommes de nouveau en été ; les vents alizés ont succédé aux tempêtes, ce qui me permet de rester la plupart du temps sur le pont. Assis sur la dunette, je réfléchis à ce qui m'est arrivé et je pense à vous et à Arenenberg. Les situations dépendent des affections qu'on y porte ; il y a deux mois je ne demandais qu'à ne plus revenir en Suisse ; actuellement, si je me laissais aller à mes impressions, je n'aurais d'autre désir que de me retrouver dans ma petite chambre, dans ce beau pays où il me semble que je devais être si heureux. Hélas ! quand on a une âme qui sent fortement, on est destiné à passer ses jours dans l'accablement de son inaction ou dans les convulsions des situations douloureuses.

Lorsque je revenais, il y a quelques mois, de reconduire Mathilde, en rentrant dans le parc j'ai trouvé un arbre rompu par l'orage, et je me suis dit à moi-même : 'Notre mariage sera

rompu par le sort. . . .' Ce que je supposais vaguement s'est réalisé ; ai-je donc épuisé, en 1836, toute la part de bonheur qui m'était échue ! APP. X.

Ne m'accusez pas de faiblesse si je me laisse aller à vous rendre compte de toutes mes impressions. On peut regretter ce que l'on a perdu sans se repentir de ce qu'on a fait. Nos sensations ne sont pas d'ailleurs assez indépendantes des causes intérieures pour que nos idées ne se modifient pas toujours un peu, suivant les objets qui nous environnent ; la clarté du soleil ou la direction du vent ont une grande influence sur notre état moral. Quand il fait beau comme aujourd'hui, que la mer est calme comme le lac de Constance quand nous nous y promenions le soir, que la lune—la même lune nous éclaire de la même lueur bleuâtre—que l'atmosphère enfin est aussi douce qu'au mois d'août en Europe, alors je suis plus triste qu'à l'ordinaire : tous les souvenirs, gais ou pénibles, viennent tomber avec le même poids sur ma poitrine ; le beau temps dilate le cœur et le rend plus impressionable, tandis que le mauvais temps le resserre ; il n'y a que les passions qui soient au-dessus des intempéries des saisons.

Le 1er janvier 1837.

Ma chère Maman,—C'est aujourd'hui le premier jour de l'an ; je suis à quinze cents lieues de vous, dans un autre hémisphère ; heureusement la pensée parcourt tout cet espace en moins d'une seconde. Je suis près de vous ; je vous exprime tous mes regrets de tous les tourments que je vous ai occasionnés, je vous renouvelle l'expression de ma tendresse et de ma reconnaissance.

Le matin les officiers sont venus en corps me souhaiter la bonne année ; j'ai été sensible à cette attention de leur part. À quatre heures et demie nous étions à table ; comme nous sommes à dix-sept degrés de longitude plus ouest que Constance, il était en même temps sept heures à Arenenberg ; vous étiez probablement à dîner ; j'ai bu en pensant à votre santé ; vous en avez peut-être autant fait pour moi, du moins je me suis plu à le croire dans ce moment-là. J'ai songé aussi à mes compagnons d'infortune ; hélas ! *je songe toujours à eux !* J'ai pensé qu'ils étaient plus malheureux que moi, et cette idée m'a rendu bien plus malheureux qu'eux.

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Présentez mes compliments bien tendres à cette bonne madame Salvage, à ses demoiselles, à cette pauvre petite Claire, à M. Cottrau et à Arsène.

Le 5 janvier.

Nous avons eu hier un grain qui est venu fondre sur nous avec une violence extrême. Si les voiles n'eussent pas été déchirées par le vent, la frégate aurait pu être en danger ; il y a eu un mât cassé ; la pluie tombait si impétueusement que la mer en était toute blanche. Aujourd'hui le ciel est aussi beau qu'à l'ordinaire ; les avaries sont réparées, le mauvais temps est déjà oublié. Que n'en est-il de même des orages de la vie ?

À propos de frégate le commandant m'a dit que la frégate qui portait votre nom est actuellement dans la Mer du Sud, et s'appelle 'la Flore.'

Le 10 janvier.

Nous venons d'arriver à Rio-Janeiro ; le coup d'œil de la rade est superbe ; demain j'en ferai un dessin. J'espère que cette lettre pourra vous parvenir bientôt. Ne pensez pas à venir me rejoindre ; je ne sais pas même encore où je me fixerai ; peut-être trouverai-je plus de chance d'habiter l'Amérique du Sud. Le travail auquel l'incertitude de mon sort m'obligera à me livrer pour me créer une position sera la seule consolation que je puisse goûter. Adieu, ma mère ; un souvenir à nos vieux serviteurs et à nos amis de Thurgovie et de Constance.

Au Colonel Vaudrey.

New-York, le 15 avril 1837.

Mon cher Colonel,—Vous ne sauriez vous imaginer combien j'ai été heureux en apprenant votre acquittement en débarquant aux États-Unis ; pendant quatre mois et demi je n'ai cessé un moment d'être péniblement préoccupé de votre sort. Dès le moment où j'ai été mis en prison jusqu'à mon départ de France je n'ai cessé de faire tout ce qui dépendait de moi pour alléger la position de mes compagnons d'infortune, et, tout en intercédant en leur faveur, je n'ai rien fait, comme vous pouvez le croire, qui soit contraire à la dignité du nom que je porte. Avant de m'embarquer je vous ai écrit, en adressant ma lettre au procureur-général Rossée ; il ne vous l'a pas remise, car elle

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aurait pu être utile à votre défense. Quelle infamie! Quant à moi, on m'a bien fait voyager pour m'empêcher de communiquer avec vous avant la fin du procès; mais je ne m'en plains pas; j'étais sur un vaisseau français: c'est une patrie flottante.... Et voyez la bizarrerie des sentiments humains: dans ma malheureuse entreprise deux fois seulement mes larmes ont trahi ma douleur; c'est lorsque, entraîné loin de vous, je sus que je ne serais pas jugé, et lorsqu'en quittant la frégate j'allais recouvrer ma liberté.

" La lettre que vous m'avez écrite m'a fait le plus grand plaisir; je suis heureux de penser que tout ce que vous avez souffert n'a pas altéré l'amitié que vous me portiez et à laquelle j'attache un si haut prix.

Pendant deux mois entre les tropiques sous le vent de Sainte-Hélène, hélas! je n'ai pas pu apercevoir le rocher historique; mais il me semblait toujours que les airs me rapportaient ces dernières paroles que l'Empereur mourant adressait à ses compagnons d'infortune: 'J'ai sanctionné tous les principes de la Révolution, je les ai infusés dans mes lois, dans mes actes; il n'y a pas un seul que je n'aie consacré; malheureusement les circonstances étaient graves. . . . La France me juge avec indulgence; elle me tient compte de mes intentions, elle chérit mon nom, mes victoires: imitez-là, soyez fidèles aux opinions que nous avons défendues, à la gloire que nous avons acquise; il n'y a hors de là que honte et confusion.'

Ces belles paroles, colonel, vous les aviez bien comprises! Me voilà donc en Amérique, loin de tout ce qui m'est cher; j'ignore encore ce que j'y ferai et combien de temps j'y resterai. Dans tous les cas, colonel, et dans quelque pays que je me trouve, vous aurez toujours en moi un ami sur lequel vous pouvez compter et qui sera fier de vous donner des preuves de ses sentiments.

Adieu, colonel. Servez encore la France; moi, je ne puis plus faire que des vœux pour elle. Adieu; ne m'oubliez pas.

Votre ami,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

P.S.—Je n'ai pas besoin de me laver à vos yeux des calomnies dont j'ai été l'objet; on ne pouvait me faire souscrire à aucun

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engagement, puisque je demandais à rester en prison ; d'ailleurs on n'a pas même tenté de le faire. On m'accuse d'avoir intrigué. Mais M. Thiers me défendra, lui qui dit, t. ii. p. 119 : ' Tout parti obligé d'agir dans l'ombre est réduit à des démarches qu'on appelle intrigues quand elles ne sont pas heureuses.'

On maudit mon entreprise ; mais M. Thiers me défendra, lui qui, en parlant des honneurs rendus au cercueil de Marat, s'exprime ainsi : ' Et si l'histoire rappelle de pareilles scènes, c'est pour apprendre aux hommes à réfléchir sur l'effet des préoccupations du moment et pour les engager à bien s'examiner eux-mêmes lorsqu'ils pleurent les puissants ou maudissent les vaincus du jour.' (' Histoire de la Révolution,' t. v. p. 87, 4e édition.)

Quand l'avenir fuit devant vous c'est dans le passé qu'on trouve des consolations. Adieu ! adieu !

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Prince Louis to King Joseph.

Le 22 avril 1837.

Mon cher Oncle,—En arrivant aux États-Unis j'espérais y trouver une lettre de vous. Je vous avouerai que j'ai été vivement peiné d'apprendre que vous étiez indisposé contre moi ; j'en ai même été étonné, connaissant votre jugement et votre cœur. Oui, mon oncle, il faut que vous ayez été étrangement induit en erreur sur mon compte pour repousser comme ennemis les hommes qui se sont dévoués pour la cause de l'Empire.

Si, vainqueur à Strasbourg (et il s'en est fallu de bien peu), je m'étais acheminé sur Paris, entraînant après moi les populations fascinées par le souvenir de l'Empire, et qu'arrivant dans la capitale en prétendant je me sois emparé du pouvoir légal, oh ! alors il y aurait eu grandeur d'âme à désavouer ma conduite et à rompre avec moi ! Mais quoi ! je tente une de ces entreprises hardies qui seules pouvaient rétablir ce que vingt ans de paix ont fait oublier ; je m'y jette en faisant le sacrifice de ma

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vie, persuadé que ma mort même serait utile à notre cause; j'échappe, contre ma volonté, aux baïonnettes et à l'échafaud, et arrivé au port, je ne trouve, de la part de ma famille, que mépris et dédain !

Si les sentiments de respect et d'estime que je vous porte n'étaient pas aussi sincères, je ne serais pas aussi sensible à votre conduite à mon égard ; car, j'ose le dire, l'opinion publique ne peut admettre une scission entre vous et moi. Personne ne comprendra que vous désavouiez votre neveu parce qu'il s'est exposé pour votre cause ; personne ne comprendra que les hommes qui ont exposé leur existence et leur fortune pour remettre l'aigle sur nos drapeaux soient traités par vous en ennemis, pas plus qu'on eût compris Louis XVIII repoussant le prince de Condé ou le duc d'Enghien parce qu'ils avaient été malheureux dans leur entreprise. Je vous connais trop, mon cher oncle, pour douter de votre cœur, et pour ne pas espérer que vous reviendrez à des sentiments plus justes à mon égard et à l'égard de ceux qui se sont compromis pour notre cause. Quant à moi, quels que soient vos procédés à mon égard, ma ligne de conduite sera toujours la même : la sympathie dont tant de personnes m'ont donné les preuves, ma conscience qui ne me reproche rien, enfin la persuasion que si l'Empereur me voit du haut du ciel il sera content de moi, sont autant de dédommagements pour tous les déboires et les injustices que j'ai éprouvés. Mon entreprise a avorté, cela est vrai ; mais elle a annoncé à la France que la famille de l'Empereur n'était pas encore morte, qu'elle comptait encore des amis dévoués, enfin que ses prétentions ne se bornaient pas à réclamer du gouvernement quelques deniers, mais à rétablir en faveur du peuple ce que les étrangers et les Bourbon avaient détruit. Voilà ce que j'ai fait : est-ce à vous à m'en vouloir ?

Je vous envoie ci-joint le récit de mon enlèvement de la prison de Strasbourg, afin que vous soyez au fait de toutes mes démarches, et que vous sachiez que je n'ai rien fait qui soit indigne du nom que je porte.

Je vous prie de présenter mes hommages à mon oncle Lucien ; je compte sur son jugement et sur son amitié pour moi pour être auprès de vous mon avocat. Je vous prie, mon cher oncle, de ne point vous offenser de la manière laconique dont je

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vous représente les faits tels qu'ils sont. Ne doutez jamais de mon inaltérable attachement pour vous.

Votre tendre et respectueux neveu,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS.

P.S.—Je ne vous avais pas écrit depuis longtemps, parce que vous n'aviez pas répondu aux lettres que je vous avais écrites d'Europe; mais en cela j'ai eu tort, je l'avoue.

Le 9 novembre, vers huit heures du soir, le directeur Lebel vint m'annoncer que j'allais être transféré de prison. Un instant après on ouvrit la porte de ma chambre, et on me fit monter dans une voiture, où se trouvaient le général Voirol et le préfet. Croyant d'abord que j'allais changer de maison d'arrêt, je demandai au général Voirol de rester dans la même où étaient les autres prisonniers. Arrivés dans la cour de la préfecture, nous descendîmes; je vis alors deux voitures de poste attelées. Présumant que j'allais être éloigné de Strasbourg, je réclamai auprès du général Voirol pour qu'on me laissât en prison.

Mais bientôt placé dans une voiture avec trois personnes que je ne connaissais pas, elles m'apprirent qu'elles avaient l'ordre de me conduire à Paris.

Je compris alors que j'allais être l'objet d'une grâce spéciale; et, ne pouvant retenir mes sanglots, j'exprimai aux officiers qui m'accompagnaient combien la grâce que j'entrevoyais m'était pénible, en ce qu'elle tendait à me faire passer pour un lâche, et qu'elle me privait des moyens de faire connaître aux yeux du pays mes intentions, dénaturées par la calomnie.

M. Cugnat et M. Thibautot, dont je ne puis assez louer les soins et les égards, tâchèrent de me consoler, en me disant que mon éloignement pourrait être utile à mes compagnons d'infortune.

Nous arrivâmes à Paris le 11, à deux heures du matin, à la préfecture de police, où je trouvai M. Delessert, qui est la seule personne que j'aie vue pendant le temps que je restai à Paris. Il m'annonça que ma mère était venue en France demander ma grâce au Roi, et que je serais conduit à Lorient, pour delà être transporté aux États-Unis d'Amérique.

Je réclamai encore auprès du préfet contre mon enlèvement,

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en lui disant que mon absence priverait mes compagnons d'infortune de dépositions nombreuses qui étaient toutes en leur faveur. Le préfet me répondit : ' À Lorient, où vous allez être conduit, vous pourrez faire par écrit toutes les dépositions que vous jugerez convenables.' Ignorait-il que le commandant Cugnat avait l'ordre exprès de ne pas me laisser écrire un mot jusqu'à mon embarquement? ordre tellement strict qu'ayant écrit à madame Laity, par l'intermédiaire du préfet de Lorient, pour lui donner des nouvelles de son fils, le gouvernement fit dire par le télégraphe à M. Cugnat d'exécuter ponctuellement les ordres qu'il avait reçus.

Mon sort était irrévocablement fixé ; il ne me restait plus qu'à faire tout ce qu'il dépendait de moi pour être utile à mes amis. J'écrivis alors au Roi pour lui dire que la grâce de la vie était peu de chose pour moi, puisque j'y avais renoncé en mettant le pied sur le territoire français, mais que s'il accordait la grâce à mes compagnons d'infortune je lui en serais éternellement reconnaissant. À quatre heures du matin je repartis de Paris. Arrivé à la citadelle de Port-Louis, j'écrivis en cachette une lettre à M. Odilon Barrot, dans laquelle, prenant tout sur moi, je tâchai de disculper mes amis de toute préméditation. Le 21 nous partîmes de Lorient, persuadés que nous allions à New-York. Au 32e degré de latitude le commandant de la frégate ouvrit des ordres cachetés, écrit de la main propre du Ministre de la Marine, qui lui enjoignaient de me conduire à Rio-Janeiro ; de ne me laisser communiquer avec personne ; d'y rester le temps nécessaire pour y faire de l'eau, et de faire voile ensuite pour New-York. La frégate n'ayant rien à faire au Brésil, ce détour a donc été ordonné pour m'empêcher de communiquer avec les accusés de Strasbourg avant la fin du procès.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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